TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

SILVER TABLEWARE

Noted for Quality
Moderately Priced

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

PARIS
25 RUE DE LA PAIX

LONDON
44 NEW BOND STREET

The 'Something New'

of June brides is invariably the Kayser Hosiery they wear in the latest shades. This season the trousseaux are complemented by *Kayser Colors Classique.* Phoebe is a shade designed for the ivory satin wedding gown... Aphrodite for the traveling costume...Vesta and Aurora for the smart baby shades of evening ...Diana and Juno are softer suntone effects for sports and afternoon. These colors are a joy to see and to wear. "Slipper Heel" or "Slendo" Heel.

$1.35...1.50...1.95 and up

KAYSER SILK HOSIERY

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You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at Forty-first Street, opposite the Library

HARPER'S BAZAAR is published monthly at 572 Madison Avenue, New York, by Harper's Bazar, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Yearly subscription price $4.00. Entered as second class matter May 4th, 1901, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Vol. LXIV No. 4

Palm Beach Casino at Cannes . . . Tea Hour

For Bathing and "Basqueing" on Smart Beaches

LEFT: Shantung silk pajamas—all in one piece in the new Princesse fashion—very wide, very bright and very smart. Earth-brown, green or blue 19.75

Cork clogs 3.50

An enormous shady straw hat . . 1.95

UPPER CENTER: Two-piece wool jersey bathing suit with a striped Antibes top tucking into plain shorts; brown, blue, green or red. 16.50

RIGHT: This is the new printed Shantung silk pajama ensemble; coat, bodice and trousers; white and blue, white and green or white and orchid 19.75

Rubberized silk kerchief 3.95

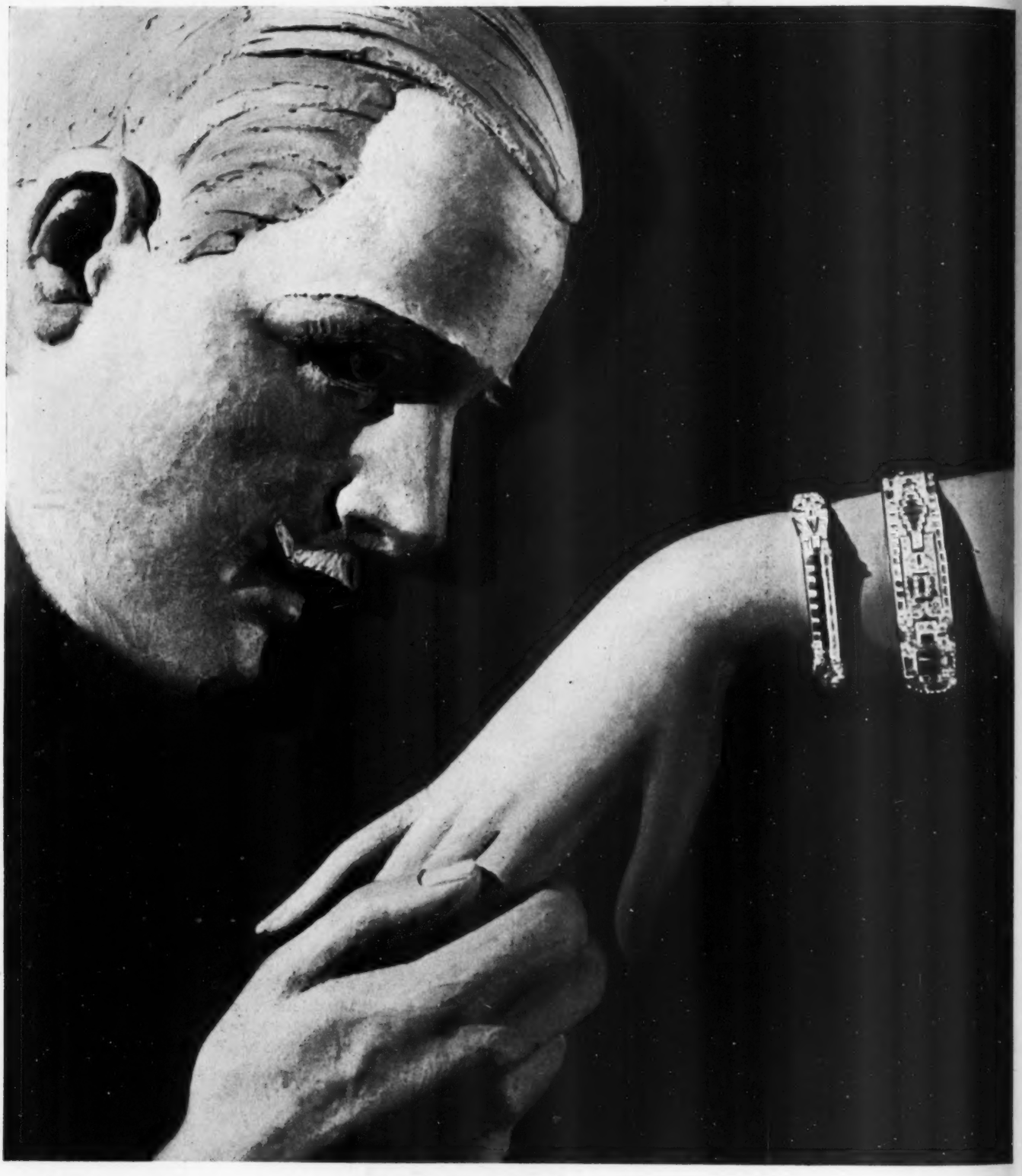
Rubberized silk crêpe bag . . . 6.95

LOWER CENTER: The new two-piece polka-dotted silk crêpe bathing suit has little jersey panties under its smart "shorts". In many new colors 25.00

The matching wool jersey cape has a scalloped shoulder cape . . . 19.75

Franklin Simon & Co.
A STORE OF INDIVIDUAL SHOPS
FIFTH AVENUE - - NEW YORK

INDIVIDUAL BEACH AND BATHING SHOP . . . FIFTH FLOOR



Two enchanting pieces from the Udall and Ballou collection of bracelets. The one... exquisitely modern with a severe simplicity that comports with its baguette diamonds, $9,500. The other... rubies, baguette and round diamonds, $5,200.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

5th Avenue at 57th Street

NEWPORT - - PARIS OFFICE, *48 Rue Lafayette* - - PALM BEACH

The Best Twins are shown in their Nada paletots, equally smart for sports or evening wear.

The Paletot is the Fashion!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AS QUAINTLY feminine as a daguerreotype—our grandmothers originated them, Chanel rediscovered them, Best's adopted their very cutest versions, and the younger set has "fallen for them" en masse. They wear them morning, noon, or night. For the paletot is the smartest of all evening wraps this season, and is equally appropriate for sports—proving that there's no end to the versatility of velveteen, or the enthusiasm of these smart young things.

MISSES' SIZES 14x TO 20

Mail Orders Filled

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

PARIS PALM BEACH LONDON

Entire Contents Copyrighted—Best & Co., 1930

Unlined
15.00

COLORS
Black
Light blue
Pink
Cherry
Yellow
but not all models in every color

Silk lined
25.00

Silk lined
25.00

Silk lined
25.00

"Our Object All Sublime

—we have achieved in time!" Not "to make the punishment fit the crime", but — the Stocking to fit the Lady.

We did it by providing Gordon Individually-Proportioned** Stockings—which fit the *leg*—as well as the foot. And be you tall or short, slender or not—a new stocking day has dawned for you.

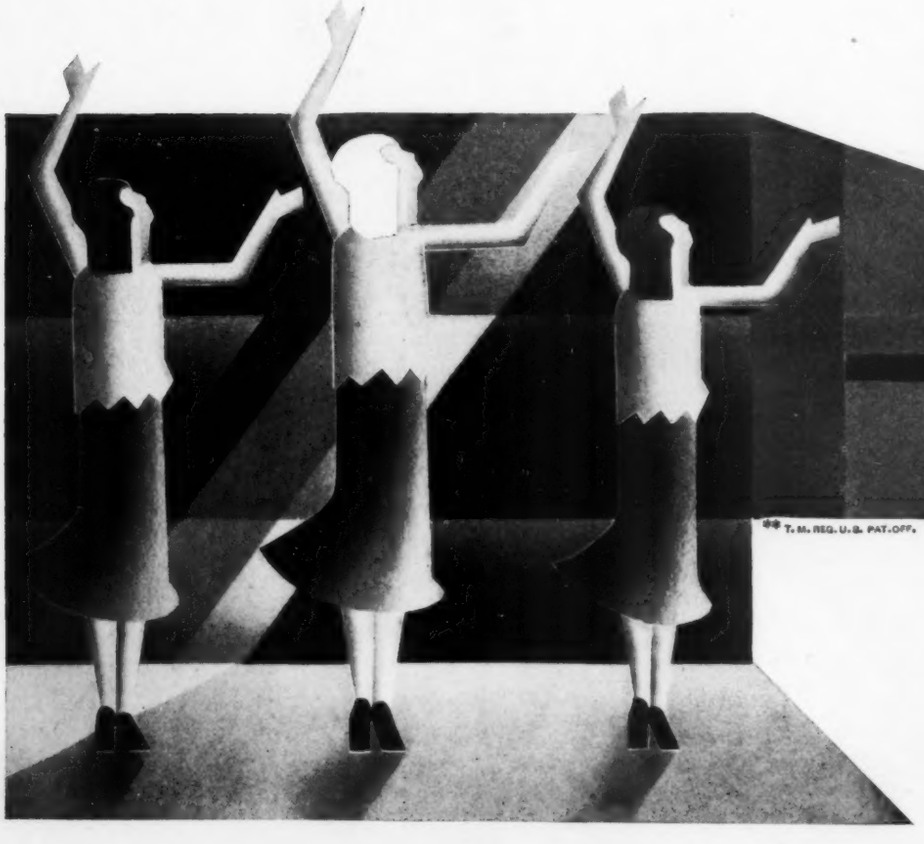
Voila!

*The Gordon Petite** — for short women with average legs, for medium height, slim-legged women, or for growing girls.

*The Gordon Regal** — for tall women of average leg-dimensions, or those of medium height who are heavily built.

*The Gordon Princess** — for average height and legs, for short women with plump legs, or brief-skirted young girls.

*The Gordon Splendide*** — for the thousands of women who, tall or short, are of definitely large leg-proportions.



** T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Gordon
HOSIERY

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE at THIRTY-FOURTH ST., NEW YORK

By the Water's Edge

Coast lines, picturesque lake sides and swimmin' holes are once more holding out welcoming arms to fair bathers, who go down to the sea in smart togs from Altman's.

A delightful sand chair of reed with cane seat and back.

$13.50

FURNITURE—EIGHTH FLOOR

Rubberized beach cushion used for wet bathing suits.

$2.25

ART NEEDLECRAFT—FOURTH FLOOR

Heavy moire bag with rubberized compartment lining.

$6.50

ART NEEDLECRAFT—FOURTH FLOOR

Cork ball with thermos set, by Mary Nowitsky.

$85.00

NOVELTIES—FIRST FLOOR

Wooden beach rocker with stout fabric covering in florals.

$4.75

UPHOLSTERY—FOURTH FLOOR

Top—2-piece French jersey suit with appliqued bow and bolero stripe. Green, blue, yellow, purple. Sizes 14, 16, and 36 to 40 . . . . **$13.75**

Left—Misses 2-piece suit of French jersey with bolero. Brown and yellow, 2 shades of blue or green, rose opaline and white. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 . **$17.50**

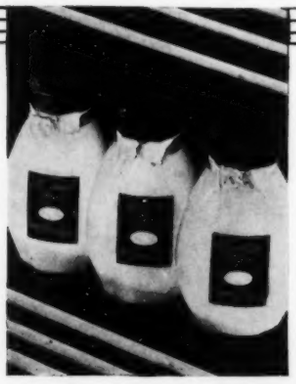
Man's suit with top of black and canary yellow, **$12.50.** Trunks of navy flannel, **$4.00;** belt to match top . . **$1.00**

MEN'S BATHING SUITS—FIRST FLOOR

WOMEN'S BATHING SUITS—THIRD FLOOR

Sunburn is harmful, and needless. Use Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream and enjoy the sun in comfort!

DON'T LET HAPPY OUTDOOR DAYS CAUSE YOU WEEKS OF ANGUISH



QUICKLY, cruelly, the blazing summer sun burns your lovely skin. That means hours of agony for you, and weeks of after-treatment for your parched, coarsened skin. Why endure all this, when there is a safe, comfortable way to *prevent* sunburn?

You needn't bother with hats, parasols, or sticky, greasy preparations in order to protect yourself from sunburn! Just use Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream before going out of doors. This creamy lotion disappears into the skin, leaving no trace of stickiness to annoy you and stain your frock. After applying Sunburn Cream you can enjoy the outdoor days in comfort. The sun will not burn you, because Sunburn Cream actually absorbs that part of the ultra-violet ray which causes burning. Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is the *only* preparation which prevents sunburn by this scientific method. It is the result of years of research and experiment. Under a normal application of Sunburn Cream, the skin will gradually take on a smooth, becoming tan. Should you wish to avoid even the suggestion of tan, use Sunburn Cream very generously.

Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is sold at the Dorothy Gray salons and at all leading shops. It costs two dollars.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Paris · Chicago · Los Angeles · San Francisco
Washington · Atlantic City

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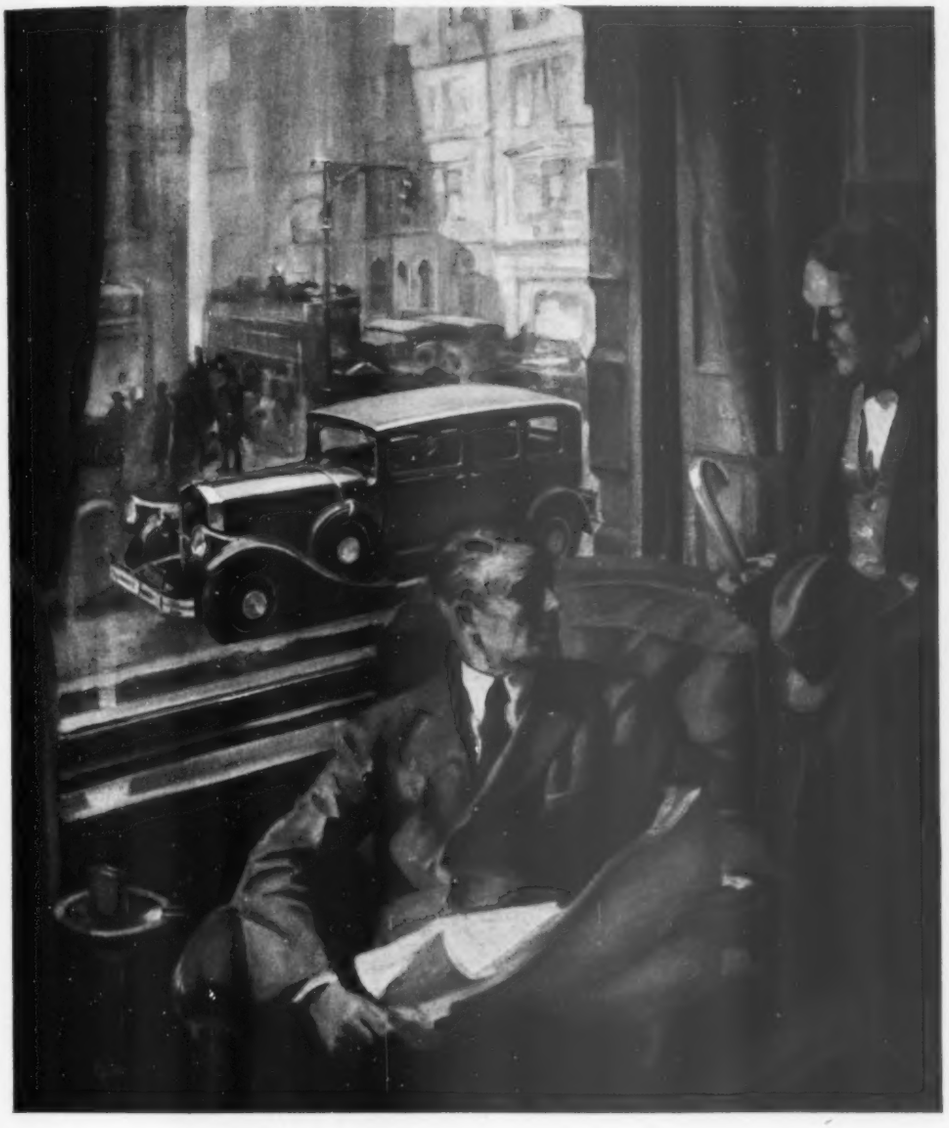


That fine things are fairly unchanging, is the story told by these two pictures of an identical scene. Both portray New York's smartest club, its proudest motor car. One was painted twelve years after the other.

The Most Distinguishing Mark of the *Most Distinguished* Motor Car

SUPERLATIVES are singularly apt when applied to the fender lamps that are *Pierce-Arrow* . . so intimately are these a part of *America's finest motor car.*

Behind that title, so hard-earned (which otherwise would be sheer arrogance), is the prided handwork of masters in coachcraft . . the second generation of whom are today engaged in the creation of Pierce-Arrow finenesses.

Pierce-Arrow reflects, also, the thinking of many great engineers, and the management of men who put reputation before all things, in the trusteeship that is theirs to preserve.

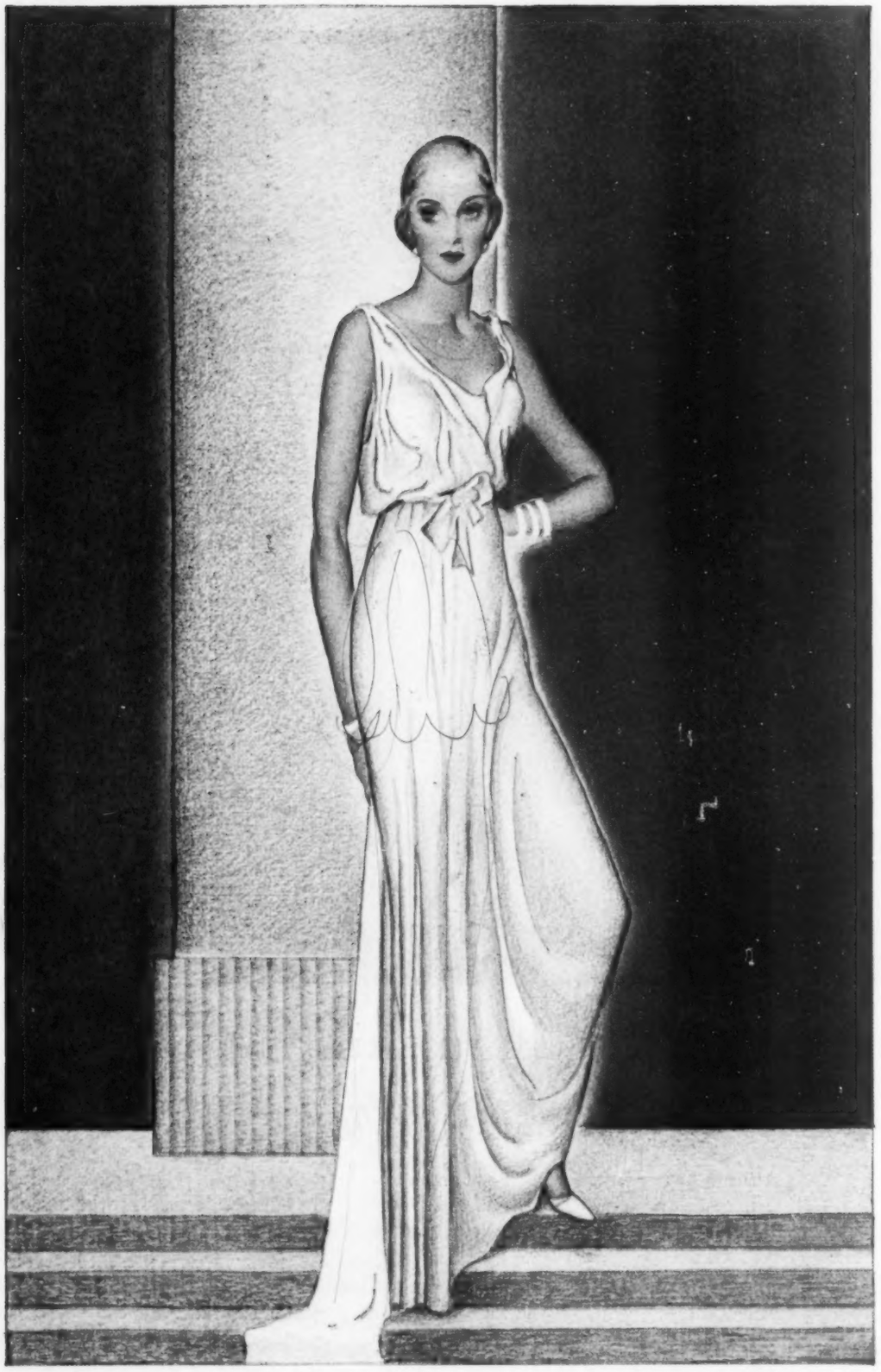
Should it appear that an exaggerated reverence for ideals is present here, the product itself bears even greater testimony to this very genuine attitude.

Pierce-Arrow today finds expression in three new groups of automobiles, which, for sheer beauty and distinction, were not conceivable without great tradition to draw upon and a patrician pride to inspire.

PIERCE-ARROW

Three New Groups of Straight Eights . . 132 to 144-inch Wheelbases . . $2695 to $6250 at Buffalo

(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)



DRAWING BY CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

HOW HISTORY DOES REPEAT ITSELF . . . WITH PARIS (FRANCE, THIS TIME) STEALING GRECIAN HELEN ALL OVER AGAIN! AND FOR THIS NEW CLASSIC SIMPLICITY THE FABRIC MUST BE SIMPLY PERFECT.

Stehli Silks

Copyright 1930, by Stehli Silks Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York: Paris: London: Zurich.

YOU CAN BUY STEHLI SILKS BY THE YARD—OR ALREADY MADE UP IN THE DRESSES AND ENSEMBLES FEATURED BY SMART SHOPS.

This QUEST *for* BEAUTY

May it never cease - - the eternal search for the beautiful, for lovely contours and colors, for patrician fineness. To find these qualities embodied in hosiery, you need look no farther than the stores showing Humming Bird Full Fashioned Stockings.

There are styles for all daytime activities and evening romances, in colors developed exclusively for Humming Birds by that fashion-wise young Parisienne, Mme. Julie Bolegard

Humming Birds are moderately priced, in stores of the better class.

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, Inc.
Chattanooga, Tenn. • New York Office: 385 Fifth Ave.

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If your sun tanned complexion has an undertone of rose, Humming Bird Solay will match it precisely. If you grow tawny, but do not blush under the sun's rays, ask for Summer Tan. . . .

Humming Bird FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

N7

SAKS
fifTH
AVENUE

Nine Out of Ten
Wear The "Fenton Last"

A graceful new opera pump in Kangola...with lizard trimming. 18.50

A smart new oxford in Kangola ... with lizard trimming... and the new "walking" heel. 18.50

Walking feet... standing feet... sitting feet... all day long... the Fenton last goes to as many smart places as a debutante... because now it appears in a new version... with a "walking" heel ... as well as in the higher heeled pump that everyone knows so well... both with the *same arch.*

SAKS
fifTH
AVENUE

The Summer Fashions

Knowing the way of the woman of fashion . . . whose custom it is to select her summer clothes from the first fresh new arrivals . . . we have already assembled our collection . . . which we now offer for her critical appraisal.

The PERFUME IN THIS NEW MANICURE tells you how much gentler · finer · lovelier it is

Perfumed by COTY

A delicate Coty Perfume to lend enchantment to the finger-tips is artfully blended with each Coty Perfumed Manicure Essential for finer modern perfumed care of the hands. Coty Perfumed Manicure Sets — charming flacons, platinum-toned top jars, every manicure requisite in sleek Coty Bakelite Trays — now adorn the dressing tables of discriminating women. + + + + + + +

THE *PERFUMED MANICURE* COTY

COTY, 714 Fifth Avenue, New York
Place Vendôme, Paris

SMART women everywhere have showered enthusiastic greetings on this marvelous new Perfumed Manicure.

For Coty with matchless perfume skill has created gentler cosmetic-fine perfumed preparations—presented with incomparable Coty luxury—to groom the finger-tips with a sparkling new perfumed grace.

Draw the stopper from the chic flacon of Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish. Exquisite fragrance instead of intolerable odors!

As you use it a lovely Coty Perfume tells you of the finer new ingredients that completely eliminate unpleasant chemical odors and give your finger-tips an incomparably smarter new perfumed lustre.

Its smoother brushing qualities and clearer lustre give a more natural tinted brilliance with but a single coat. The chic crystal brightness lasts a week or more—it does not change color, peel or make the nails brittle.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Sets—three sizes, as illustrated $5, also $4 and $3. Individual Coty refills obtainable everywhere. Perfumed Manicure Polish (three shades) $1. Polish and Solvent Combination $1.50.

I. MILLER beautiful shoes

Linen

leads the Summer Vogue in Slippers by I. Miller

How versatile Linen Slippers may be when fashioned by I. Miller! Dull-surfaced as the mode demands. Crisply cool. All white. Or, to blend with summer frocks, pastel-tinted in any color tone. Shown in a wonderful diversity of styles, from the frivolous high-heeled sandals to the classic operas and low-heeled walking types! — With enchanting bags to match!

Bag to Match Hosiery to Blend Both by I. Miller

We illustrate The Swirl — an afternoon sandal

IN ALL I. MILLER SHOPS AND AGENCIES

I. MILLER — THE INSTITUTION INTERNATIONALE

Old Sol HIMSELF never tanned legs so prettily

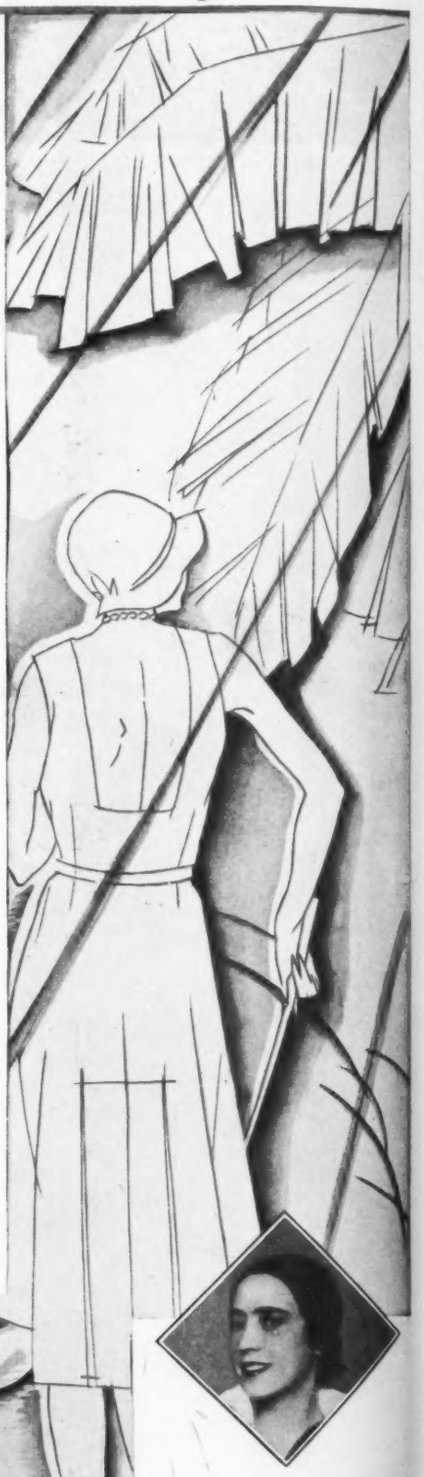
TROPICAL TANS

. . . . The new Crepe Chiffon fabric of FABRIMODE* Costume Hosiery makes possible a perfect translation of the Sun Tan Vogue into Stockings that are ultra-smart.

EXTREMELY sheer stockings that seemingly become part of the wearer's flesh • Made of the new crepe chiffon fabric of coiled silk FABREL* threads that impart resilient, definitely longer life to the hose. Vanishes gauge marks to skin-like smoothness. Makes natural tan color-tones a fact, not a fancy • Unmarred by any suggestion of mechanical manufacture. No seam. No ridge. No knitting marks. No lustre • "Feel just as they look", wearers say,—"as if the only thing on the legs were a coat of tan" • At both Continental and America's most famous resorts, Tropical Tans have made the Sun Tan Vogue of even greater moment • Tropical Tans and other groups of FABRIMODE* Costume Hosiery are now being shown by leading stores throughout this country.

Fabrimode Costume Hosiery is produced exclusively by Costume Group Division, Westcott Hosiery Mills, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York; 6, Rue St. Louis-en-l'ile, Paris.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



FABRIMODE Costume Hosiery is sponsored and presented abroad by Schiaparelli, of Paris, noted couturiere.

TAN HIGH···TAN LOW

with a Talon slide control

HIGH, medium or low, as you please. You can select your own tan line in the newest beach clothes fastening with Talons. They make it so much easier to climb into and out of bathing things too. Pull down on the slide-pull, and the wettest suit will slide off effortlessly.

The fastener with Talon or Hookless on the slide-pull will work easier at the end of the summer than it did in the beginning. It can't rust—it can't stick—it can't misbehave!

TALON

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SLIDE FASTENER THAT ALWAYS WORKS

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA.
New York · Boston · Chicago
San Francisco · Seattle · Los Angeles

BEACH ENSEMBLE FROM BEST & CO. WORN BY THE "BEST" TWINS.

Printed crêpe de chine after Patou — Crêpe de chine after Goupy — Print suit after Molyneux — Assorted prints after Chanel

Printed Chiffon after Irene Dana — Molyneux inspiration in chiffon

Déjà

The Déjà Debutantes break into print!

Five of the Déjà Debutantes have chosen prints for spring. All of us know that prints are *good* just now. But, not every model looks well in a print, so Déjà was careful to choose just the smartest (and simplest) frocks of the best houses in Paris for this print parade for May. The nicest thing about them is that they are much more wearable than the French originals. Déjà knows how to make a Paris dress or hat look really smart on our American girls. You can find Déjà in the up-and-doingest shop in your city. The dresses, are $39.50, the hats from $15 to $18.

(*top right*) Linen soie after Agnès.
(*top left*) Milan after Rose Valois.
(*lower right*) Petal Panamalac after Patou.
(*lower left*) Pyroxaline after d'Aleo.

Address A. J. Sanville, Déjà, 550 Seventh Ave., N. Y. + Déjà, Sommer Bldg., Montreal, Canada + Sitôt, 4 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO
CHOOSE A SIX

You'll enjoy driving the CHEVROLET SIX

. . . its so Smooth and Quiet and Restful

Everywhere, women are numbered among the most enthusiastic users of the new Chevrolet. For the new Chevrolet is a *SIX*—and six cylinders make a wonderful difference in the pleasure and satisfaction you get from your automobile.

Six-cylinder performance is smoother, quieter, more restful! You can ride for hours at a time without strain or tension—for there is no annoying vibration, no disturbing mechanical noise.

You can drive a Chevrolet Six so easily and confidently, too. There is little shifting of gears. And there is a smooth, sure response to the throttle.

And every other feature of the Chevrolet Six is up to the same *modern* standard! It gives you the comfort and satisfaction of beautiful Fisher bodies—rich upholsteries—adjustable driver's seat—extra easy steering—"soft" pedal action of brakes and clutch—4 long, easy-riding springs—4 Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

But best of all, the Chevrolet Six is just as economical—to *own*, to *operate*, to *service*—as any car you can buy.

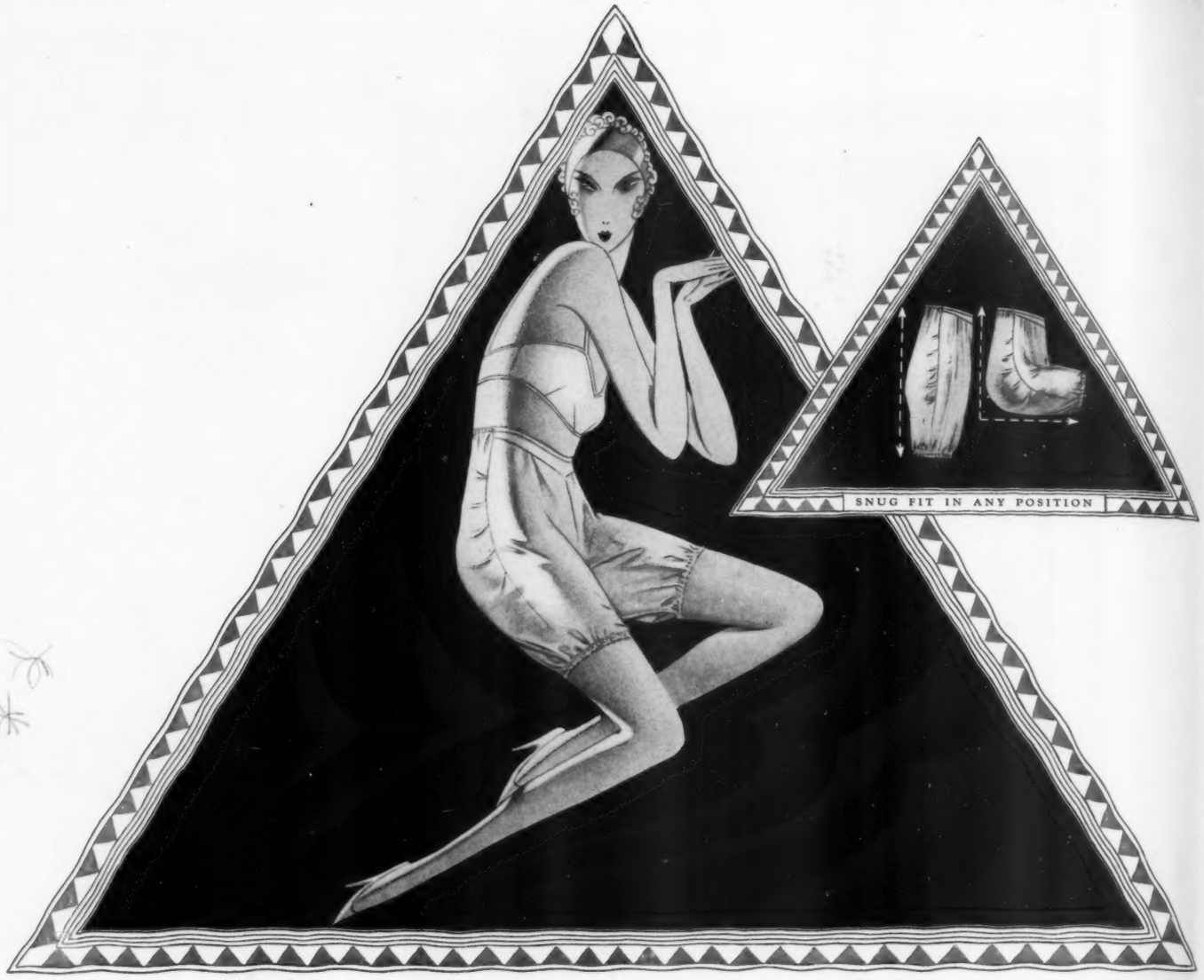
Roadster or Phaeton	$495
Sport Roadster	$555
Coach or Coupe	$565
Sport Coupe	$655
Club Sedan	$625
Sedan	$675
Special Sedan	$725

(6 wire wheels standard)

Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

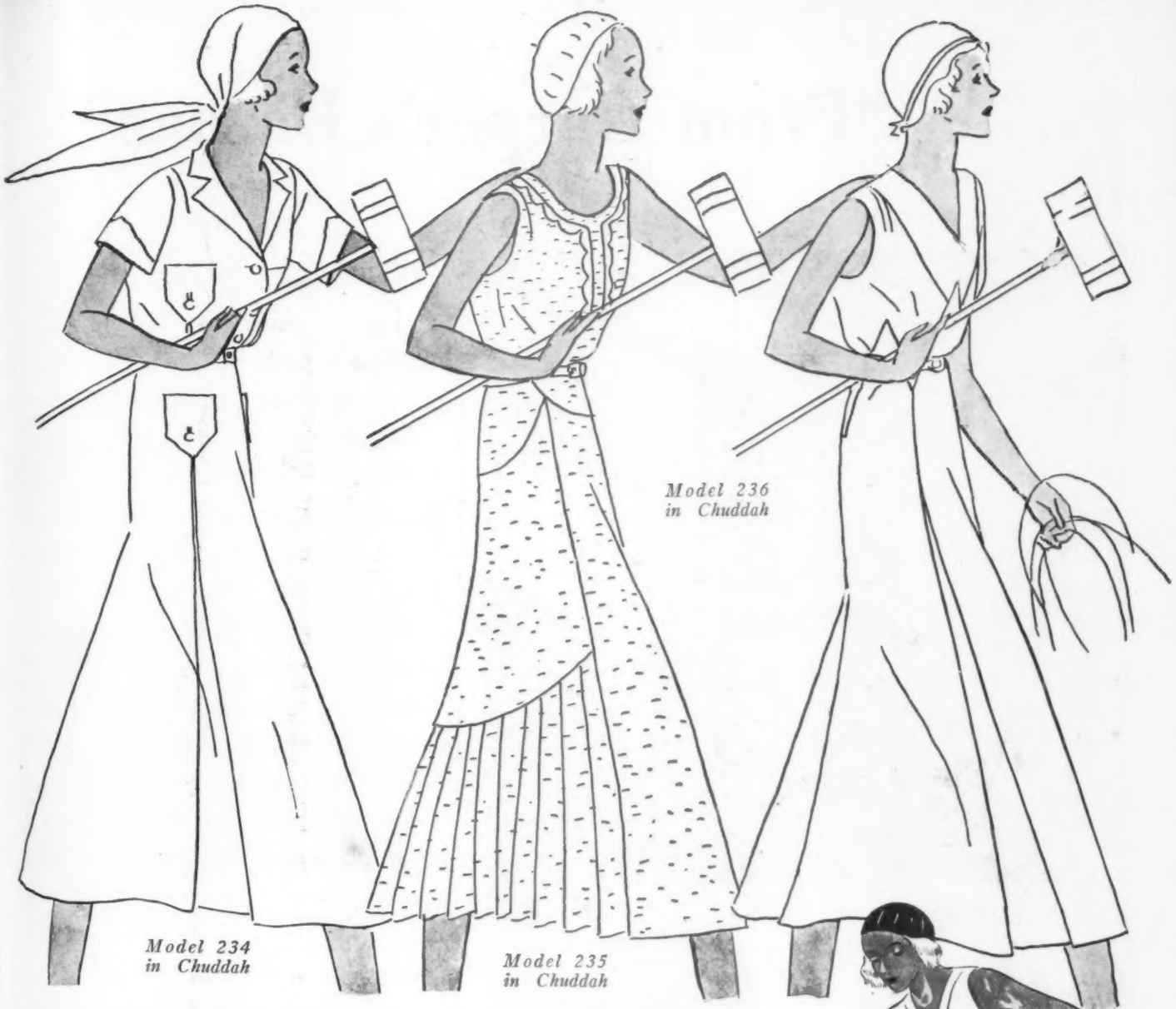


It's the tuck that tells

If the human body never moved, well fitting undergarments would be easy to make. But for a body in action the ordinary garment soon becomes baggy, uncomfortable, ugly. We have eliminated superfluous fullness with a clever tuck. Snug fitting underdress always—no matter what the position may be! A short front, with a longer, expanding back, enables you to wear one full size smaller. Fits the body in motion. Gives greater freedom in action—eliminates bulkiness. A boon to women! That's the reason for its great success. A full line in all smart designs and materials. Beautifully made—by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis. Don't buy until you have seen them. At better stores everywhere. Send for booklet.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS



Model 234 in Chuddah

Model 235 in Chuddah

Model 236 in Chuddah

CAROL FAE FROCKS

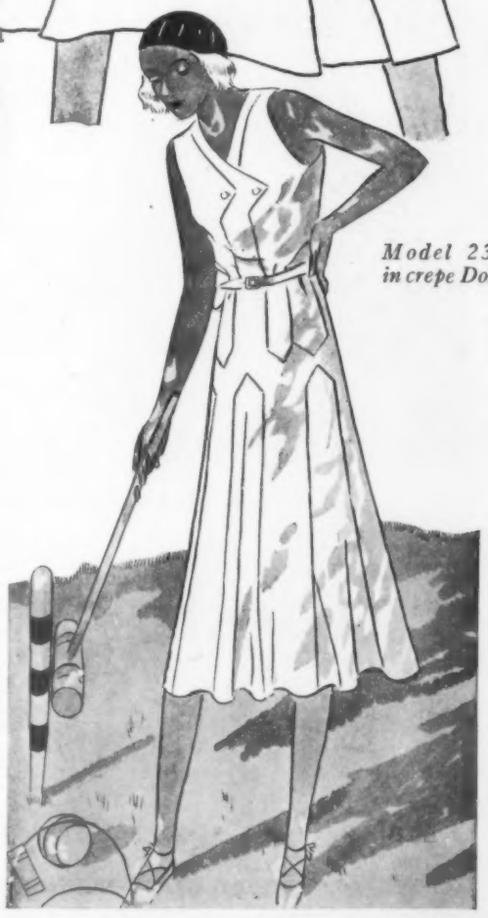
Best's is the Place for all the Little Frocks of Summer

THIS QUARTET OF CAROL FAE SUCCESSES

16.75

These are the simple, serviceable, smart little frocks that are the backbone of any well-planned Summer wardrobe. Best's sponsors them, and the young things buy them by the dozen because they're priced to fit a youthful "allowance."

Each model comes in white, light blue, or pink.
Misses' sizes 14x to 20.



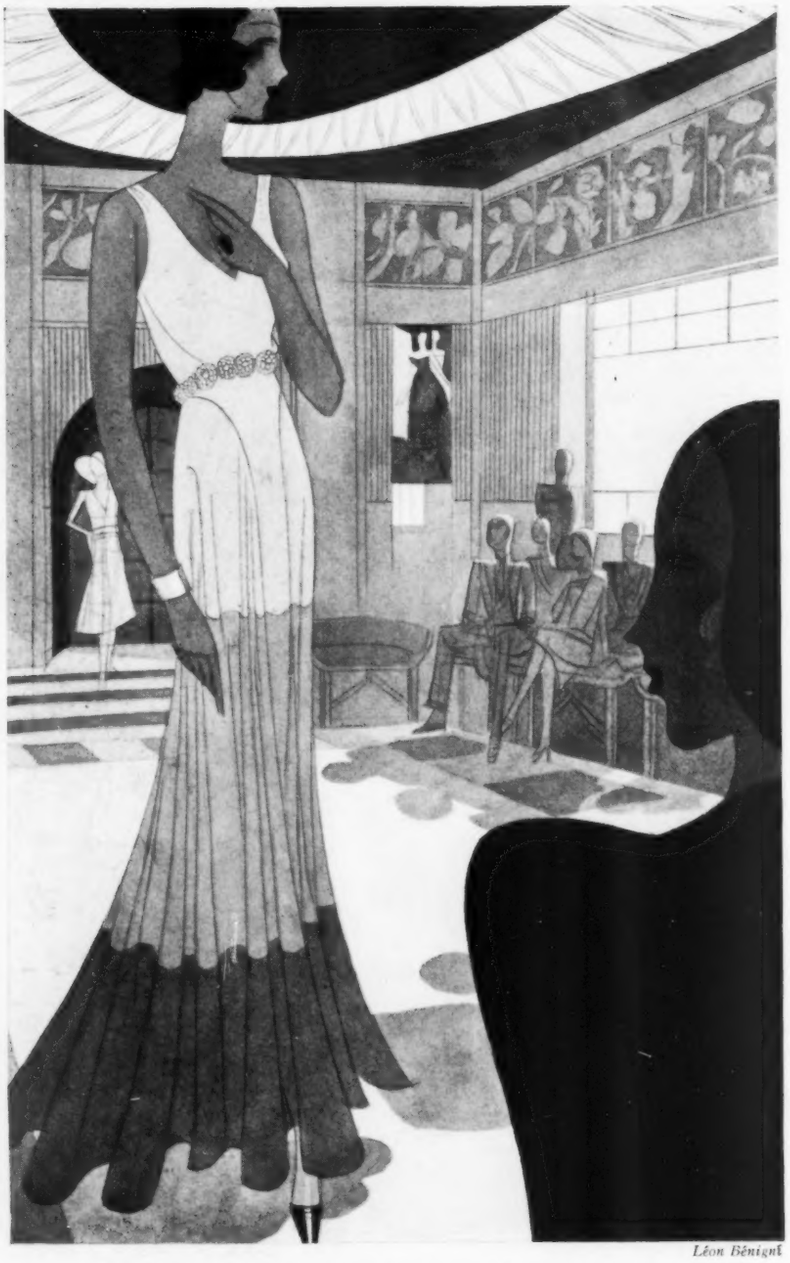
Model 237 in crepe Doré

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 35TH ST., N. Y.
Paris *Southampton* *London*

Write Sam Steinberg & Co., Inc., 1384 Broadway, New York City, if you cannot find CAROL FAE FROCKS *at your favorite store*

"From Harper's Bazaar"



Léon Bénigni

A lovely evening gown by Vionnet of beige-rose crêpe romain and chiffon

A phrase as potent as—by Vionnet—from Cartier's—or at the Ritz. There is no need of adjectives for these names spell distinction.

Here are those cleverly assembled costumes so difficult to find, the most enchanting models from the great French couturiers, selected by famous fashion experts, pictured by famous fashion artists . . . costumes worn by exclusive members of the smart feminine world whose mere approval defines the mode.

Here is a gay kaleidoscope of society, its pursuits, its thought and taste. Here are photographs of the colorful resorts of two continents and the fascinating women who make them . . . modern art, modern decorating, modern motors . . . intriguing places to go.

Here is fiction which is alive and richly sophisticated, by the most discussed writers of the day . . . novels, short stories, feature articles on subjects fresh and amusing.

And here is an unusual opportunity to subscribe to a magazine which will remain in years to come a brilliant commentary on this modern fashionable age.

HARPER'S BAZAAR

2 years for $6.00

that second year costs you only $2.00

regular yearly subscription price $4.00

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572 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send me Harper's Bazaar for ☐ 2 years at $6 or for ☐ 1 year at $4. I enclose check or you may charge this to me.

Name.....

Address.....

$1 extra for Canadian postage, $2 for foreign; single copy price 50c

HB6-30

Your pride says - - -

"Sterling"

and Sterling you can have so easily

Choose from one of these exquisite International Sterling Patterns

MINUET . . . Graceful. Reflecting the charm of the Colonial era.

PINE TREE . . . Distinguished American design. Inspired by the old Pine Tree Shilling!

ORCHID . . . New! A widely acclaimed design of superb originality.

It is not an extravagant wish . . . this longing to set your table with real sterling silver.

Just consider the moderate prices of the exquisite International Sterling shown here. Think how you will *glory* in any one of these superb patterns—day in and day out—the rest of your life.

. . . . . ***Six of each and two tablespoons.*** Think of having six knives, six forks, six teaspoons—the very foundation of your sterling service—for so little.

For $64.70

. . . . . ***Enough sterling to serve four courses.*** A twenty-six piece set—4 bouillon spoons, 4 knives, 4 forks, 4 individual salad forks, 8 teaspoons, 2 tablespoons. This makes a very practical service for a beginner, but you will want to add to it as soon as possible.

For $76.37

. . . . . ***A formal sterling dinner service for eight.*** Few women realize they can actually buy, for only $250, a formal dinner service in sterling silver, that will serve eight people. A sterling service of 89 pieces that will be the pride of the hostess and the envy of her friends. A family treasure she can hand on to her children!

For $250

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS SILVER ETIQUETTE BOOK?—YOU REALLY MUST

Elsie de Wolfe's book of silver advice would naturally be fascinating—and it is so helpful, too. Here is collected all any woman should know about silver. Ten sets are listed—from the beginner's, to the formal service for twelve. Table settings, beautifully pictured and helpfully explained. One lovely pattern after another—exquisite illustrations and complete prices. With this book as a guide you can choose sterling wisely, buy it easily and use it correctly. Send 30 cents and we will include The Book of Orchid—a perfectly charming and elaborate book on this new pattern which is enjoying such a social success.

INTERNATIONAL *Sterling*

WALLINGFORD, CONN. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. FINE ARTS DIVISION

H. B. 6-30

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY - WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Enclosed is 30c, for which please send me "Correct Table Silver" and "The Book of Orchid"

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

EXPLAINING THE NEW PRINCIPLE IN SKIN CARE

- complete home treatment simplified for practical daily use
- perfect cleansing...exquisite suppling...effective toning
- all three vital aids to Beauty in this one satiny cream!

Speed. Simplicity. Scientific precision. These are the basic principles of this new treatment, planned for the busy modern woman by the House of Pinaud to meet the new needs of Today.

France! England! America! All over the world this treatment is revolutionizing skin care . . . Now in barely a minute a day, you can take the three steps vital for keeping your skin supple, fresh, young! . . . And all you need is the jade-green jar of Pinaud's Cream, and a cotton pad to *wash* it away! For Pinaud's Cream is more than just a Cream: it is Pore-cleanser—Tissue-oil—Astringent—combined in one! . . . Swiftly, you smooth it on. No need to rub it in—it liquefies instantly . . . sinking in . . . loosening even the deep-down "plugs" of dirt which clog and enlarge the pores . . . and "floating" them to the surface . . . At the same moment, it feeds into dried-out tissues swiftly-absorbed oils, resembling the fine oils of the skin itself . . . Then at the touch of clear water, the Cream actually emulsifies —washes away! And the water itself, acting on pores freed of clogging accumulations, becomes a marvelous Astringent! Now without additional powder-base, powder clings exquisitely to the new softness of your cheek . . . *And because you* wash *Pinaud's Cream away, you remove it completely. No sticky, waxy traces are left deep in the pores—as when you wipe off the ordinary cream—clogging and coarsening your skin slowly but surely. Pinaud's Cream leaves your skin so fresh, so scientifically clean that you can see* and feel *the difference!* . . . Give yourself this quick, delightful home treatment faithfully for one week—night and morning. Follow the simple directions carefully. You will note a definite improvement in the very texture of your skin! And day by day your skin grows smoother, finer, *younger*—as you "wash the years away"!

FREE: Check either offer and we will include a free packet of Pinaud's new Powder; ☐ *Send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.* ☐ *For 25c enclosed send 2 weeks' supply of Pinaud's Cream. (Underline your type of skin and powder shade.)*—NORMAL; OILY; DRY—WHITE; FLESH; FLESH-RACHEL; RACHEL; INDIAN TAN; MOORISH TAN: —*and mail this coupon to PINAUD, Dept. H-6, 220 East 21 St., New York—or in Canada to 560 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.*

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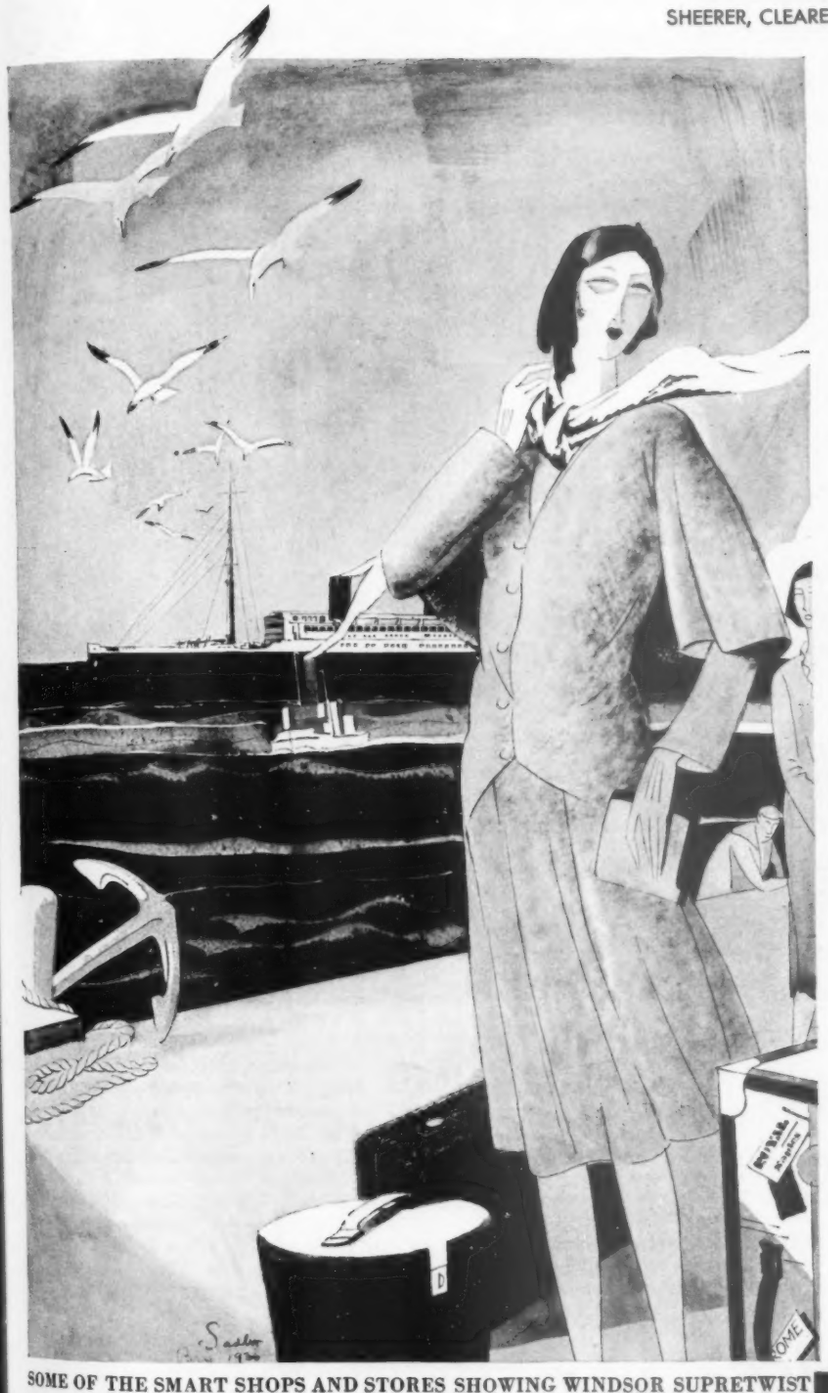
Your name *Your address*

Dullness *plus* Greater Wearing Quality*

SUPRE·TWIST

GIVES YOU BOTH IN
SHEERER, CLEARER HOSIERY



Clearer—greater transparency
Dull Patina—in the newest mode
Sheerer—more delicate appearance
Smoother—free from blemishes
Eliminates fuzzy ends
Stronger—firmer fabric
Greater elasticity
Launders better
Contains more silk by weight
Reduces runs to minimum

Imagine the delight in wearing the New Windsor Supretwist. No more shiny legs—instead a subtle Dull Patina that actually does make any leg look slimmer and daintier.

Imagine the many days of extra wear—more wear than you have ever had before in any silk hosiery (the Supretwist process does that).

Imagine the pleasure of having sheerer, clearer stockings—stockings that are utterly free from fuzzy ends or blemishes. All this—and more—is yours with your first pair of Windsor Supretwist. They launder much better; come up fresh after each tubbing. Greater elasticity at every point and that means smoother fit. Runs are reduced to a new low minimum.

Any wonder that everyone is in love with Supretwist? It has set a new standard of excellence for the Smart Women of America.

You can see Windsor Supretwist at the Smarter Shops and Stores at prices that are surprisingly reasonable.

A few of them are listed under the illustration. Windsor Mills, Inc., 2nd and Westmoreland Sts., Philadelphia, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York.

★*The United States Testing Co. Reports Give Supretwist an 11.2% Higher Strength Rating.*

SOME OF THE SMART SHOPS AND STORES SHOWING WINDSOR SUPRETWIST

Allentown, Pa.
Zollinger Harned
Appleton, Wis.
Pettibone Peabody Co.
Boston, Mass.
R. H. Stearns Co.
Chandler & Co.
C. F. Hovey Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Howland Dry Goods Co.
Butler, Pa.
A. Troutmans Sons
Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Bailey Boot Shop
Chicago, Ill.
Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio
Mabley & Carew Co.
Dallas, Texas
W. A. Green Co.
Decatur, Ill.
Linn & Scruggs D. G. Co.
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Grand Rapids, Mich.
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Green Bay, Wis.
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Iowa City, Iowa
Domby's Boot Shop
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kohn Furchgott & Co.
McKeesport, Pa.
Will J. Cox Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dayton Co.
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Springfield, Ill.
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Windsor
SUPRE·TWIST
FINE HOSIERY

THE SAFE AND SANE WAY OF REDUCING ACHIEVED BY KLEINERT'S REDUCING GARMENTS COMMENDS ITSELF TO EVERY WOMAN WHO WANTS TO FEEL WELL AND VIGOROUS AS WELL AS TO LOOK SMART.

KLEINERT'S REDUCER, STEP-IN STYLE—($5 in leading corset departments and specialty shops.) A popular style at a popular price. Very comfortable and effective for the woman who wishes to reduce around the hips only. Fits up snugly under the seat. In natural (tan) color rubber, No. 309; or in flesh color rubber, No. 409. Also in silk covered rubber, No. 609, at $10. All of them are lined throughout with soft, absorbent stockinette.

THESE new Kleinert's reducing garments are *comfortable.* Not just *fairly* comfortable but *completely* comfortable as a well fitted foundation garment should be!

They're *lined*—with the softest, downiest cotton mesh—to absorb every bit of moisture and to cushion your most rebellious curve while it is gently but surely being reduced by the pure Kleinert's rubber of the outer surface.

Almost everyone has a few unwanted pounds somewhere. Observe your figure carefully in a full length mirror and let the fitter in your favorite corset department show you which of these Kleinert's reducing garments was designed with your figure in mind.

Whatever style you choose, you will enjoy wearing it *every* day. It molds your figure at once to conform with the new fashions while the unwelcome weight lessens daily until your figure becomes just as you want it—and all with the utmost comfort and safety.

In fact, these new garments are *such* a comfortable and satisfactory way of achieving the desired "princess" figure that they're being purchased eagerly—*as an ounce of prevention, so to speak*—by women who never need count their calories at all! 24 to 36 inch waist measures—*by the inch.*

I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Kleinert's

The newest are

KLEINERT'S REDUCER, HIGH-POINT PRINCESS STYLE—($8.50 at leading corset departments and specialty shops.) Designed to take care of flesh around the waist and over the diaphragm as well as about the hips. The yielding straps of NUVO hold the garment in place without any strain on the shoulders. Step-in style. In natural (tan) color rubber, No. 317; or in flesh color, 417. Lined with soft stockinette to absorb the excess moisture.

"PERFECT AS KLEINERT'S DRESS SHIELDS"

REDUCING GARMENTS *inter-lined with Comfort...!*

KLEINERT'S REDUCER, WRAP-AROUND STYLE — ($8.50 in leading specialty shops and corset departments.) A well-cut model designed to reduce the hips and thighs. Many stouter women prefer this model because it can be fitted more snugly than a step-in. Natural (tan) color rubber, No. 300; or in flesh color rubber, No. 400. Also in silk covered rubber, No. 600, at $12.50. All are completely lined with soft, absorbent stockinette.

KLEINERT'S REDUCER, COMBINATION STYLE— ($12.50 at leading specialty shops and corset departments.) An excellent diaphragm and hip reducer combined with a charming Alençon lace brassiere. Skilfully boned over the diaphragm. Cut low in the back to make it ideal for evening wear. Opens part way down the side. Natural (tan) color rubber, No. 318; or in flesh color rubber, No. 418. Also in silk covered rubber . . . 618, at $18.00. The soft stockinette lining absorbs all excess moisture and keeps the wearer perfectly comfortable.

KLEINERT'S REDUCER, PRINCESS STYLE — ($7.50 at leading corset departments and specialty shops.) Clever boning over the diaphragm and support extending somewhat above the normal waistline, assure the smooth, softly feminine line required by present princess styles. Fastened part way down the side with hooks and eyes. In flesh color rubber, No. 419. Also in silk covered rubber, No. 619 at $15.00. Both are lined with soft, absorbent stockinette.

"PERFECT AS KLEINERT'S DRESS SHIELDS"

These newcomers are diverting the attention of whole bridge parties!

WHAT was bid is completely forgotten. What is trump nobody knows. Who should lead just doesn't matter—for the topic of talk has suddenly turned from tricks to taste. Schrafft's chocolates are being sampled!

Under the spell of such out-of-the-common goodness, it is pardonable for anyone to forget all else for the moment. Schrafft's chocolates and candies *are* uncommonly delicious!

They have long been the favorites of the well-informed—in New York, Boston, and Syracuse. Now, through recently expanded distribution, we predict that these famous candies will be the favorites everywhere!

You'll find them in stores near you — wherever good candies are sold. And you'll find them surprisingly better than any candy you ever before tasted!

D'or Elegant—$2.00 a pound; Chippendale—$1.50 a pound; Dresden—$1.25 a pound; Jolivet—$1.25 a pound; Plain—$1.00 a pound; Pall Mall—$1.00 a pound; Nuts, Fruits and Creams—$1.00 a pound.

SCHRAFFT'S

CHOCOLATES AND
FINE CONFECTIONS

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

Gabor Eder

THIS picturesque organdie gown by Sally Milgrim features an enormously flaring skirt supporting great splashes of brightly-hued, appliqued flowers—a severely simple, low cut bodice—and demure sleeves which end in brief, bias ruffles. It commands attention among widely varied assortments of original Daytime and Evening Gowns, Wraps and Suits, each an individual and advanced conception of authoritative Summer Fashion.

MILGRIM

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SALYMIL • a delicate intriguing Spanish perfume

THE DIAPHANOUS FROCK

Has Enchanting Grace

Stein & Blaine, Inc. created this graceful model of printed Celanese Chiffon.

FASHION'S most charming feminine gesture is the "garden party" frock of flowered Celanese Chiffon in hand-blocked effect. Exquisitely sheer and lovely in texture, this softly clinging, modern fabric has surprisingly durable qualities unique with Celanese. It will not shrink or stretch . . . does not wilt in dampness . . . is not harmed by perspiration . . . and may be cleaned with the assurance that it will retain its full beauty.

CELANESE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Fabrics

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City

Great Out-of-Doors calls your boys and girls

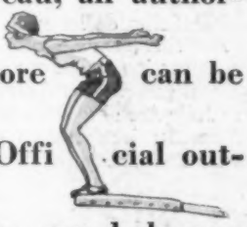
TOPS of lofty pines beckon in the breeze . . . cool water murmurs an invitation . . . sunshine smiles in welcome. ✧ ✧ ✧ "Come," they are saying to your sons and daughters, "come to the great out-of-doors and play and swim and hike and roll up in ponchos under the stars; come

to camp where, nut-brown and sturdy, you will store

up health and laughter, self-reliance and good comradeship for the rest of your lives." ✧ ✧ ✧ Surely you will let them go this summer. ✧ ✧ ✧ It is only a question of choosing the right camp, of

being very certain that it is well-regulated and best suited to the age of your children. ✧ ✧ ✧ Careful parents,

hundreds of them every year, find the answer at our Camp Bureau, an authorized, yet strictly unprejudiced source of information, where more



can be learned about the better camps than catalogues can possibly tell. ✧ ✧ ✧ Official outfitters for many camps, and familiar with the requirements of all, we can help you assemble exactly the right equip

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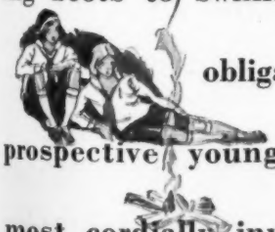

obligation is implied. ✧ ✧ ✧ Whether or not you decide to outfit your prospective young campers here, you are most cordially invited to visit or write us.

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Louiseboulanger

(individualist among the couturiers of Paris)

says . . .

"To achieve chic in the costumes of today a woman should possess the true aristocratic bearing . . . the effortless grace of carriage that can be maintained only when the feet are allowed perfect freedom in shoes that provide correct support."

Louise Boulanger

. . . . . .

SHE who walks with greatest chic walks in Selby Arch Preserver Shoes . . .

Shoes gracefully slender of contour to harmonize with the 1930 silhouette . . .

High of arch and glove-like of fit to enhance the beauty of feminine feet . . .

Varied in types and with Paris-created styles to fill the many needs of the fashionable wardrobe . . .

And in each shoe the exclusive comfort of the Selby Arch Preserver patented inbuilt features, insuring the perfect ease and foot freedom that enable you to walk with natural, tireless grace!

Your Selby dealer will enjoy showing you how this genuine original Arch Preserver construction supports your foot and releases it from all awkward strain. Obtainable only in *Selby* Arch Preserver Shoes . . . $10 up . . . a small price for the true economy of long wear and lasting shapeliness.

Madame Boulanger expresses the quickened pulse of Spring in the free flowing lines of this street costume created especially for The Selby Shoe Company, and worn with the Ormonde model of the Arch Preserver Shoe, in beige kidskin. Drawing by the famous French fashion artist, M. Fromenti.

FLAME . . . formal daytime slipper in suntan beige kidskin and matching watersnake calf, for wear with the longer skirts.

NATALIE . . . featuring the instep decoration that denotes the 1930 mode. Beige clair kidskin accented with brown.

TRIX . . . a smart development of the spectator sports shoe, in beige and brown kidskin, with perforations.

Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

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Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Send for free booklet, "The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress."

The Selby Shoe Company, 177 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O. Please send me your interesting free booklet B-77, also pictures of the latest smart styles in Selby Arch Preserver Shoes.

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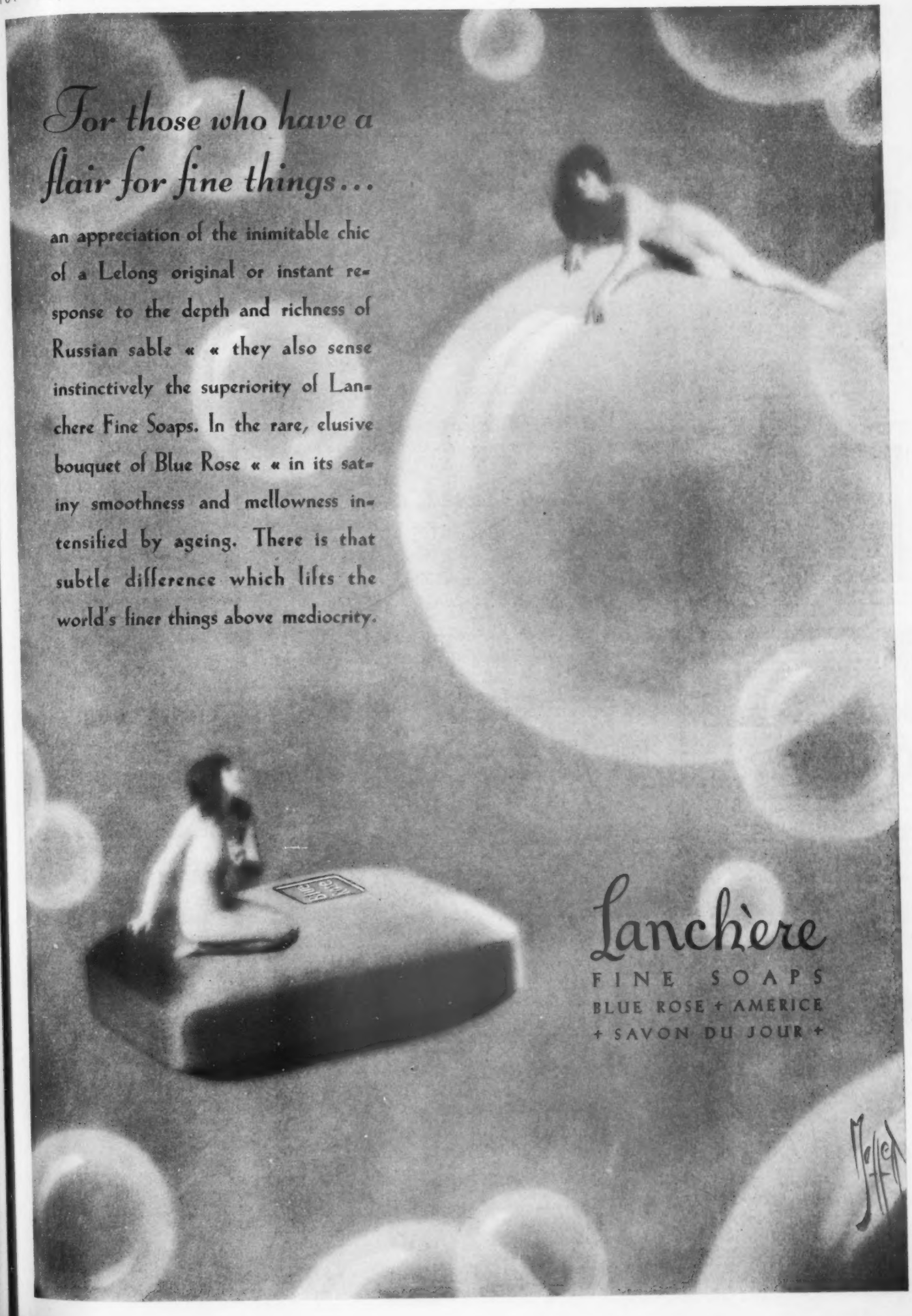
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an appreciation of the inimitable chic of a Lelong original or instant response to the depth and richness of Russian sable « « they also sense instinctively the superiority of Lanchere Fine Soaps. In the rare, elusive bouquet of Blue Rose « « in its satiny smoothness and mellowness intensified by ageing. There is that subtle difference which lifts the world's finer things above mediocrity.
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Thousand Islands Camp
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Marguerite B. Sibley, Ship Bottom, New Jersey.

June Brings—
Fair Days—
Rare Days—
Camp Days—

Days to be spent out-of-doors . . . . . .

Boys and girls all over our country are about to troop off to another glorious summer at camp.

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In order to save time—and to avoid making an unwise selection, let us help you.

Write or call—giving particulars as to age, location preferred, tuition, et cetera—and we will direct you to the camp that seems best suited for your child.

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For girls at Farmington Falls, Maine
The camp of "*Individual*" attention. The Waukesha system merits your investigation. College trained counselors.
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A recreational camp for girls with separate tutoring unit. Booklet of either sent on request.
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Hiram, Maine
An unusual Girls' Camp
For information address
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6 weeks PACK TRIP and MOTORING in the New Mexico ROCKIES and INDIAN COUNTRY of Arizona. Especially planned for the older girl not interested in the usual camp.
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Delightful climate, pure spring water. Swimming, boating, archery, and other outdoor sports under careful supervision. Excellent table board. Girls from 22 states. Address
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Lake Sunapee region. All activities. A horse for every girl. Modern sanitation. Rate $250 inclusive. Booklet.
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For girls on beautiful lake in fragrant pine woods. All sports, crafts, riding. Delicious meals. *The Club*, a separate camp for teachers, business women. Catalog.
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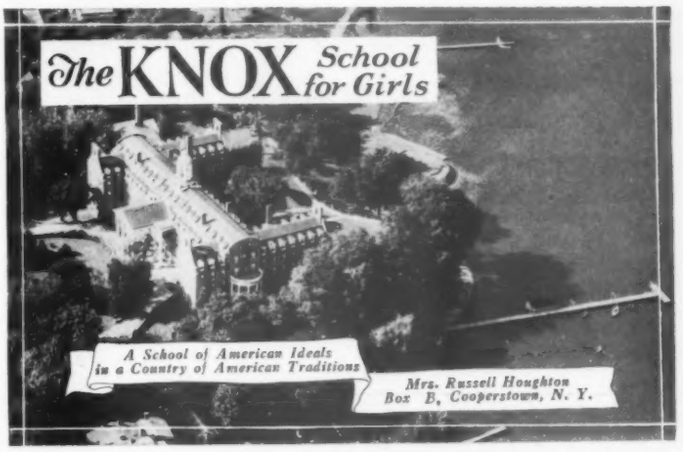
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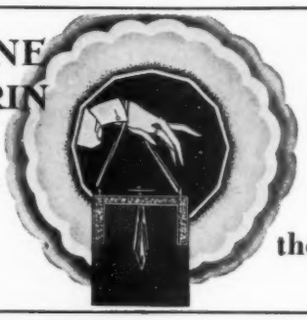
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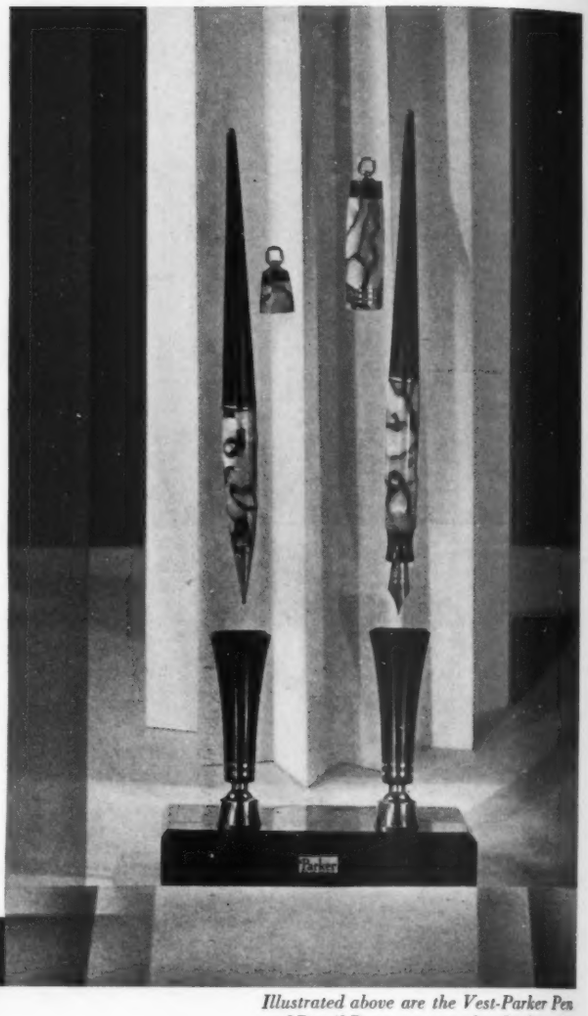
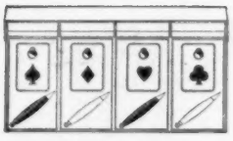


Illustrated above are the Vest-Parker Pen and Pencil Duette converted to Desk use by substituting tapered ends for pocket caps. Remove tapers and restore caps for carrying in your waistcoat pocket or handbag.



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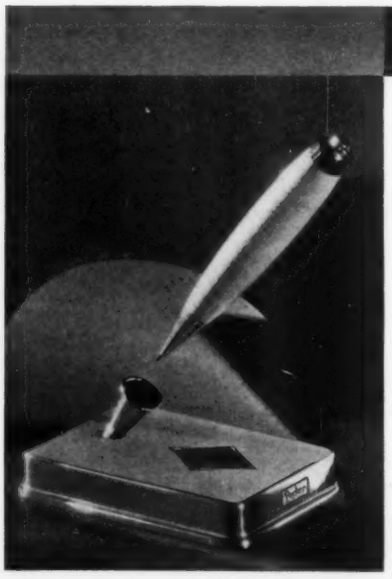

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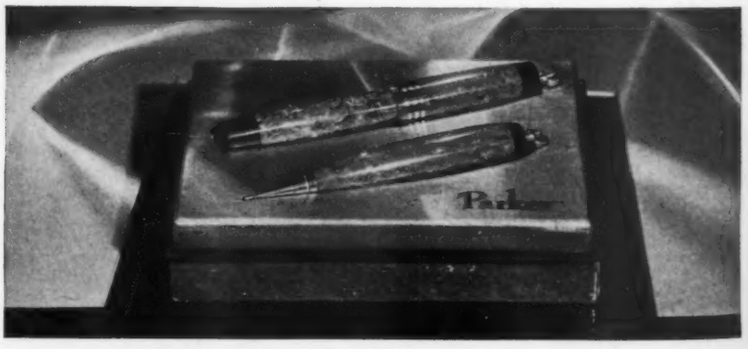

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June will want remembrances

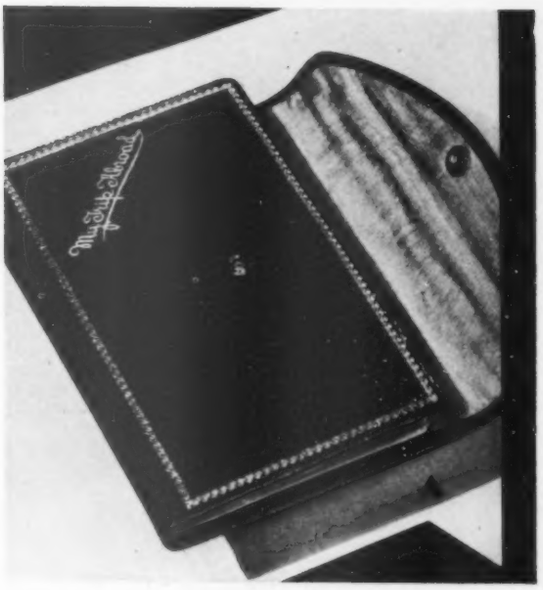
ONE of the gracious things in life is the privilege of adding to another's happiness on some felicitous occasion. . . . And apart from the Christmas season, perhaps no other time presents more opportunities than June.

But even for those vivid moments that your gift will help recall . . . the wedding of an old and valued friend . . . commencement . . . Anne's first visit to Europe . . . a remembrance need not be expensive. It should reveal, of course, your affection . . . your high esteem for the one to whom you send it. And it will reflect your own good taste and judgment.

Among people of a certain position in life, these gifts are frequently of fine leather. And if, by some chance, you could see the articles they select, you would find the great majority of them imprinted with a tiny golden keystone R. That symbol is the house insignia of C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc.

Eighty years ago, this firm was established in Philadelphia. Members of the original family still actively maintain the ideals of the founder . . . to use the best materials, and only the best . . . to strive for beauty, rather than effect; for authenticity, and not for show. In a word, to make the very finest leather goods that money can buy.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and stationers.



A A diary for traveling. In addition to the space provided for daily entries, occupying the greater part of the book, the diary contains a map of the world, a table of monetary values and exchange rates, and a reproduction of the flags of the countries which will be visited, and of the steamships on which you may travel.

B A photograph frame in blue calfskin, which will care for a single intimate photograph. A gold-tooled border serves to accent the leather. The frame may also be had in many other colors and in many designs, including those with inserts of Cinnabar and Jade.

C A passport case, in pigskin, lined with scarlet leather, which may be fitted easily in one's pocket. There are spaces for the passport, for bills, landing cards, luggage checks and railway tickets, each properly designated. The case also comes in other leathers with other linings.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC. By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

...“WHO COULD ASK A SURER PROOF OF ENGLAND?”

“It's been years, you know, Rod. I could scarcely realize that I was really back again. Early in the morning we drove up the short way through the back lane. There at the gate of the kennels was the unsuspecting Pam. Just one look at her clear blonde beauty and I was home . . . who could ask a surer proof of England?”

—from the letters of an English traveler at home.

This simple, effective English Beauty Treatment will bring new freshness to your skin

INCREASINGLY, we value feminine beauty, seek new standards for it. But we find no substitute for the lovely skin, the clear and glowing color that every woman longs to keep. The English woman, famous throughout the civilized world for her radiant complexion, has found this precious secret.

She is noteworthy for the few cosmetics she uses—soap, powder, and one famous cream. But they bring to her the unstudied, genuine, natural charm that is the first consideration of a gentlewoman. Her soap is Yardley's English Lavender. Cooling, cleansing, refreshing, it brings a lasting freshness caught in the soft texture of her skin.

Her cream is Yardley's English Complexion Cream, used to complete the cleansing with soap. At night this versatile cream becomes a nourishing cream, and in the morning, a powder base. This time, it is smoothed on liberally and *washed off with water.* An invisible film remains, to which powder clings perfectly. The English woman's powder is Yardley's English Lavender, fragrant and fine, made in four tints to blend with every skin.

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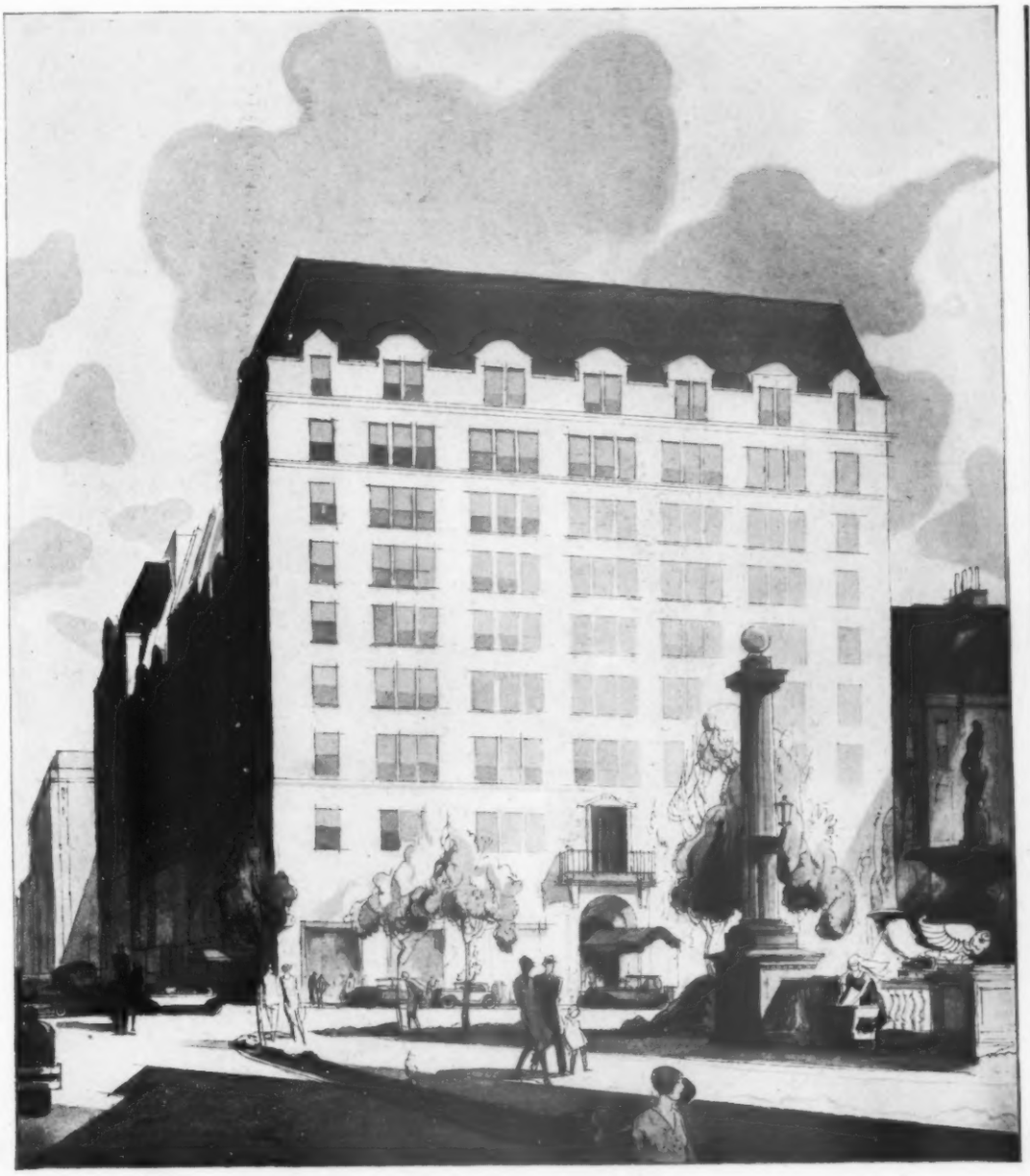
Yardley's English Lavender

“The Lovable Fragrance”

An Impression

OF BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



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BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

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64th Year Number 2612

HARPER'S BAZAAR

EARLY SUMMER FASHIONS NUMBER

June 1930

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

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A New Velvet for the New Mode

As the advance showings of the *grands couturiers* and authentic information from behind the scenes in Paris stress velvet

The Shelton Looms Announce

La Loie Supreme

a new velvet for the new mode

WHEN the new models come through from Paris, you will wonder whether they were designed for this new fabric or whether the new fabric was woven for them.

La Loie SUPREME achieves a graceful flow of line, subtlety of drape and suave smartness hitherto unknown... and displays a surface that seems dissolved in a play of light.

Surpassing loveliness is not the only reason for insisting on La Loie SUPREME ...technical improvements in the weaving make it as practical as it is smart.

Identify La Loie SUPREME Velvet
by the Tag-Booklet on each garment.

The Shelton Looms ONE PARK AVENUE NEW YORK

READ THESE CABLES FROM PARIS—

"IN Le Touquet, daytime tweeds are worn with fabric hats. For evening, lace flowered chiffon and combinations of fine lace and chiffon, looking prettier than plain coloured chiffon. Colours: quantities of baby blues, also pale pinks, sometimes with a mixture of mauve, sometimes coral. Many little white jackets, often satin, with long thin black frocks. Many interesting arrangements of harness backs. Diamond clips are worn tremendously in all kinds of ways, fastening coats to frock strap or on the tip of the V décolleté, slightly to one side. Long, even-hemmed gowns are much the smartest.

"MIDSEASON collections feature longer daytime skirts, about twelve inches from the floor. In one house they are eleven inches. Active sports skirts remain short. For formal afternoon they are longer still. Many fur-trimmed suits are shown for early fall, expected to be very good. Blouses are very important in all sorts of materials, even reviving the old-fashioned fabrics like dimity, both tuck-ins and flat peplums belted high.

"COLOURS so far show many greens, many browns, often with a rusty cast. Several houses feature a mixture of two colours or two shades of the same colour. Several houses are showing fur scarfs or stoles with suits.

"LUNCHING at Ritz, saw many tailleurs, often crêpe suits black or navy with lovely white blouses. Great vogue for white fabric turbans, Agnès, and shirred Reboux models. Those in tweeds wear matching tweed hats, turban shapes.

"AT races, still quantities of black, often touches of white, pale pink, pale blue, but also growing prevalence of navy, often with white. Somewhat larger hats, sometimes worn even with tailored costumes.

"AT the Toscanini Philharmonic concert there were fewer black evening dresses. Quantities of white gowns, especially satin often with bright red shoes and wraps. Sometimes enormous feather fans. We also saw new drapes. Some were bright coloured crêpe, cerise or emerald green with white gowns. They were tied with short ears on one shoulder falling to a point on the other. As an example, Madame Marthe Letellier wore a slinky white satin gown with a three-quarter cerise velveteen wrap with a sable collar and cerise crêpe drapery and shoes. Both costume and real jewellery are worn, though not together. One often sees much longer hair beautifully and individually arranged, and many gloves, even white ones. There are frequently picturesque effects like evening ensembles of short jet spangled wrap worn with a scarlet long gown or silver spangled wrap worn with a white gown. One dull plum jacket with a pale old-rose gown. Many heavy pink gloves, Patou type. At night clubs, on the contrary, there are many dark evening gowns worn, ink blue, dahlia, brown ones. This last was shown in some leading houses in the midseason collections. There is also a possible return of artificial flowers for evening, as colour accents, worn in front in a new way. Pale pink, black with white, sky blue, leaf green are all good for daytime.

"AGNÈS midsummer models feature capelines tipped up on the left side with flower, ribbon-knot or tiny ostrich tips. Also new cotton and fine wool tricot caps, covering only the very back of the head, showing much hair. The tricot is slightly starched to give body. Also hats in embroidered Swiss linen like old German table-cloths, on the lines of gob hats. Also new bérets for earliest fall of dead-leaf velvet, gathered all round, with a falling knot on one side, worn very crooked."

REAL TREASURE
from Pleasure Island

The Spanish Main has given us no more gorgeous gift than the "chocolatl" of Montezuma. Chocolate treasure has endured longer than silver, gold or jewels. This romantic package, with its chocolate nuggets, its bags of Pieces of Eight, speaks of Trinidad and Caracas, Havana and Yucatan, to lovers of chocolates in prosaic American homes.

It is our aim to give more than sweets when you buy Whitman's. You get full value in chocolates. You get also the charm of playful fancy and all the prestige that surrounds the name when you buy

Whitman's

PLEASURE ISLAND
CHOCOLATES

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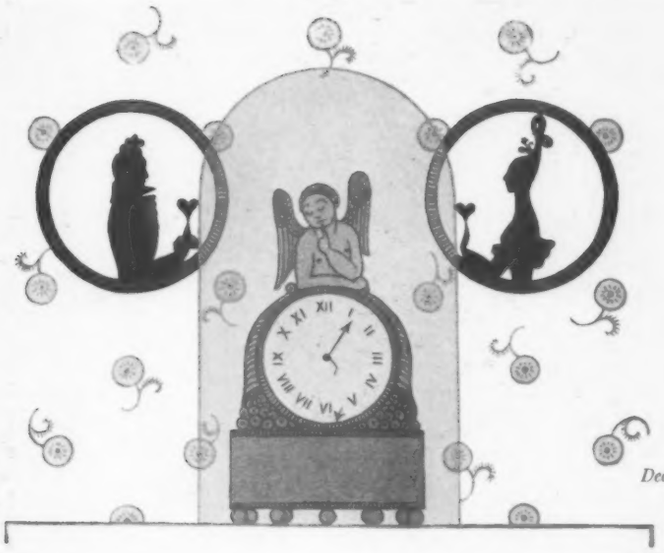


Decoration by Erté

LONELINESS

TO BE alone and to be lonely are not the same thing. We can be as happy in solitude as the lark singing in the vast of the sky, and we can be bitterly, desperately lonely in the thick of a crowd.

Few among us can forever escape the pain of being lonely. In this dangerous world those who love are always in peril of it. In a moment we may lose the companion or the companions who walled loneliness away. He or she who understood, who loved and was loved, who needed and who gave, is gone.

"It's coming back every night, knowing his chair will be empty for the rest of my life, that is so dreadful," said my friend. "While he was alive he was frequently away, but I was not lonely. I missed him, I longed to have him home again, but that was different. I was storing up things to tell him, to laugh over with him, to ask his advice about. All that had its own quality of happiness. Now, when he will never come back, I am lonely. And there is no other word that holds so much of unhappiness."

What are we to do against loneliness?

Some tell us the surest safeguard is not to love too much. So much of potential suffering is definitely spared you then. Those you know come or go, like you or leave you, and you don't care. There are always people, interesting, delightful people, one following the other, each with his or her special attraction. Why tie to one or two in a world of variety?

Never really to need any single person, never really to be needed by anyone, there is one great guard against the tragedy of loneliness.

But that way is the way of death. For to avoid the experiences of life is to miss life.

Ask the loneliest of your friends, whether he would have given up the lost comradeship that was once his so that now the suffering, too, might be spared, and I think you will find there is not one but is willing to pay the price in grief for what was had in joy. The miser of life is more lost to the realization of all true values than the miser of gold.

I remember once that the late Robert Henri, our great American artist, said to me, speaking of a certain banker who had died suddenly, without having in all his life known or cared for anything outside the scope of his business: "It is we artists who are the true financiers, because we are the financiers of life." I have never forgotten these words. Financiers of life! What better thing can a human being be, man or woman? Piling up life, using life, extending life, creating with life the things of life.

For the lonely who have lost their joy have had it, and are the richer for it. My friend, who returns each night to her solitary room, her lonely meal, or who goes out to be with others who cannot cure her loneliness, this friend is today giving to everyone who knows her more than she gave when she was not thus lonely. She spreads about her the income from the treasure she had. She is finer, she is quicker to feel the need in another and to respond to it, than when she was happy and content with her beloved. Then, too, she shared of her joy and her life with her friends, but now she is in some deep way closer to the very heart of life. You watch her, and you know that this is a good life, whatever its tragedies. The bitter grief of loneliness can bear a wonderful, a heroic fruit.

Perhaps, after all, it is those who can never feel the ache of loneliness who are the only really lonely persons of this world.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

LANVIN

MOSS-GREEN ORGANDIE OVER SILVER. SILVER TISSUE CAPE

DEMEYER

A CALLOT JACKET OF RED TAFFETA

CALLOT

THE CRINOLINE

THE ROMANCE OF THE WINTERHALTER PERIOD

■ BY BARON DE MEYER

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

THE second of a series of fireside chats. Subject: The crinoline. Scene: My own salon, recently redecorated in 1860 style. It contains a much curved and gilded sofa, button-quilted in strong pale blue. Some funny-looking armchairs and a heavy ormolu clock.

SHE: I much preferred your drawing-room before you refurnished it.

I: What's the objection? Don't you care for the "Style Napoleon III."? Not always beautiful, but generally amusing. It's a pity you didn't come in your crinoline, the one you wore at the Beaumont Ball. I'd have grown whiskers for the occasion and talked to you of hoops and drooping shoulders, perhaps of Grandma's diary. It would have recreated "atmosphere."

SHE: Don't deprive me of what would surely be amusing, because of my brand new Patou gown worn in your honour.

I: Don't worry! I was merely chaffing. I am, in fact, all prepared to entertain you with Grandma's crinoline stories, which I am sure will interest you.

SHE: What fun! Truth to tell, I have often wondered how, at the time they wore them, women actually looked in their crinolines. Would we have thought them smart, or merely grotesque?

I: I seem to remember portraits (most likely of the famous half dozen *élégantes* of the period) in which women looked most delightful. Or might it be that their romantic looks are due to Winterhalter's exquisite taste?

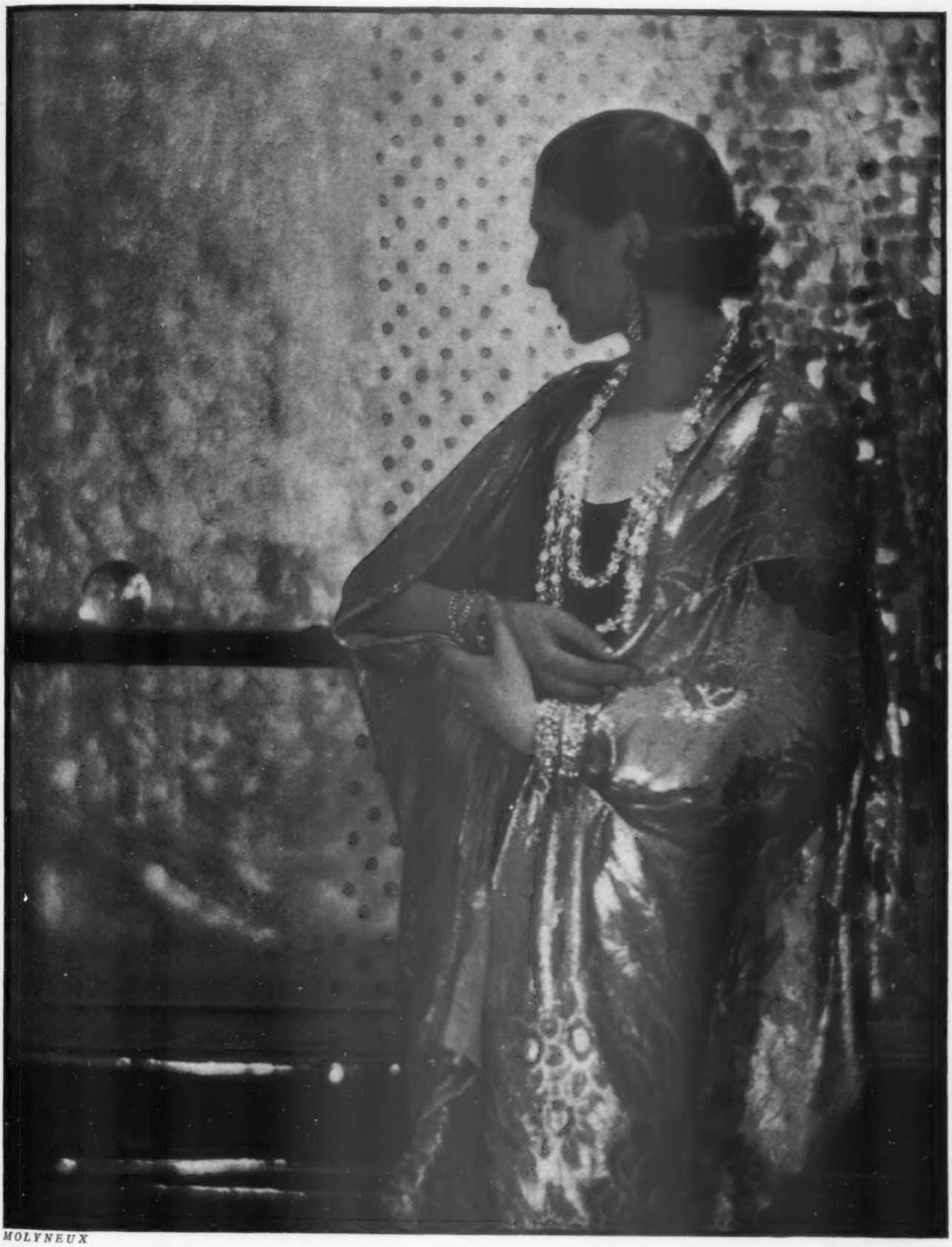
SHE: Not unlikely. For all women I've seen wearing crinolines, depicted on *carte visite* photographs, seemed to me frights.

I: You may be right. Contemporaries, however, seem to agree as to the beauty of styles prevailing during the first part of the Second Empire, much more so than about the ones which followed. Grandma, in her diary dated June, 1856, speaks of "Enveloping masses of gauzy textures, (*Continued on page 56*)

CHAMPCOMMUNAL

DEMEYER

FLOWERED CHIFFON,
SOFT COLOURS ON A
GREYISH BACKGROUND



MOLYNEUX

DEMEYER

AN EVENING WRAP OF GOLD BROCADE WITH COLOURED FLOWERS

AGNÈS

GREEN CRINOLINE HAT WITH MUSLIN FLOWERS

DEMEYER

held out by steel hoops," which, she says, "make every woman look a dream of loveliness."

In other parts of her diary, however, she refers to the many discomforts she has to put up with. For instance, she gives a vivid description of an occasion on which she receives several visitors in a very small salon, and speaks of frantic efforts made by two ladies trying to sit on one sofa without seriously disarranging their immense crinolines. She also mentions the dresses she has just had made, which, "though built up of judiciously adjusted draperies," end in trains so long as to make it well-nigh impossible to move across a crowded room without upsetting fancy tables and costly bric-à-brac. (Profusion, in everything, being then at the height of its vogue.)

I was rather surprised, though, to read of Grandma's continuous complaints, such as: "Oh, how difficult to make oneself look attractive in this season's styles!" "What a nuisance to have to watch one's step at every turn." And, "How impossible to step into a carriage on ball nights in tarlatan flounces and ruchings," adding, "It requires not merely time but also quiet horses," and above all, as she says, "a patient husband."

Now tell me, dear lady, what do you know about crinolines and Second Empire fashions in general?

SHE: Practically nothing, save their having been invented by the Empress Eugénie.

I: I thought so. It's the general belief. The fact is, the Empress did not invent the crinoline at all.

SHE: Are you sure?

I: Quite! How could she, when at the time she was married to Napoleon, in 1853, crinolines had been in general use for some time already. Doesn't this settle the question? The beautiful Spaniard undoubtedly *did* wield the sceptre of elegance, but was in no way responsible for the most typical article of dress which was worn during her reign—the crinoline.

SHE: You do surprise me.

I: If you will take time to consider, you will find you have never heard of any really important fashion feature (of the kind to sweep the universe) ascribed to any one individual. I have in mind the hooped skirt, the Directoire chemise, and, more recently, the knee-length skirt for grown women. Believe me, it requires a minority of powerful women, even if but very few, to launch any style. It can never be done by one woman alone.

SHE: You seem to be straying from your subject.

I: I shall, anyway, have to go as far back as 1840 to make a start about the crinoline, to the days when, as we are told, fashions were supposed to have been ideal. Figures were shown off without deforming additions, and skirts were worn reasonably full. It was but a few years later, about 1845, I believe, that skirts gradually began to widen, reaching eventually, somewhere about 1860, to most gigantic proportions (ten yards in circumference). Would it interest you to know how the crinoline came to be invented?

SHE: Yes, it certainly would interest me considerably.

I: Don't let me bore you, though. Our chat must not take on the proportions of a lecture. After 1845 skirts were assuming great width. They got wider from day to day, with an ever increasing number of petticoats worn to support them.

How would you have liked wearing petticoats lined with horsehair and bordered by heavy plaits of straw—with anything, in fact, to make the skirts stand out? With the quantity of layers perpetually growing, increasing in proportion to the size of skirts, some sort of framework now became urgently needed. Women, as a matter of fact, were on the verge of collapse. They suffocated from below.

SHE: Oh! How I'd have hated wearing petticoats. I cannot remember ever having worn a single one.

I: Stuffy as they undoubtedly were, living in the "giddy 'fifties," you could not have escaped them. You would, to start with, have had to wear a pair of frilled pantalettes, followed by a red flannel petticoat, by a second one in alpaca (three and a half yards wide), and by another wadded from the knees downward, the upper part being stiffened by whalebones.

Then would have come a starched linen petticoat with flounces, while a fourth and a fifth petticoat in muslin, slipped above all of the others, would have had to be adjusted before you could finally don your gown.

Now, how does this strike you? In spite of lightness of fabric and of several of the petticoats being sewn on to one waistband, the discomfort women suffered in those days must have been intolerable.

SHE: I should have died of suffocation.

I: And now, for the sensation of the period—the invention of a set of steel wires, which made the discarding of most of these terrible petticoats possible. (To do away with them entirely might, at the time, have been considered not genteel.) The relief must have been tremendous.

The new cagelike frame, having been from the start voted an immense success, was baptized *La Crinoline*. (Derived from the word *crin*, the French for horsehair.)

From then on, the crinoline reigned supreme and became every woman's most indispensable article of dress and was worn by all classes; by ladies of high degree, as well as by their servants; by the beggar women in the street; and even by the peasant girl, who donned some sort of a crinoline to plough the fields in.

SHE: Did crinolines differ in size and shape?

I: Why, of course. As a matter of fact, the degree of elegance of most fashionable women depended on the quality and shape of their crinoline; more especially, however, on its more or less gigantic proportions.

It proves most amusing, to hear of its being adapted to historical costumes, Greek goddesses and Roman empresses appearing on the stage in classical garments draped over (*Concluded on page 122*)

CHANEL

DEMEYER

GREYISH-BEIGE CHIFFON
WITH A SMALL PATTERN
OF MANY SUBDUED TONES

DEMEYER

MARIE-CHRISTIANE

BLUE STRAW WITH FORGET-ME-NOTS IN FLATTERING ARRANGEMENT

ALEX

DEMEYER

ITALIAN STRAW SOFTLY
DRAPED AND ARTFULLY
TRIMMED WITH OSTRICH

"Angela disregarded the friend, as she disregarded all she did not like. 'But this is no place to talk,' she told S. F., 'and I believe you have many things to say to me. Come and have tea with me tomorrow at five. You can do that?'"

DRAWINGS BY H. R. SUTTER

A Short Story by SOPHIE KERR

S. F.

"There has never been anyone like Angela, there will never be her like again."

Infatuation sometimes Turns to Love; but in the Case of this Young Man...

THIS is a very slight story which has to do with a woman who was careless and generous and undisciplined—useless to make her out worse—and a very young man who while in college had been nicknamed S. F., although his own proper initials were R. B., which stand for the euphonious and historic name of Robert Bruce.

He had always been a peculiarly sensitive boy, loving so many things which other boys hooted at that he had learned in childhood to wear a hard-boiled face, to leap in ahead of the gang with quick speech and quicker action, so that no one would ever suspect his real feelings. He adored poetry; music lifted him sky-high; clear bright colour in the sky, and the pattern of leaf shadows in the sun, and grey-blue mists filling the air with magic brought him delight painful in its excess. For Beauty was his goddess and he worshipped her.

None of this escaped into words; it was for himself alone. He affected a clipped modern idiom, a manner wholly self-controlled and self-sufficient. He was invariably ready with the right word, the right gesture for the emergency. His intimates at college admired and envied him this power without guessing its reason. At last one of them, conspicuously tongue-tied and awkward, named it: "Old Bob here," he said discontentedly, "he's got real *savoir faire*."

The others took it up. Naturally they couldn't call him Savoir Faire in full, so he became S. F., and sometimes endearingly Old S. F. He accepted it amiably for the compliment which it was and likewise for one more stone in the wall which hid his real self from those who would inevitably laugh at it. When he sneaked off to New York or Boston for an art exhibition or a high-brow play or a symphony, the others said hilariously, "Old S. F. on the loose again," and never suspected where he had been. The queer part of it was that there were other men in college who shared his tastes, who spoke his inner language, but he couldn't bear that crowd. He wanted the rough, hard bunch who labelled all poetry cheese and thought every form of theatre, except leg-shows, terrible. This was because, I think, he was afraid of the strength of his secret passion. He didn't know if it once possessed him, what it might do to him. There was a spark of madness in it.

Old S. F. got his degree and came down to New York and found himself a job—not a pretty job, nor an easy job, but one which paid fairly well and gave him a chance to indulge both sides of his nature. The job was in a big customs brokerage firm, and after he had learned the ropes he was thrown on his own and had to deal with his contacts according to his own lights. He met plenty of a new and rougher sort of roughness and a new and harder sort of hardness, and got along capably with both. For his goddess there was the fact that his office overlooked the harbour from a great height, and he need only glance out to see one of the most beautiful sights in the world, so beautiful that he longed to stare at it every moment. Instead, he attended sharply to business, but he never lost the secret rapture that beauty was there, waiting for him, always.

He lived comfortably in a college club and since he was a very good-looking young man and had many friends he was invited constantly to dinners and parties and shows and whatnot. But now and then not even the most persistent hostess could capture him, and people laughed and teased him and said he was in love with some girl out of town and slipped away to see her. Some of them said much coarser things. S. F. didn't know and didn't notice. It was in these lapses of social motion that he indulged himself in his solitary enjoyment of pictures and books and music.

That was the winter Angela, the dancer, came to town and knocked it galley-west. Angela at the very height of her fame and, what is more important, at the very height of her art. Angela! The name alone brings to those who saw her then memories to shake the heart. There has never been anyone like her, there will never be her like again. Pavlowa, Isadora, Karsovina, Genée, St. Denis, La Argentina—think of them all and you cannot think high enough for Angela. She danced alone for the most part, though there were a few numbers on each program by "supporting artists." During those numbers the audience went out and smoked, or sat still and talked. For there was simply no use or sense in looking at any other dancers on the same day as Angela.

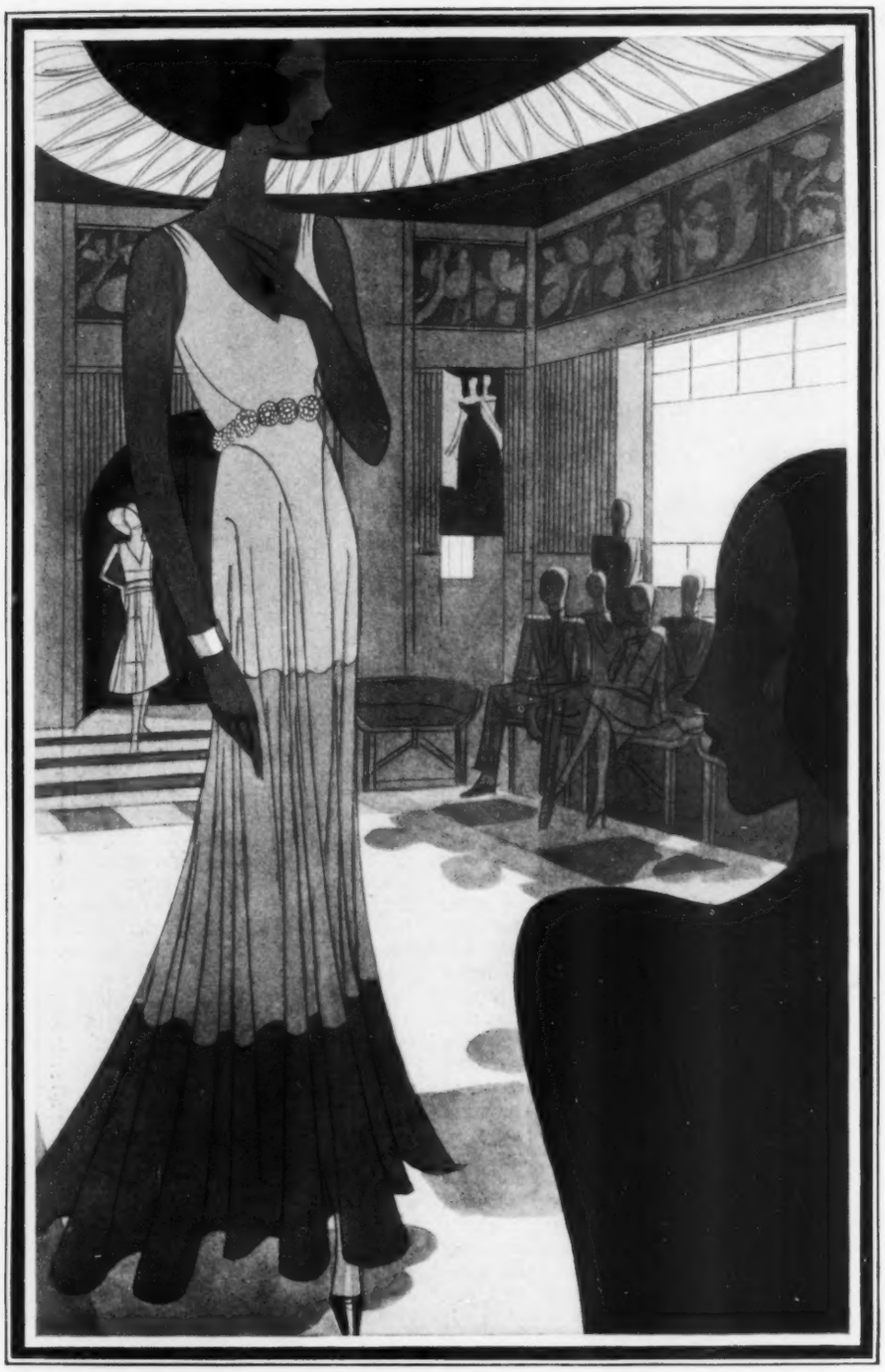
Endless stories ran up and down the town about her. She was Russian, she was Swedish, she was Cuban, she was Turkish, she was Greek, she was Rumanian—but no one ever said she was either British or American. She had thrown a grand duke's emeralds into the Danube and dived madly to get them out again. She had thumbed her nose at a super-dreadnaught English earl, and sat on the birthday cake (squashing it to bits) of a French count at Deauville. Multi-millionaires of all nations were popularly supposed to stand in a queue, line-forms-at-the-right, to entreat her favour; and the tales of her caprices and her displays of temper were innumerable and fantastic. Really she was a quite simple, direct, and highly sensual woman without feeling for morals or conventions, who happened to be also a sublime and serious artist. But no good press-agent could use these facts, so the legends grew and swelled about her, like toy balloons on circus day.

S. F. did not see her until her second recital, but after that he went like every one and stood in the jam at the stage door to see her come out. The fiery perfection of her dancing, its utter absorption in itself to make perfection, its glory and its pride and its enchantment—these things caught him and almost over-balanced him. Each time when she danced her "Moonlight," he thought he would suffocate with happiness, and he was more than willing to do so. He lived in an agony of anticipation from one recital to another, for it is not every man to whom it is vouchsafed that his true goddess shall appear incarnate before him.

One night as he was coming away from the theatre some one tapped his arm. "Hello, S. F., how's everything?" It was one of the crowd at college, the man who had given him the nickname. They stopped and talked and at last the other said, "Angela's going to be at a party my cousin Ruth's giving to-night. It'll be duller than hell, but we might drop in for a few minutes and get a drink. These freak celebs make me sick. Still, I'd like to get a close-up of Angela to see how old she is."

"That might be amusing," admitted S. F., though he had turned cold and dizzy at the suggestion of being in the same room with Angela.

(Concluded on page 124)



VIONNET

A Vionnet gown has bodice and skirt made of beige-rose crêpe romain to below the knee. A chiffon skirt of the same tone is set on just below the hips, while the lower skirt has several thicknesses of chiffon. The effect is three tones of beige-rose. A belt of silver beads. Drawn at Mme. Vionnet's salon.

PARIS PREPARES

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

As I write, the midseason collections are just beginning to be shown. Molyneux has already offered us a supplementary summer collection, and the other houses are busily preparing for those that include the first suggestions for fall. But, nowadays, there is almost always something new to see in the big houses, especially during these months when the bright fires of spring inspire us to cast aside our garments of repentance. We have had a generous share of spring sunshine this year, and the usual reaction of the couturiers to the weather has been "clients' collections" of more than usual importance. They are particularly interesting to the fashion reporter, because they embody the ideas that the creators believe to be most suitable and acceptable to the Parisians who dress at their houses.

Vionnet, whose first "clients' collection" I described in the last issue, showed some more novelties a few weeks later, among them the lovely evening gown above, drawn by Bénigni. Other new models include georgette afternoon gowns, finely pin-tucked in patterns, and in coral or rose-pink shades; chiffon afternoon gowns, some plain, some printed; and crêpe afternoon gowns, in black or pale colours, banana, tea-rose, turquoise, cream or white. One was pin-tucked like a plaited skirt; another in palest turquoise, was finely plaited all over.

Among the new evening models were several with the skirt in many little frills. One I noted especially was in dotted chiffon, white on mauve-grey, with nine little gathered frills

This dark blue georgette dressmaker suit from Patou, sketched at the "Prix de Diane" at Chantilly, makes use of scallops to finish the skirt and the cape of the jacket. The blouse is white georgette, hemstitched. Widebrimmed hat of navy blue exotic straw with grosgrain ribbon edge. Bow ends are edged with crin.

PATOU

FOR HER SEASON

Drawings by Léon Bénigni

from hips to hem. Another new evening gown was in this silvery lamé without a design. This had a new décolleté, in narrow double V's, and was tied in the front of the waist in a soft bow, while the skirt was evenly long and flared like a morning-glory. A very good gabardine coat was so attractive that I ordered it myself. It has a turn-up-and-down collar, of Directoire inspiration, and melon sleeves. Some very tiny prints were used for summer frocks; one in red and white had a big bow in the back, the loops pinned up on the bodice, like a butterfly's spread wings.

Many of the black chiffon frocks were shown again with turquoise bead jewellery and huge turquoise handkerchiefs. One is sketched by Dynevor Rhys on page 73. Another is a huge hexagon of turquoise chiffon, with two fan-plaited points let in from centre to edge on the same side. This looks very pretty in the hand.

Patou invited us to see a "Travel and Sports" collection. He advertised this as being composed of sports costumes, afternoon dresses, and evening gowns for week-ends and holiday trips, all carefully studied, not fragile, but easy to pack. He added that "they remain within the limits of a young girl's allowance." Vionnet, also, is thinking of shrunken budgets, for a note on her program declared that prices began at a very low figure.

Patou's began with beach things, very simple bathing-suits with his new plaited short skirts, more like short belted tunic-blouses. They were shown with extremely long, fine silk stockings, and I could not help thinking how much

Drawings by

AUGUSTABERNARD

An evening gown from Augustabernard is in crêpe de Chine of a lovely chartreuse green, exactly like the liqueur itself. The unusual beauty of the gown lies in the cut and in the disposition of the long, spiral, circular flounce.

more attractive they looked in the salon than bare legs. Little sandals or one-strap slippers of white linen or suède, sometimes with pipings and ribbons of colour, and all with very low heels, were worn with the beach costumes.

Then came the tailleurs, in two types, pinched-in jackets, and box jackets. Both were wide in the shoulders, and worn with brimmed cloche hats, with simple band trimmings. Their skirts were not plaited, but tucked, in wide vertical tucks, sometimes open a few inches near the hem. All were completed by charming blouses, in lingerie, or in white or faint-coloured crêpe de Chine. Three of these are sketched on the Last-Minute pages with their accompanying hats, some of which were in white panamalac, some in matching dark straw, and some in the new combination of straw and piqué which is so smart. The materials were flannel and fine mixtures, like men's materials, in the main. Dark red-brown oxfords were worn with them.

A series of frocks with straight three-quarter coats was done in light-weight woollen fabrics, of the type of Meyer's Madiana. These were in pale colours, pink, green, yellow, and in greyed shades, the coloured threads being mixed with grey ones. The coats were straight and simple, collarless, often with big patch pockets; and the frocks were bloused in the back, belted at the natural waist, smooth over the hip, with flat rather wide plaits in the skirt, and worn with lingerie or piqué collars and cuffs.

The long coats often had deep slot seams straight up the middle of the back. Ensemble coats were shown both with and without fur. Often the ensembles were in two colours, the coat being black or navy. A revival of the very long tunic-blouse was noticed in a model of pale green crêpe, over a black skirt showing only a few inches at the hem, and worn with a black caped coat. The soft suit, in georgette, was shown for summer wear. There is a charming version in navy georgette, sketched at the Chantilly races on page 63.

A few sweaters testified to the inevitability of this garment for summer sports wear. They were usually sleeveless, with narrow coloured stripes around the hips. Sleeves were of all lengths, none at all, one-quarter, half, three-quarters, and long. I particularly noticed a frock and jacket in red and yellow bandana cotton, with lingerie collar and cuffs.

Léon Bénigni

An ensemble of many uses is this black and palest pink satin one from Lelong. There is a novel disposition of shirring over the hips. The fox-trimmed coat has a scarf collar lined in pink. The hat is a shirred model from Reboux.

LELONG

Only a few new evening gowns were included, one of the prettiest being in pale tortoise-shell chiffon, and another in black net, with a short tailored jacket, and the skirt in fan-plaited sections dipping all round.

Colours included navy, cornflower blue, pale blue, pastels (pink, green, and yellow) drab-beige and putty, a strong green, and black.

Redfern asked us to an afternoon reception, which was quite a gala occasion. The *clou* was the continuance of the economical fashion of two frocks with one coat. I am having one of these triple entente ensembles drawn in the next number. The evening frock is of black and pink printed chiffon, with a three-quarter caped coat of black crêpe, which is just as pretty with its black crêpe afternoon gown. Another theme that runs through the models is that of two materials with the same design. A charming evening ensemble has a chiffon frock with a brown dot on a beige ground, and a short lamé wrap of the same pattern, with a mink collar. One of the prettiest of the evening wraps is sketched by Luza on page 66. This *(Continued on page 68)*

PREMET REDFERN

Drawn in colour by

A new summer idea at Premet's is a one-colour gown and a figured wrap. This black satin wrap is printed with a leaf design in deep rose and grey. It may be worn with black, rose, or grey.

The wrap from Redfern with the cape back is in heavy coffee-coloured satin with a huge collar of beige fox. It might be worn with any gown in a faint beige, or one in cream, black, or white.

Reynaldo Luza

Madame Agnès wears both of these evening wraps from Louiseboulanger. The one at the left is in heavy tea-rose satin trimmed in silver fox. The black tulle gown has a skirt with three frills.

The second wrap is in royal blue moire, artfully cut and ingratiatingly youthful in effect. Madame Agnès wears this one either with the black tulle gown or with a white gown like the one drawn.

Sketched in the newly decorated dining-room at Ciro's.

LOUISEBOULANGER

In mood with the season of pastel colours is this garden-party frock from Drecoll-Beer, of pale pink cotton net and organdie. The skirt has alternate bands of net and organdie. Over the organdie blouse is a net bolero.

Lucile Paray has made a costume for those who prefer the more tailored look, even for garden-parties. Jacket and blouse are white organdie simply trimmed with deep tucks. The uneven-length skirt is black marocain.

is shown with a matching coffee-coloured satin gown, and also with black chiffon. A model in red net had a fringed net shawl as an evening wrap; while a fish-tail model in black lace had a black lace cape, and also a big pale green chiffon fichu, worn under it.

On page 65, Benigni has drawn a formal afternoon costume from Lelong that has the same "portmanteau" quality, as Humpty-Dumpty would call it. It is in heavy black satin, the coat less than three-quarter length, lined with palest pink satin, as is also the wide scarf. The frock is in black and pink in striking combination. Worn like this, it is a gown for any formal afternoon occasion, or for an important luncheon; but the coat makes a charming evening wrap, with either pink or black frocks, as I know, for I have it myself.

Some of the Redfern evening models had the frilled shoulder-straps that bring Empire fashions vividly to mind. I saw Baronne de Graffenried at Ciro's one evening, in flesh-coloured georgette from Redfern, with a deep V in the back of the bodice and six inch circular frills over the tops of the arm. Molyneux, you remember, showed frilled shoulder-straps with his printed chiffon frocks, and Augustabernard edges hers with tiny black lace frills on a frock of black chiffon and lace. Shoulder effects of this sort will bear watching. A grey and pink georgette gown at Redfern's was shown by a tall blonde mannequin who had painted her fingernails opalescent pink to match the gown.

Drawings by Charles Martin

DŒUILLET-DOUCET

IL NE MORD PAS . . .

This is a season of revived summer materials, organdie, for example, and "broderie anglaise," of which this frock is made. It is pale blue, made with a little removable cape. With it is worn a simple, wide-brimmed capeline.

Georgette was the most important material in this collection, both for afternoon and evening.

At Augustabernard's there was a little clients' collection of new evening gowns, one of which, in a chartreuse green exactly like the liqueur, is sketched on page 64. Another was in fine black lace, over pink, with a big scarf, while a third was in Madame Bernard's favourite pale blue, with frills over the hips on each side, and a wide pale blue crêpe scarf. An ink-blue crêpe had frills over one hip only, while a crêpe romain in pale ink was completed by an "ice cream" scarf of vanilla and strawberry. Another crêpe romain was in two shades of chartreuse yellow, one encrusted on the other. If scarfs are less important in the daytime, they are very frequent with evening dress.

Molyneux's collection was quite large. He showed new pyjamas, the trousers extremely long, often with plaited frills below the knees. One was like a stage pirate, with wide white crêpe trousers, red and white polka-dot blouse, very short sleeveless jacket of navy woollen material, big head handkerchief of red and white dots, and a wide rakishly posed straw hat. Immense hats, of tussore, linen or straw, were shown for the beach; some of them had conical crowns, others two little rabbits' ears sticking up at the top.

An extremely good idea, especially for motor travellers with limited baggage, was the same white crêpe frock, with (*Continued on page 72*)

MAGGY ROUFF *LENIEF, S. A.*

The Russian pyjama from Maggy Rouff is orange and black crêpe de Chine. The jacket is lined with black. Lenief's costume has a jacket and wide, straight trousers of heavy shantung. The blouse, which is part of the one-piece bathing suit, is Nattier blue jersey. The gay scarf is crêpe.

SCHIAPARELLI

Drawn in colour by Carl Erickson

Schiaparelli's cleverest beach costume, made in four shades of tussore, consists of four half-dresses, each with one armhole, and tied at one side like an apron. The ties of one half pass through slits on the other half, and both tie on the same side. These may be made in any colour combination.

A PAGE OF PARIS ACCESSORIES

WORTH and LELONG

Brown glove, Worth, worn with pale colours, black or white. Pink and brown fan-shape handkerchief, Lelong.

ERWIN

Top bag, silk duvetine with satin stripe, mounted in gilded metal. Made in colours to match any costume.

MOLYNEUX

The centre bag is straw, finely twisted like string. Made in any colour, with a matching prystal handle.

ERWIN

The bag with the little crystal elephant as a fastening is of brown antelope suède in the new larger size.

several different coloured jackets and hats, in tussore, crêpe, or thin wool. Another space-saving arrangement showed a printed chiffon frock, ankle length, sleeveless, with a little jacket to turn it into an afternoon gown, while the frock without the jacket could be worn to dinner. Two ensembles in plain-coloured material had jackets and plaited skirts with hip-yokes, and printed blouses finishing in culottes, edged with plaited frills. The skirts were buttoned in the front, and the mannequin opened them to show the culottes underneath. On the Last-Minute pages there is a culotte blouse of this type from Schiaparelli. I can cordially endorse it under a tweed suit, espe-

BAGS OF NEW IMPORTANCE

Drawings by Dynevor Rhys

cially for summer motoring. If you have ever had to submit for hours on end to the scratching of rough tweed that comes right through your stockings, you will welcome these silken panties as I do. Also, they cannot possibly pull out of the skirt. The other blouse from Schiaparelli shows another idea, a tab like a step-in, which accomplishes the same desirable result.

A delightful idea for summer evenings appeared in Molyneux's collection. This is a fichu-cape of fragile tulle, cut circular, with pointed inserts in the edge to give it an undulating line. It was shown in bright geranium-red over a white crêpe gown, and two red flowers were posed on the (*Continued on page 136*)

HERMÈS and VIONNET

Antelope gloves, Hermès, outside seams, handstitched. Vionnet chiffon handkerchief, two shades of blue.

LELONG

An evening bag in heavy white satin has fastening of black enamel and silver with opaque crystal button.

WORTH

Small evening bag in silvery lamé moire with marcasite initials. Handkerchief, white chiffon and lace.

WORTH

Bag of minute china beads in pale stripes to match a printed chiffon gown. Tiny gold beads between stripes.

The lady leaning against a pillar at "La Chambre d'Amour" is wearing pale and dark grey jersey with grey striped flannel shorts. The one basking at her feet is in black and white water-proofed satin, white top embroidered in black, and black shorts.

AT THE BIARRITZ SWIMMING-POOL "LA CHAMBRE D'AMOUR"

The girl with the parasol is in navy wool jersey piped with white and cut low for sun bathing. The bag she carries is rough linen crash lined with royal blue oilcloth, and fitted with many compartments. All three suits and the bag are from Worth.

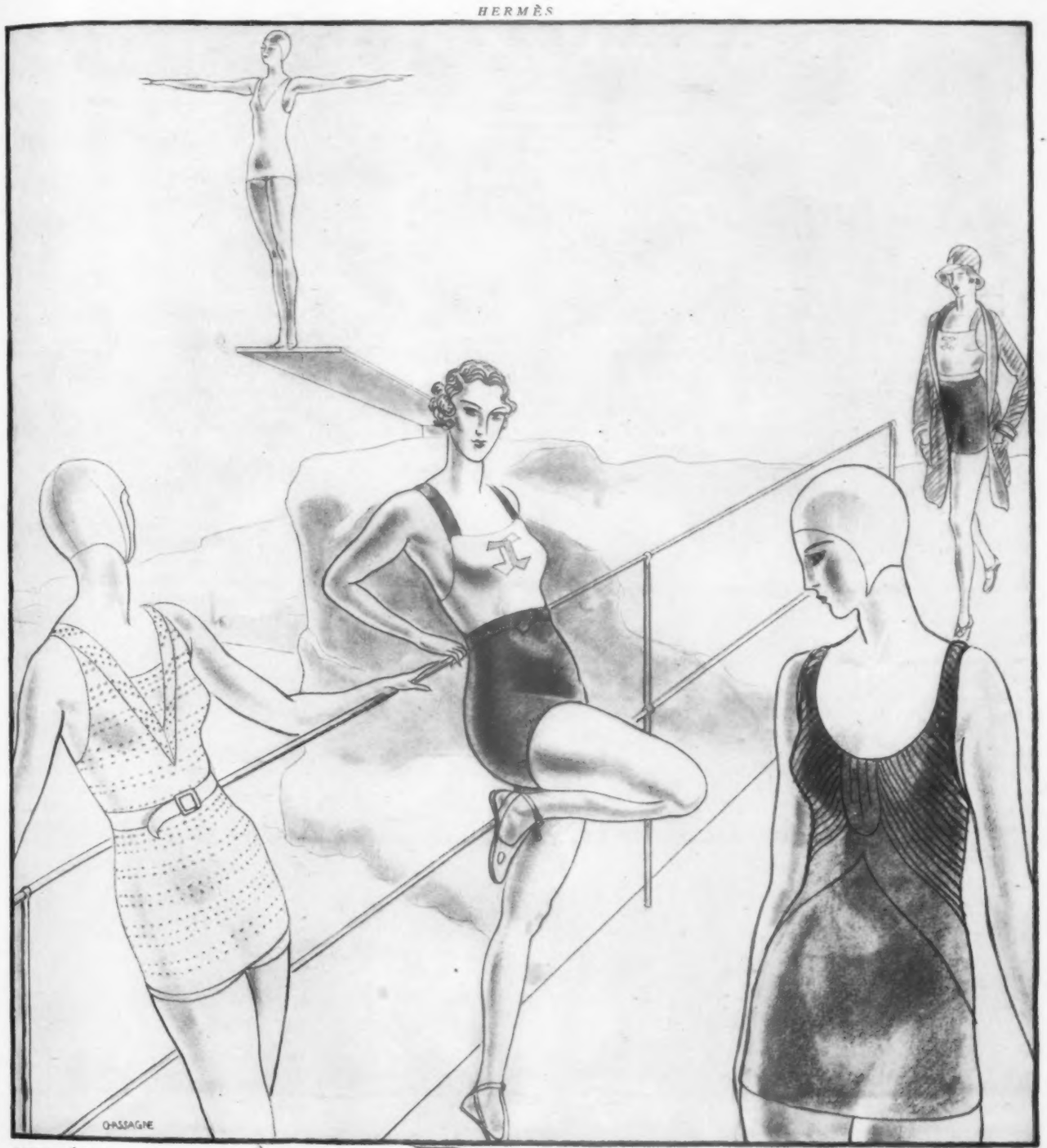
WORTH

These ladies were sketched disporting themselves at Cap d'Antibes. The two in the foreground are wearing Jane Régny suits—the one at the left of white with black dots in rows, and the one at the right of navy jersey with the top all pin-tucked.

AT THE SO-CALLED "CLUB NAUTIQUE" AT CAP D'ANTIBES

From Hermès is the centre suit, white and brown with an orange and black motif. At the right-top is the three-quarter coat that goes with it, in orange, brown and white striped linen, with big pockets. The hat is of the same linen, stitched.

HERMÈS



JANE RÉGNY JANE RÉGNY

Drawings by P. de Chassagne

A Short Story by McCREADY HUSTON

A VANITY-CASE

The Course of Three Lives might have been Changed on that Thrilling Night

SYLVIA BADGER left her car on the driveway, ran across the lawn, and hurried into the house. Without stopping to take off her hat and gloves, she went directly to the living-room and placed on the white-enameled mantel an object she had carried in from the car. Then she drew back a few steps to study it—a flask of blue glass.

The beauty and simplicity of the flask—she believed it was early as well as fine—had excited her. She dropped to the rug on the hearth, sitting there and wiping her eyes. Sylvia could not have explained how she felt or why, but she knew she wanted Wayman's comprehension—Wayman as she knew him to be; the wilfully hidden one, not this different, this enchanted Wayman.

A few minutes later, Wayman Badger found his wife sitting there in the dusk, her head bowed.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "You look like a little heathen before a shrine!"

Forgetting her tear-marked face, she smiled up at him.

"Isn't it lovely, Wayman? Doesn't it make you shiver just to look at it?"

"Oh! Something new? Where did you pick it up?"

So he had forgotten. He was examining the bottle politely. It was manners; routine, detached. She got to her feet, putting aside his hand as it came down to lift her.

She restrained an impulse to seize the bottle and run with it to her room. There had been a time when Wayman had cared for a search for such things himself; when he had at least sympathized with her devotion to a few rigidly tested pieces of glass and furniture she wanted for their home. She looked at him curiously. It was ironic, she thought, that a man who lived with as little effort as he, should take, before dinner, enough drinks to flush him.

"I telephoned your office at four, as you told me to do," she said in a dry, hard voice. "Your secretary said you had gone out. When I couldn't get you again at half-past four and you hadn't come, I drove on out to Maryville. I was afraid to wait. A bottle like that doesn't stay long in a shop."

She turned away, moving towards the hall. He had forgotten his engagement with her. She felt little and whipped. Other appointments he would write on a pad; instruct his girl to remind him. He overtook her, putting a hand on her arm and stopping her. She waited, still facing the hall, glad she had made no lights.

"I am sorry, Sylvia." He was all contrition. "You were to call me. I have no alibi. I forgot it. Marilla Rowan called me and asked me to drop in at her apartment for tea on my way home. I went there about four. I must have left just as you called."

"He watched her go down the gravel walk behind the driver, and as he watched he muttered to himself, 'So it has happened to me!' "

Sylvia put the back of her free hand over her eyes. Wayman was so admirable in some things. He was honest. He did not make excuses. He never lied . . . . but she had thought of that so many times. Honesty was one thing, but not enough. She went into the hall. At the foot of the staircase she paused, looking thoughtfully back at him.

"Wayman, believe me or not," she began, "it isn't just Marilla Rowan, or any other woman. You must remember I don't even know her. She is your friend. Don't accuse me of being jealous. God knows I have tried to be just as modern as necessary. You trail around all you wish. It is something else; something hard to explain. You are one thing and I am another. This simply illustrates it again."

She drew off her grey felt hat. Her hair, a sheenless gold like that of elm leaves after they have fallen, was drawn simply around her head in natural, effortless beauty.

"I am filled for days with the thought of driving to the country with you to get a blue flask in a farmhouse shop. I am so happy about it. I see now how childish I must seem. A girl calls you and you forget all about our appointment and go off to drink highballs and exchange smart sayings."

Her greenish eyes, that seemed to take flecks of gold from her hair, rested meditatively on his.

"I am not angry, Wayman; just desperately weary, and sorry, and discouraged. I believe you care for me; I am sure you are faithful. It isn't that. It's a long story, and I have told it to you so often I am growing

Drawings by Floyd Davis

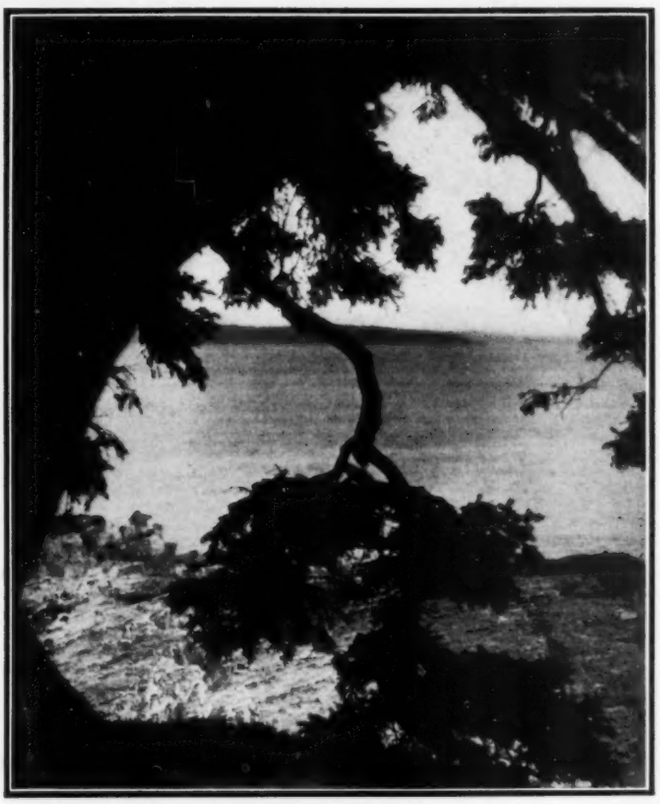
"Wayman was standing tense, staring at the doorway. 'Stay where you are, Marilla,' he ordered, reaching back and gripping the poker."

futile and ridiculous. So I am going away. It will be easy for us. You have your money; I have mine. There is nothing to arrange."

He let her go up the stairs without a word. He didn't think she would go. She would dress and come down for dinner. He took a walk through the lower part of the house. Everything was in order. Soundless, ingratiating. Marilla's apartment had been so oppressive.

A maid was placing glasses on the dining-room table; good odours were met farther back. He stopped in the pantry and took a drink of brandy. Everything was all right. These things happened to others, but could not happen to him. A cold bath and rub were what he needed. Then dinner—with Sylvia.

But at the foot of the stairs he met her and she was carrying a bag in each hand. The door was being opened for a taxicab driver. And with a faint, "Good-by, Wayman," Sylvia passed in front of him. He watched her go down the gravel walk behind the driver; and as he watched he muttered to himself, "So it has happened to me!" (*Continued on page 126*)



By MARY CASS CANFIELD

BEAUTIFUL BAR HARBOR

One of America's most Fascinating Summer Playgrounds is Described by a Member of the Inner Circle

Frenchmen's Bay. Below, the swimming-pool at "Sonogee," the estate of A. Atwater Kent.

BAR HARBOR belongs in the famous trinity of fashionable summer resorts; its companions in glory are Newport and Southampton. But, you need be in Bar Harbor only a day or so, before you realize that fashion is dwarfed by the mountains and put ever so slightly yet definitely out of countenance by pine forests and rocky shores. This northern island of Mount Desert, with its wine-like air, its smell of birch and fir needles, its white native houses and broad views of distant seas, archipelagos and dreamy far-flung mountain chains, was first assaulted by the idle and the rich in the golden summers of the 1880's. Where only fishermen and woodsmen had trod the rare, rough roads and mossy trails, there came a merry invasion of ladies with wide sleeves, of gentlemen with side-burns and straw hats, causing large wooden hotels to spring up like mushrooms and summer cottages to be erected on likely spots. These adventurous holiday-makers sailed the harbour in cat-boats and drove to Jordan's Pond and many another pretty rendezvous in buckboards filled to overflowing and drawn by robust horses. Gone, except for a few exquisitely revealing photographs, are these halcyon days when gatherings, innocent alike of victrola or radio, sang the songs of yesteryear, rowing the while on Eagle Lake or Bubble Pond; when females bravely plucked up their sweeping petticoats and scaled Green Mountain; when marshmallows were toasted over camp-fires and couples danced the polka on wide hotel piazzas.

The first cottages, grey shingle, but with a touch of Victorian abandon about them here and there (a turret, a stained-glass window) to differentiate them from the four-square, austere simplicity of fishermen's houses, gave place, in many cases, to more pretentious mansions; so that now you may find, as you would on Long Island, a pleasing mixture of architectural styles, from granite castles to Italian plaster villas with—who knows?—perhaps even a dip into Tudor. The roads, closed to motors until only a few years ago, are now many in number and lively enough with traffic; the town of Bar Harbor is bright with branches of fashionable New York shops, the New York Yacht Club settled here long ago, the Swimming Pool, where you can swim, play tennis or dance, is the local equivalent of the Newport Casino.

The passion for mountain climbing faded somewhat with the naive 'nineties, and tennis came into its own in the early part of the twentieth century. The yearly tournament at the Swimming Pool became a real event, crowded with "stars" and attended by large audiences. Sailing, formerly a primitive and gregarious affair, taking place in local sloops and fishing yawls and usually an excuse for an all-day picnic, developed into a serious business, with a class of trim seventeen-footers, eager skippers and silver cups. Now, the New York Yacht Club cruise generally makes Bar Harbor its last stopping-point and the dances and festivities, which greet the sailing men wherever they choose to put into port, are generously in evidence.

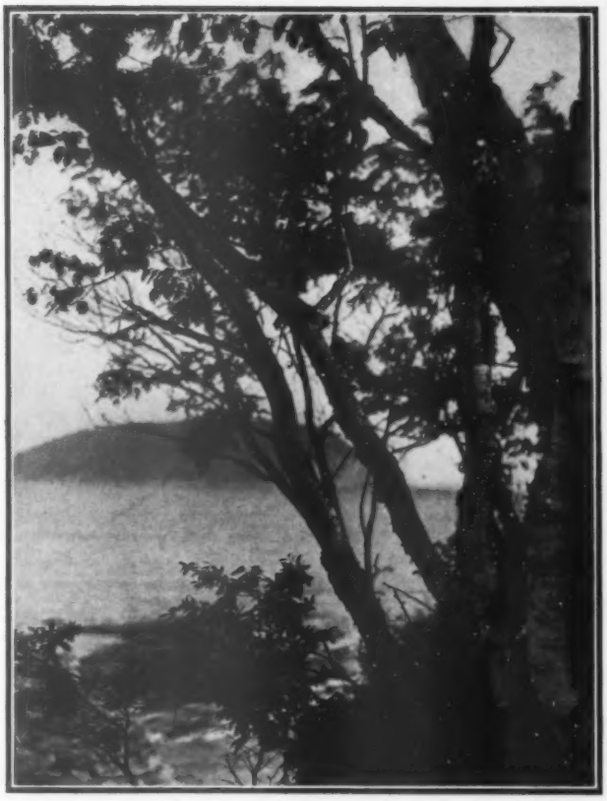
Golf enthusiasts have a good links at their disposal where, after driving into the rough or committing an inferior putt, they may recover their equanimity by gazing at the harmonious white façade of the Building of Arts or acquire a sense of relativity by resting their eyes on the surrounding amphitheatre of mountains.

Sports and dinner parties, ladies' lunches, entertainments at the men's Pot and Kettle Club—all forms of sophistication exist in Bar Harbor. Yet the tone of the place is essentially democratic and open-minded. There is, of course, a certain distinguished note set by the older summer residents among whom are many charming and cultured families from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington. But Bar Harbor has always welcomed the stranger, whether a sportsman, artist, politician, or just an ordinary person in search of relaxation; there is a genial informality about every type of entertainment and an instant appreciation of any unique characteristics exhibited by itinerant visitors. Painters, writers, musicians, actors, and diplomats will testify to the friendliness they have met with on Mount Desert and the sympathetic enthusiasm with which artistic work is greeted.

The New York Yacht Club, on its cruise, very often makes Bar Harbor its last port—an anticipated social event.

View from a famous footpath. Bar Harbor—with its tang of birch and fir needles, and broad views of distant seas.

Photographs by Sherril Schell

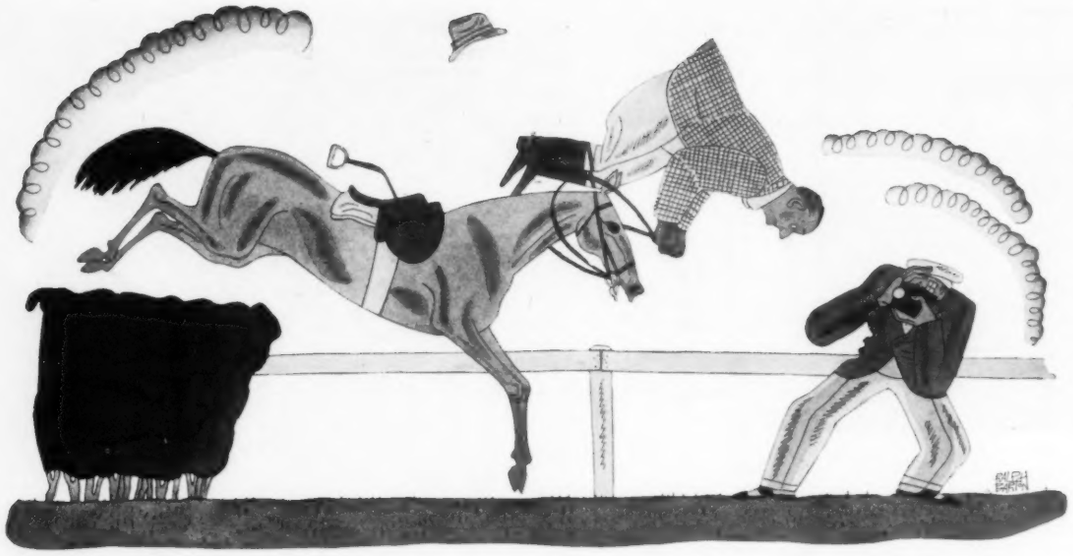


It must be that the free expanse, the loveliness of Maine, react on human minds; for Bar Harbor, as a community, has always been alive to rare quality, has received clever or gifted people intelligently and is, in this sense, cosmopolitan and European. Civilization has come slowly to American society, and twenty years ago, a painter or an opera singer at a fashionable party was something to be stared at but not spoken to. This provincial and bourgeois attitude has fortunately gone with all the lamentable stupidity and uneasy formality of the gold-dinner-plate era. It is certainly an advantage to "chic" people, one reflects, that the existence of art and world affairs is now openly recognized. The advantage to the artist or statesman is not, perhaps, so excessive. However, the salons of Europe, besides establishing wit, discernment and cultivation as the *sine qua non* of sophisticated intercourse, have provided useful centres where men of action, ability or talent could exchange ideas. There is now an indication that, although salons are perhaps impossible in our hurried country, hostesses here are willing, even eager, to receive people of distinction in the arts, science, philosophy or government. No one will deny that the standard of literary and general knowledge in American society has consequently improved quite considerably since the Ward McAllister days.

Bar Harbor, then, has managed to be easy and civilized in its social consciousness. Some of the credit for this must go, as I have hinted, to the physical atmosphere of this island which somehow will have its own way; so that cottagers still walk the mountain trails, they drive in the largest cars to the simplest tea-houses, it is very much "done" to go off on a picnic. Altogether, Nature insists on being close to you and if the place welcomes you, it is on its own terms—which you must accept. There is a certain biblical serenity, a wide peace about the views which must broaden your state of mind, a "Land of Canaan" look about the sunny, untouched expanses of hills and fields and forests which greet your eye if you climb the smallest eminence and consider the miles of mainland stretching blue to the horizon. The purity of the atmosphere with its frequently sharp tang, the crackling birch fires which you may have on many summer evenings, the emerald, unsullied depths of the great ponds lying between suddenly rising mountains—all these conspire to make you (*Continued on page 142*)

At left, in the grove of evergreens, is the "Pot and Kettle Club," an exclusive men's club popular for entertainments.

Golf enthusiasts have a good links at their disposal in Kebo Valley Golf Links, lying in an amphitheatre of mountains.



"The photographer secured a picture which has gone the rounds of the Sunday papers."

A Short Story by HARFORD POWEL, Jr.

DEVILCATS

And how, on a Golden Day in Aiken, they made Life Wretched for the Hero of this Tale

TRUST Eleanor Tower to do the new things first. She was the first woman in New York to take English society novels seriously, and give her babies such modish new names as Diana and David.

"And if I have any others, which God forbid," she told me, "I'm going to christen them Christopher and Joan. Where did you get the name David, anyway?"

She forgave me for confessing that it is a souvenir of a piratical old great-uncle in the China trade. She has spent her whole life generously forgiving me for things I can't help, like my wretchedly Victorian point of view, and my hatred of skyscraper footstools and other outbursts of *art moderne*.

When I send a telegram, I piously contrive to compress it into ten words. Eleanor, of course, invented the new trick of writing telegrams as if they were letters, loading them with all those endearments and flourishes which must make such enormous profits for the telegraph company. This is what she sent me from Aiken:

DAVID SPROWL
GRAMERCY CLUB NEW YORK N Y

MY DEAR FAT OLD DAVID I AM COUNTING ON YOU TO RELIEVE AN ACUTELY BORING DOMESTIC SITUATION BY CATCHING THE FIRST TRAIN TO AIKEN YOU HAVE NEVER FAILED ME GIRL OR WOMAN EVER YOUR DEVOTED E

PS BRING YOUR RIDING CLOTHES IF YOU STILL HAVE ANY

I never had any! Eleanor joined me in surreptitiously mounting my grandmother's corpulent carriage horses, when we were ten. She used to fall off on her head, I remember, with magnificent brandishings of her long black-stockinged legs. Now she is riding like a she-demon in the hunting field; trust Eleanor to do everything well. But I had a freezing vision of how I would appear as a horseman among all those Aiken people. I wired Eleanor that no power, human or divine, would get me on top of a horse. And then, having added, in a postscript, that I was coming at once, prepared to relieve boredom in all its forms, I stopped off at my tailor's on the way to the train.

"If you can't make me a pair of riding-breeches in eighteen minutes," I said to the faintly oriental gentleman from London who owns the shop, "I will take that very loud tweed overcoat instead."

"Diana was on my side now. My mechanical triumph charmed her."

Wrapping the vociferous overcoat around me, I decided in the taxi that it made me look unusually gay. Eleanor had said she was bored. I knew she must be starving for the latest jokes and stories, down there in the stolid South.

I even wished that I knew some parlor tricks.

That is a very dangerous wish in New York, where a thousand people will instantly ask you to dine with them if they have the faintest hope that you can lighten the gloom in their drawing-rooms after dinner. Still, I have one trick. An English actor, reduced to dining out for a living, once taught me how to give the mating calls of British birds.

It is not a very good trick, but in the extremity of boredom it might amuse Eleanor. It would certainly amuse her two charming little children. I practised it in the washroom on the train, taking special pains with the hoopoe and the ouzel. I usually reserve the nightjar for an encore.

Despite the porter's pleasure in my mating calls, I was glad indeed when the train stopped rumbling through a million miles of red clay fields, studded with sombre pine trees, and shrieked into the Aiken station at last. The dinginess of the station was reassuring. All really amusing places, like Newport, take a true antiquarian pride in keeping their stations as they were in the presidency of James K. Polk.

There seemed to be no motor waiting for me, and I had a presentiment. Years ago, when

Tom Cossby was hanging around the Tower household so much, I had the doubtful pleasure of telling Steve that we advanced eastern people can, and frequently do, form friendships between the sexes that mean absolutely nothing, or even less than that. I spent a thankless half hour with him, and Eleanor entirely forgot to tell me afterward that it had saved the home. Was I expected to do the same thing all over again? Was I a dove, bearing an olive branch? Had things gone askew so badly that my hosts had forgotten to send for me at all?

A small black boy in a buggy woke up after a long space of time, and asked if I was Mr. Sprowl from New York. I was, and I climbed into his chariot with great relief, glad to discover that I needed no motor in this horsey resort. As we jogged down red clay roads, far out into the country, I saw many other buggy riders, with black boys perched behind. Pleasant looking people they were, with comfortable woolly coats, and hats pulled down over the eyes, and the sort of complexions that come only from the best foods and drinks, corrected by the most violent exercise.

After a while, the black boy told me that Mr. Tower and Mrs. Tower were both away. He had taken the great big Merciless car and gone to Columbia in a great hurry to catch the train north; and she had taken the great big Manœuvre car, and had driven away for good. Just away, that's all. No, sir, he couldn't say where.

An inner voice assured me that the best thing I could do was to return to the station and wait for the first train home. It was absurd to be driving out into that flat, hot countryside, under that pinkish South Carolina sun, if no hostess awaited me. I could have borne Steve's absence. One is never jealous of a husband, but one can be horribly bored by him.

Perhaps the black boy was mistaken. Perhaps Eleanor had only gone for a drive. But I could see, as we jogged forward, that Aiken idolizes horses. Grooms were riding about, leading large clusters of them. We passed polo fields and large stables. Only the houses were simple and plain. At last I found that Eleanor, who owns Normandy farm-houses everywhere but in Normandy, lived in one of the simplest and plainest of all the Aiken homes.

Grady waited for me in the door. He is an old friend, having been with Eleanor, as he says, for ten years before she was born. When I asked for Eleanor, he said, dejectedly, that she was away from home.

"Few words are best, sir," he murmured while unpacking my bag.

Have you ever tried to cross-question a wary and loyal old Celt? It was a long time before, by a series of very indirect and Henry James-ish hints, he conveyed to me the simple fact that there had been a most ghastly row. Eleanor had gone first—to Thomasville, possibly, or Palm Beach, or Patagonia. Grady admitted that each of these addresses was as good as another.

I would have gone away at once, except for the discovery that it is very difficult to leave Aiken by train. You either catch your train after a very early lunch, or you motor to Columbia, which takes hours, and catch an evening train from there. I took my bottle of hairwash from Grady's hand, and thrust it back in the bag.

"Get me away from here somehow," I said.

"It's a blessing," he replied, unexpectedly, "to have a man in the house."

I lay for a long time in one of those boiling baths which are the only thing that compensate you for travel, and began to realize that I might be needed where I was. Eleanor's boring domestic situation was one that could have yielded to parlor tricks. What she needed was a man in the house. Any sort of guest, even a fat and chicken-hearted one, is needed at times in every ménage. Husbands and wives don't throw things at each other in front of a guest. I am quite Victorian enough to think that Steve and Eleanor would have behaved politely, and not flounced out of the house, if I had been there.

But I could show my mettle. I could take charge, and amuse the children, and smooth things over in the sight of Aiken. I determined to do all that.

"The children are here, of course?" I said to Grady.

"Yes," he answered, "the d——ts are here."

Did he say "democrats" or "devilcats?" I am not really deaf, but he mumbles his words and never looks directly at me when he speaks. Eleanor's children may be many things, but I felt sure they were not democrats.

I put on my most cheerful clothes and went to find the children in the hall.

They had changed! I used to think they were such angelic little creatures, playing together on a white fur rug in front of the cosy gas-logs in their nursery. But five years had taken a terrific toll. Diana was now a weedy little girl of twelve, with a wild look in her eye, and David was a monkey-faced boy with a sulky expression, the very image of his dear papa.

I shook their limp hands, and grinned when David pretended not to see me. His first words were to Grady:

"Put your wig on straight, you old fool, and bring Mr. Sprowl a cocktail."

Grady put a (*Continued on page 152*)

"David was, if possible, more poisonous than before. 'If you aren't going to drag tomorrow, give me back my two cents,' he said."

RALPH BARTON DREW THE PICTURES

Phillips

MRS. JOHN CLARK BURGARD

Seen informally in the lovely garden of her California home at fashionable Burlingame, with her children, John Clark, Junior, Edgar Marston and William Hunter, Mrs. Burgard reveals that charm and grace which are so definitely a part of her. One of the most popular of hostesses, invitations to her entertainments are always eagerly sought, and no young matron on the Pacific Coast is more beloved.

Silhouettes by Ugo Mochi

By HELENA LEIGH

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD!

Controlling the Contour is Obligatory If one Would be Svelte at Seventy

ONE! two! three! four! Are you faithful to your matutinal exercises? Are you stooping and bending, reaching and stretching, night and morning? Do you run imaginary marathons round your boudoir or, lying flat on your back, pedal endless kilometers on a phantom bicycle? When you walk, do you carry your head up, shoulder-blades well back, torso muscles taut, drinking in draughts of vitalizing ozone? If you can answer "yes" to the above searching questionnaire, you may go to the head of the class. You are eligible to the "never say die" club. In fact, your chances of staying young are increased just about one hundred per cent. by keeping your body fit.

The awful discrepancy between our physical standards and those of the ancient Greeks is rather depressing. The Venus de Milo and the Victory of Samothrace are a constant rebuke to us moderns. It wouldn't hurt us a bit to be a little more pagan about our bodies. Our age is too smug and comfortable for our own good. We climb into a motor when a brisk walk would put new life into us and blow the cobwebs out of our brains. A good body functions like a perfect machine. If we disciplined them a little more, our bodies would serve us better.

Does the very thought of the daily dozen bore you a little? If you find it dull, you need to have your exercise schedule pepped up. It may really be quite entertaining and I do thoroughly believe that the inconsequential ten minutes one spends night and morning in rhythmical exercise pays, and pays in dividends of health, youth, beauty, symmetry and svelte young lines. But patience and perseverance are the rules of the game. The process can't be hurried.

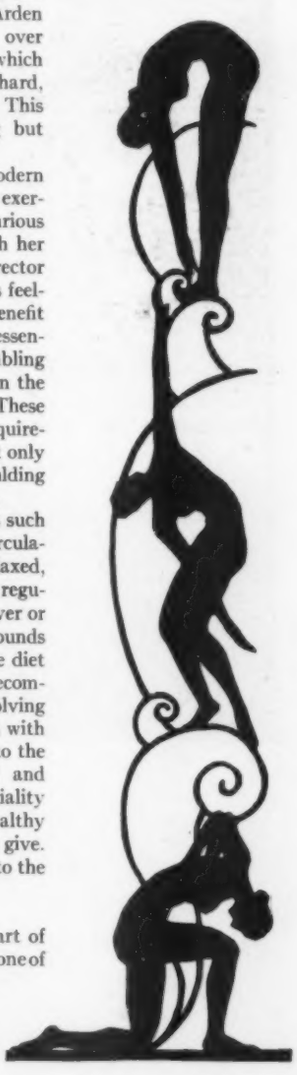
Incidentally, there are any number of methods available. Why not investigate and discover the type of thing best suited to your requirements? If you lead a healthy, normal country life, if you play golf and tennis, swim and ride, you have a tremendous advantage over us sedentary city dwellers. But even those of you who go in for sports systematically may acquire more grace by learning the correct use of the body. A few lessons in posture would not be amiss with most of us. The débutante slouch has gotten us into bad habits. There are many delightful places in New York where one may go for corrective exercise, for reducing, or just for a general work-out. And don't lose sight of the fact that there is a distinct rejuvenating effect in learning to use your body intelligently or in getting off pounds where pounds shouldn't be.

Has your winter been a series of teas and bridge parties, wining and dining, rather than country tramps and winter sports? Then you will undoubtedly feel a great need just about now for getting rid of those extra five pounds which have impertinently attached themselves to you. Why is it that flesh which we would adore to add to a thin neck or face, maliciously adheres to the tummy or thighs? But cheer up! No matter where you have put on this extra weight, there are ways and means of taking it off painlessly and permanently if only you are willing to *work*.

Elizabeth Arden has every imaginable appliance for this purpose. The woman whose hips need reducing may stand inside a circular roller and read her favourite novel while the pounds fade away under this mechanical insistence. The Reducycle is a modern improvement over the old-fashioned cabinet which depended entirely upon perspiration for its effect. This newer type of machine keeps the muscles in motion, increasing the flow of blood more effectively and eliminating the toxins. It is excellent for general reduction and especially beneficial for the hips, waistline and back. The hot paraffin pack is one of the interesting features of the Arden treatment. One is buttered all over with the pleasantly warm liquid which is allowed to remain on until quite hard, inducing effectual perspiration. This may be followed by a soothing but stimulating massage.

At this salon very beautiful modern rooms are fitted up for individual exercise, where one may lie on a luxurious satin mattress and be put through her paces with the inspiration of a director and a victrola. It is Miss Arden's feeling that women obtain more benefit from exercise taken lying down, lessening the organic strain. In assembling her exercises Miss Arden has taken the best from five different systems. These are prescribed to fit individual requirements and have as their object not only the reducing of weight but the moulding of the figure along youthful lines.

Well-chosen individual exercises such as these do a lot for one. The circulation is stimulated, the nerves relaxed, tension overcome and the weight regulated regardless of whether it be over or under. For the battle with pounds Miss Arden prescribes a corrective diet for those who require it and recommends vigorous massage for dissolving the soft tissues and replacing them with firm, healthy muscles. Many go to the salon for rejuvenation of mind and body. We grow weary of the artificiality of our lives. We need just the healthy stimulus that these treatments can give. We need to be "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire."



HAVE you ever acquired the art of relaxation? This is probably one of the most valuable and important lessons we modern women have to learn. Do you ever dis- (*Continued on page 108*)

Wood-carving by Henri Phelipot de Malvillain

PANAMA FOR SUMMER

Patou cuts white panama into a youthful summer hat of extremely fine quality. It and the wide belt-like panama band are piped with black grosgrain. A novel prystal necklace is worn. Bergdorf Goodman.

OFFERED BY NEW YORK SHOPS

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

IT IS a rather difficult undertaking to find just the right bag or bags for use with summer clothes. The three on this page are chosen for different good reasons. The striped silk bag from Macy's comes in different colour combinations, black and red, or black and blue and white, or claret and white. It is roomy and smart and would look very well with its matching scarf when worn with white piqué or linen frocks. The red straw bag is a novelty and is as light as a feather. The necklace from Saks-Fifth Avenue, photographed with it, is in shades of blue and bright yellow. Nothing could be gayer or more summery, and I can visualize it worn with gingham or linen, the sort of frock which demands amusing, rather than handsome trinkets to go with it.

The white bag from Bonwit Teller is a good summer accessory. It suggests beaches and sport life with its clean smooth surface, and we all know how important a bag is to carry our hot-weather compacts, hankies and combs. The short white pigskin glove would look well with it.

Jay-Thorpe has a charming selection of prystal jewellery. It is carved in oriental designs and seems particularly fitted to the summer season. Patou's long glove from Altman is ample at the top and has a deeply faced cuff, avoiding that uneven, yawning effect of the long gloves of other years.

Boating life is increasingly popular at our seaside resorts and I have hunted for trousers of both flannel and duck for you. If you prefer skirts, a cardigan, a cape, or a buttoned-up jacket, you will find examples of all of these on pages 88 and 89. Also on page 95 in the *jeune fille* sketches you will find a white shantung pyjama which also has a bright blue coat to go with it, and a wide-brimmed shantung hat. The ensemble is distinctly nautical.

For wear in town the suits and dresses on pages 90 and 91 have been chosen. Bergdorf Goodman's suit, with its swinging fox band, would be useful if you had to go to a June wedding some warm afternoon. The chiffon suit from Kaskel and Kaskel-Dunlap would be a comfort all summer for town wear. The frock from Verben has that sophisticated Parisian look which appeals unfailingly to the woman of distinction.

The other three figures show suits and a wool georgette frock especially designed to come to the aid of the party, be it a morning or afternoon one.

On pages 94 and 95 we have imagined a young lady about to sail for a European summer and have provided her with a small but useful outfit. Bathing-suits and yachting clothes she will find on other pages; also the cotton pages offer her other organdie frocks, a material particularly youthful and becoming to her, if she will risk its less perfect packing possibilities.

For train wear in hot weather she could wear the black and white silk dress from Best. If the skies are grey, the dark blue suit from Milgrim is intriguingly cut and would add to her youthful swagger. The speckled tweed suit from Peck and Peck and its matching hat will do for golf, if she will, or for wear on shipboard under a warm coat.

The Lanvin dress from Wanamaker is really perfect in its chic simplicity. The blouse may be worn in or out, and you should see it to appreciate its typical Lanvin details. The hat matches it and has just the right off-the-face lift.

The blue or pink organdie frock folds into flat flanges and is delightfully cut, don't you think? Of course, nothing packs like lace, and Kurzman will make this evening frock in any shade you like. No sea damp will hurt it and it will undoubtedly be a standby all summer.

(Right) A cravat silk Chanel scarf and bag in navy striped with lighter blues. Macy. The hat pin of coloured stones from Lord and Taylor may also be worn as two clips.

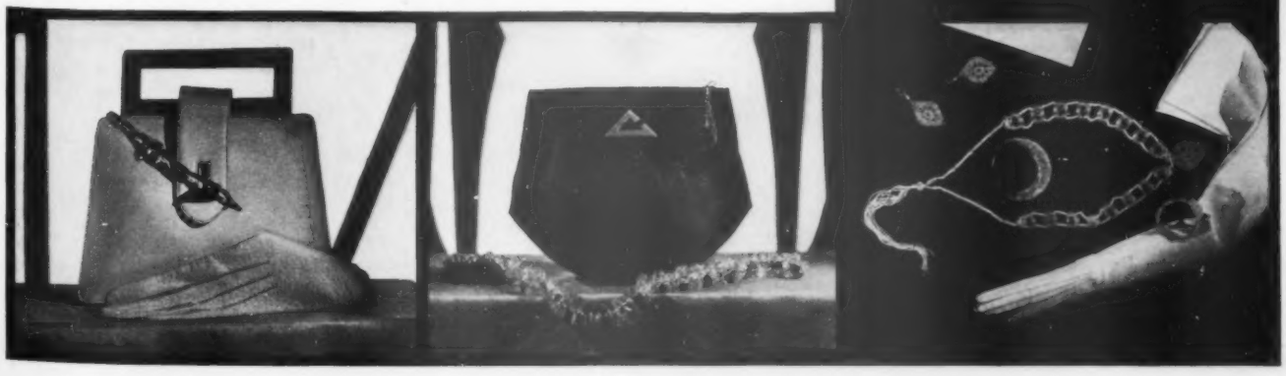
(Right, centre) Two dog collars, white canvas and kid, and a brown and green leather. Braided leather necklace with stones. Fitted green leather case. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

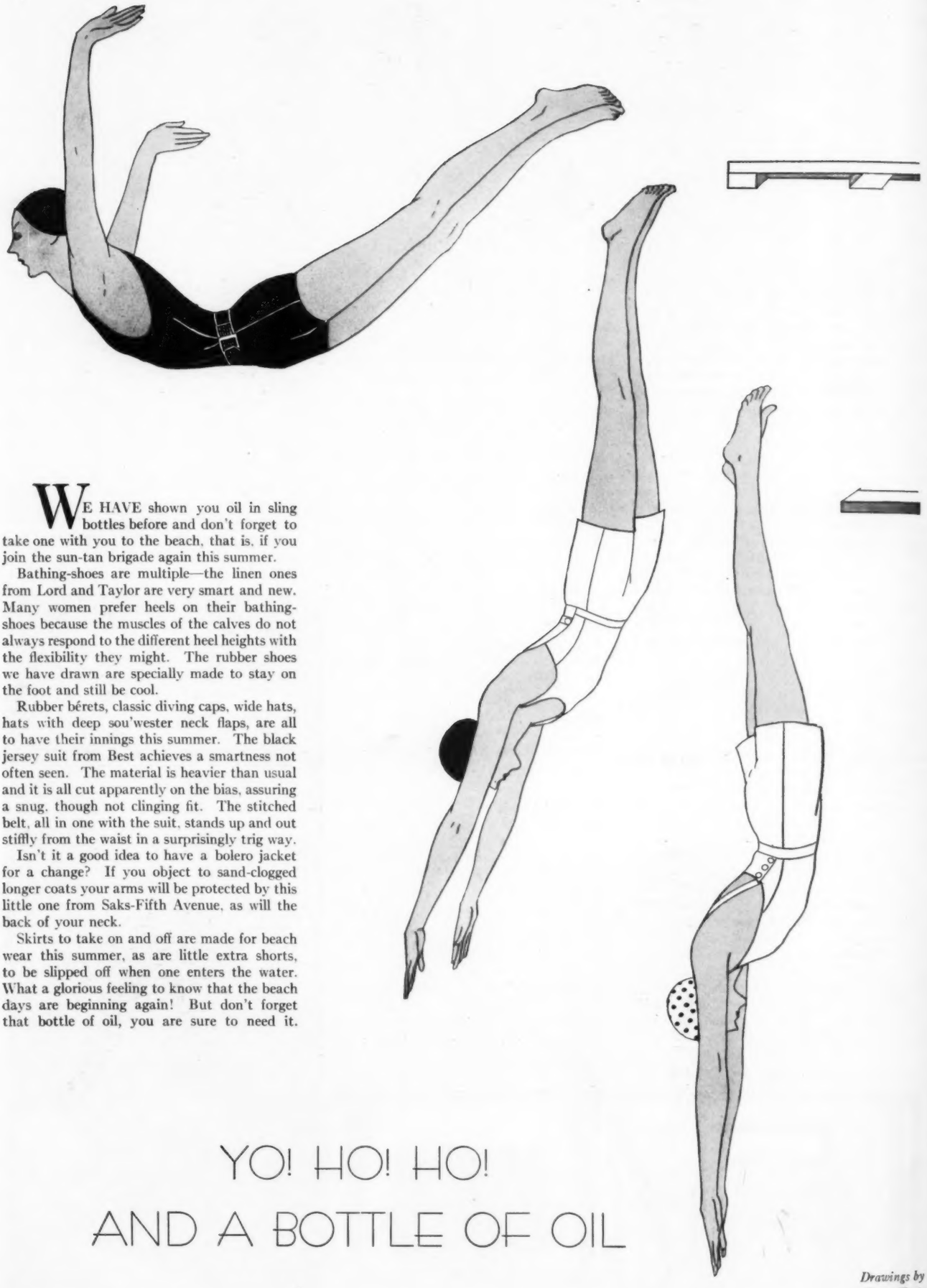
(Lower left) Molyneux's white patent-leather bag with a black handle. Amethyst and marcasite bracelet. Bonwit Teller. White pigskin glove. Franklin Simon.

(Below, centre) Nat Lewis makes bags of hat straws, this one scarlet with a zipper and galalith clasp. A blue glass and porcelain necklace. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

(Lower right) Talbot's prystal jewellery, Jay-Thorpe, a necklace with matching earrings and two bracelets. Patou's suède finish white gloves, flared cuff. B. Altman.

Photographs by Gábor Éder





YO! HO! HO! AND A BOTTLE OF OIL

WE HAVE shown you oil in sling bottles before and don't forget to take one with you to the beach, that is, if you join the sun-tan brigade again this summer.

Bathing-shoes are multiple—the linen ones from Lord and Taylor are very smart and new. Many women prefer heels on their bathing-shoes because the muscles of the calves do not always respond to the different heel heights with the flexibility they might. The rubber shoes we have drawn are specially made to stay on the foot and still be cool.

Rubber bérets, classic diving caps, wide hats, hats with deep sou'wester neck flaps, are all to have their innings this summer. The black jersey suit from Best achieves a smartness not often seen. The material is heavier than usual and it is all cut apparently on the bias, assuring a snug, though not clinging fit. The stitched belt, all in one with the suit, stands up and out stiffly from the waist in a surprisingly trig way.

Isn't it a good idea to have a bolero jacket for a change? If you object to sand-clogged longer coats your arms will be protected by this little one from Saks-Fifth Avenue, as will the back of your neck.

Skirts to take on and off are made for beach wear this summer, as are little extra shorts, to be slipped off when one enters the water. What a glorious feeling to know that the beach days are beginning again! But don't forget that bottle of oil, you are sure to need it.

Drawings by Grace Hart

The diver at the top of the opposite page wears a French suit imported by Best and Company. Black wool, in one piece, it has a stitched fold for a belt and metal buckles on the sides.

The blue two-piece wool jersey suit, top left on this page and centre on the other, has separate shorts buttoned onto tights. Hand-made white linen beach sandals. Lord and Taylor.

Bonwit Teller's bolero suit, in the centre of the group above, in silk jersey, black piped with colour, is ideal for the woman of mature lines. The back has a deep sun décolletage.

Above right, is another variation of the bolero suit. This one in a wool jersey, brighter-than navy blue, is piped in white silk. Rubber béret and beige rubber sandals with heels.

Left below, is a Nowitzky beach ensemble, green and rose; straw mat, terry lined; oilcloth pillow containing towels. Homespun and grosgrain suit; linen and oilcloth hat. Franklin Simon.

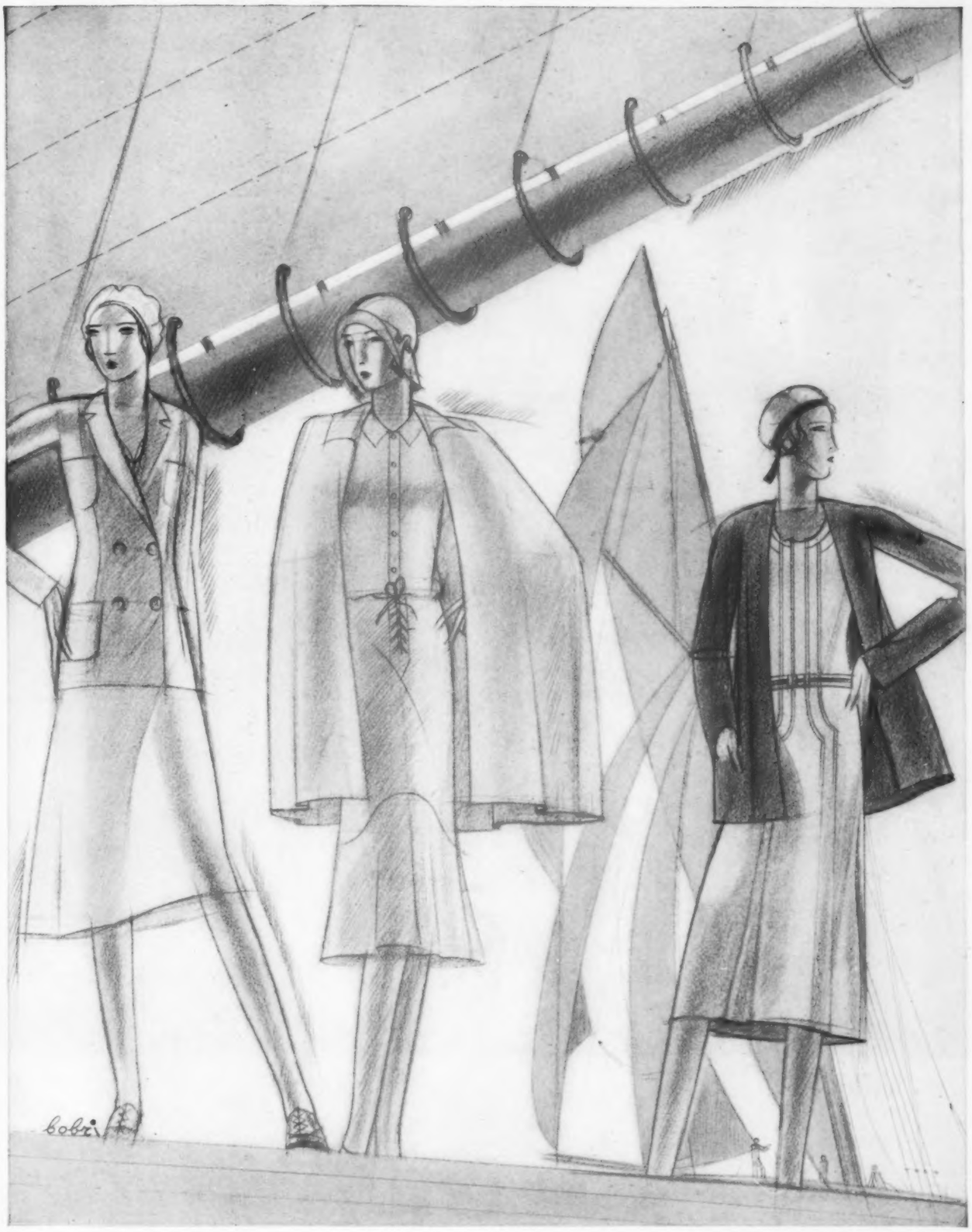
A one-piece geranium-coloured wool jersey suit from Saks-Fifth Avenue, right below and right on the opposite page, is made double throughout and has a stitched navy jacket.

YACHTSWOMEN AHOY!

This shipshape yacht costume is by Bonwit Teller. A tuck-in blouse is of black jersey, the wide sailor trousers of white flannel. Metal buckle.

A knitted navy cardigan with nickel buttons, a white flannel circular skirt and a Robert cashmere sweater, blue on white, are from Franklin Simon.

Schiaparelli makes this sailor suit in a blue and white mixture duck, with tubular sleeve and raglan shoulder. Duck and straw hat. Best and Company.



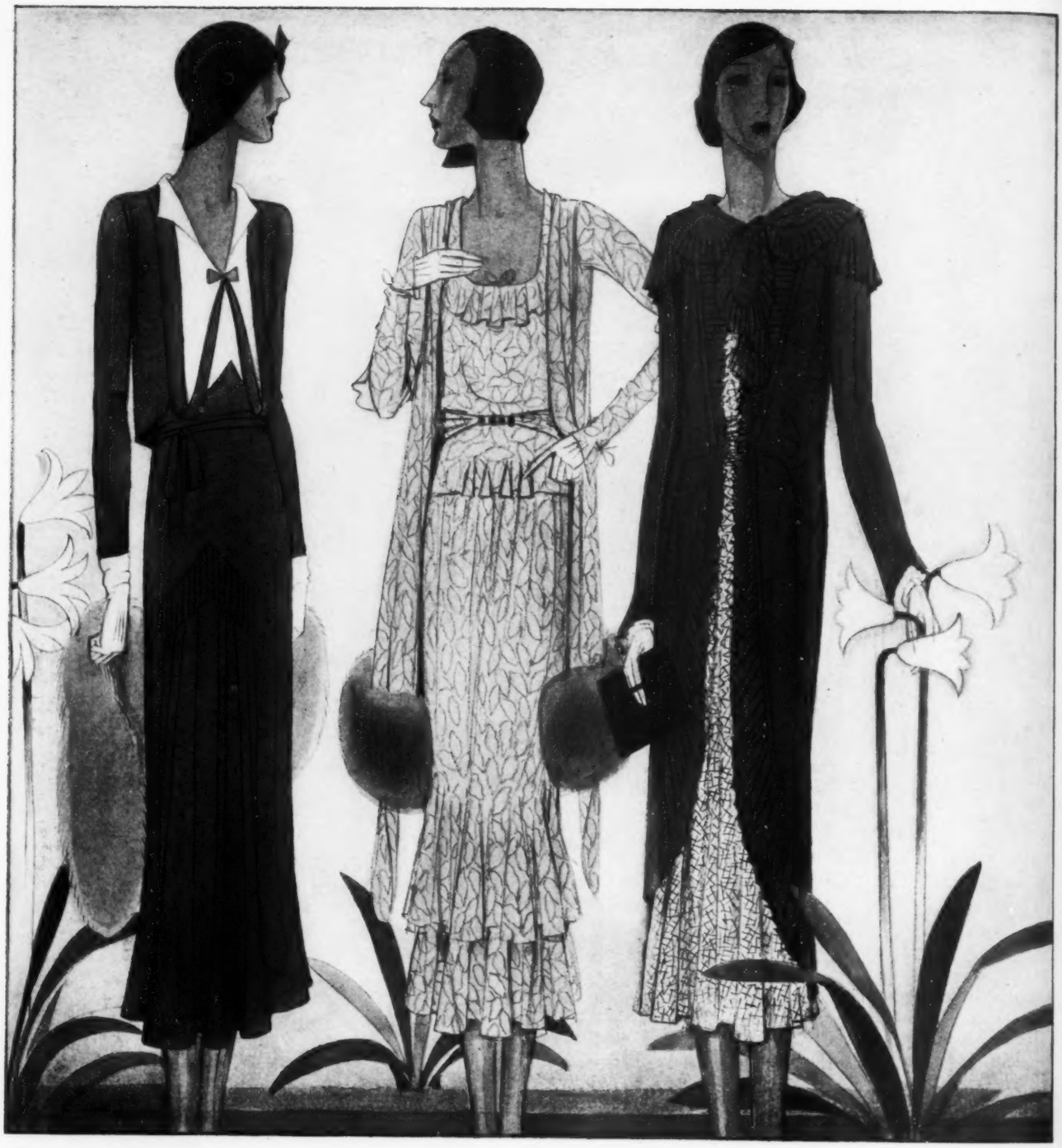
ON THE BOUNDING MAIN

Drawings by Bobri

Bergdorf Goodman cut a Rodier white silk linen suit on classic lines, fitting the coat by long darts. A white felt béret has a white and navy feather.

Kurzman makes an ensemble all of white homespun, except for its white silk tuck-in blouse. The Patou panama hat is a glorified sou'wester, off the face.

A Patou ensemble: navy flannel cardigan, flecked white flannel sleeveless dress, blue and white belt. White homespun and navy grosgrain béret. Hollander.

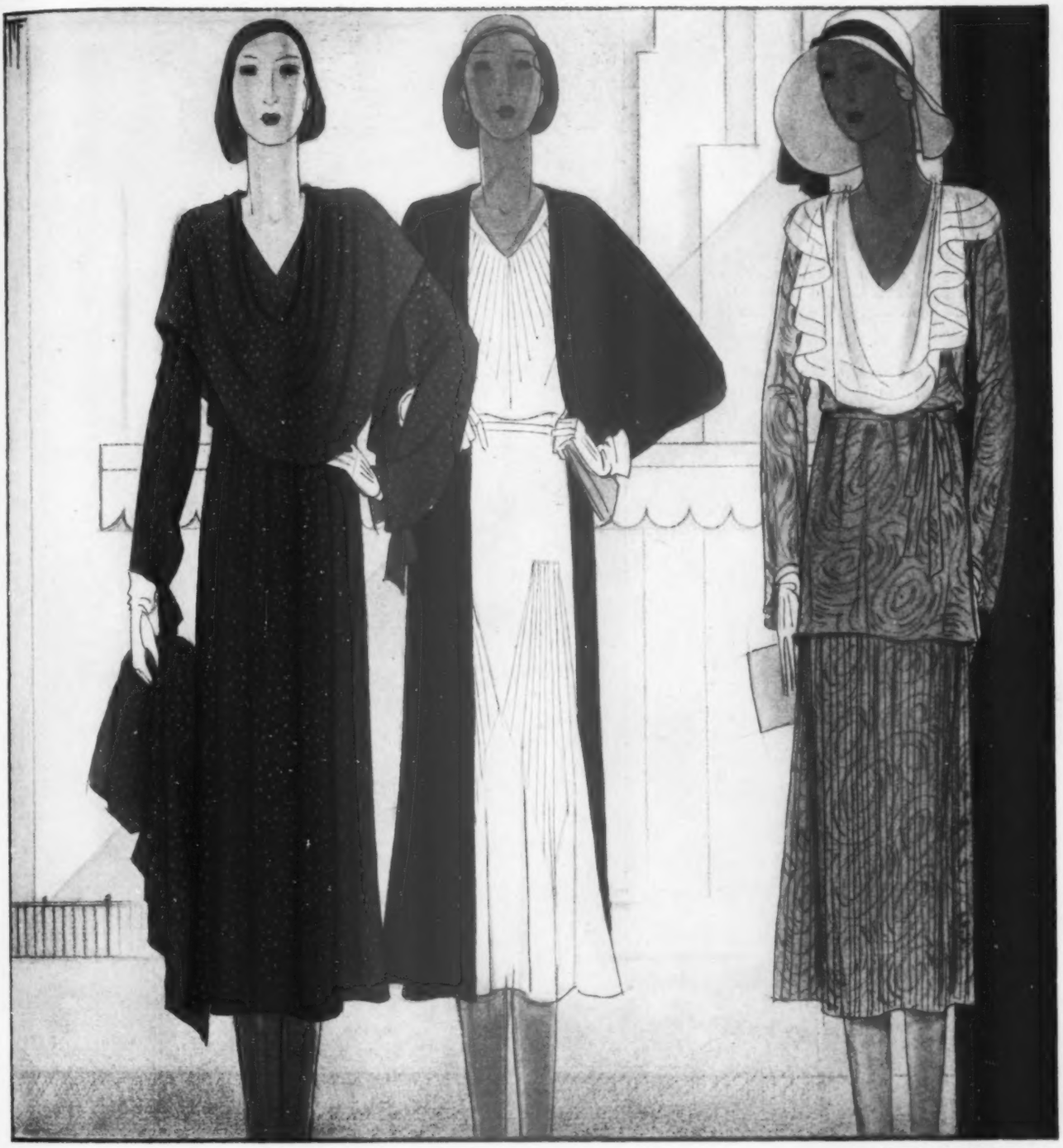


FOR WEAR ON JUNE DAYS

A dark blue wool georgette dress by Stein and Blaine has a very pale beige vestee of organdie. The yoke is flat around the hips, with a panel of shirring set in to give easy fulness to the skirt. Note the bolero.

Light yellow-green leaves on dark green characterize this printed flat crêpe suit from Bergdorf Goodman. The long tunic, edged with dyed fox, when closed is crossed over in a surplice line. The buckle is green.

A flat crêpe Chanel ensemble from Frances Clyne has a black coat and a black and white print dress with slashed white piqué collar and cuffs and a bolero. Agnès's black straw and satin hat is very deftly cut.



Drawings by M. Fromenti

Louiseboulanger's flat crêpe suit, brown, pebbled in white, from Verben. It has a more than finger-length jacket with a narrow belt. The draped collar and the long flowing lines are thoroughly Grecian in feeling.

Jay-Thorpe imports a Vionnet ensemble in flat crêpe, the dress blue, the sleeveless coat black lined with blue. The dress is slit open at the waist in the front and the top bloused. Sunburst tucking marks the frock.

A three-piece printed chiffon suit from Kaskel and Kaskel-Dunlap, yellow, brown, black and white in a vague pattern, the blouse pale yellow. The wide bakou hat is bound and has a velvet ribbon and a plait on one side.

SILK SUITS TO WEAR IN TOWN

Hawes-Harden interprets the importance of cotton lace with unusual charm. Skill in cutting achieves a new décolletage. Mado's tucked black tulle hat with white chiffon facing. At Kurzman.

Palest flesh organdie, embroidered with tiny blue cornflowers, is given a piquancy by its narrowly belted waist, puffed sleeves and tiered skirt. In colour is the horsehair lace hat. By Dobbs.

Below is a picturesque treatment of red checked organdie, given emphasis by white eyelet embroidery. Plaited ruffle trimming features the red organdie, as does the hat. Bergdorf Goodman.

THE FORMAL AND

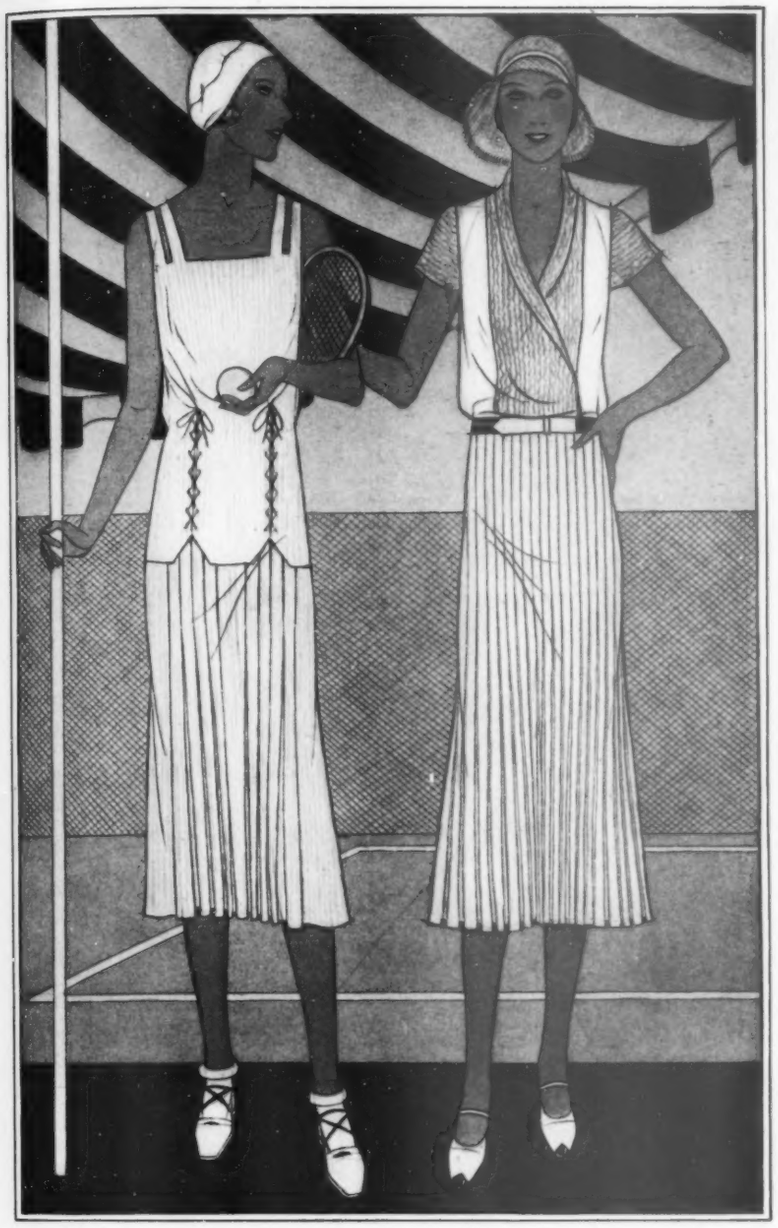
THAT little Cinderella of other days, Miss Cotton, has evidently been to the ball and met the Prince, and is now about to live happily ever after. Her drudgery days of mere usefulness are ended, the greatest dressmakers of Paris have acknowledged her royal right to recognition. Mlle. Chanel has turned her astute sartorial attention to organdie and given it the loving detail of workmanship she has always lavished on silk. She has given us a summer thrill in her little jackets of velveteen which take years off our age when worn with long, flaring frocks. Trust Chanel to know that velveteen is youthful in its simplicity and therefore well adapted to the perkiness of the short coat.

White piqué has been flowering all over Patou's and Chanel's black frocks for a season or two, and now we are coming into the hot summer days, when the crispness of white piqué frocks will stand us in good stead for all-day wear.

I wore my American twenty-dollar ready-made, wide-wale piqué frock at Antibes and Cannes last summer, its sleeveless comfort smartened by a bakou hat and loose, short white gloves. I felt as well dressed as anyone need be. Even my sandals were of cotton, in sand shade, and I never had to think of foot discomfort on those hot white roads of France.

The silk sheenless hosiery is really saying something to smart women, and lisle will no doubt find itself more sought after than ever because of this.

Shall I stress for you a few cotton weaves that I find most interesting? Waffle piqué, for instance, well named because of its tiny squared surface, good for sports, for bathing-suits. Cotton tweed, loose-meshed, cool, linen-like in its open weave. Lace, woven in new, tiny patterns and serving to create a new ward-



Drawings by
Ben-Hur Baz

A tennis high light. Maggy Rouff's white piqué with double shoulder-straps and fitted accent, given by means of inverted plaits which lace and tie at the waistline. Imported by Bonwit Teller.

Schiaparelli's white linen, with a set-in front and cap sleeves of cotton mesh, has an all-round plaited skirt stitched to below the hips. A hat of cream colour bakou is fringed at the edge. Best.

Below, from Altman, is a frock of delicate flesh organdie, with embroidery of a deeper tone outlining the circular godets and bertha. The pink hemp Agnès hat has a bandeau and bow of blue satin.

INFORMAL OF COTTONS

robe item—tailored lace frocks. I have seen these in jacket and skirt effects, smartened with a belt, and I know I shall crave one in beige when the thermometer is at ninety.

Cotton mesh achieved Paris recognition this spring and is much used.

There is a façonné madras for shirt frocks which promises to tub indefinitely; there are striped cottons, such as that used by Suzanne Talbot in blue and white for her bathing ensemble, with a huge deep-sea-going hat.

There are dotted muslins, if you are young and crave ruffles and floppy hats. These belong properly in the category of afternoon cottons, which also embraces eyelet embroidery, voile, organdie and cotton net.

An organdie-faced hat was shown in the May Harper's Bazaar, and now there are other cotton-faced brims for you to choose from. There is a linen beach hat, equally good in cotton, with a wide brim which buttons onto a close-fitting toque. Unbutton the brim if you will, and wear just the turban.

The dear old cotton "shirt waist" of Gibson days has returned to us and is seen all the way from tailored piqué severity to batiste, embroidered to a rich stiffness in white cotton designs. Little "fronts" of organdie may be relied upon to add crispness to your "daily grind" suit and people will be sure to say "How fresh and cool you look," when you are wearing them, regardless of how fagged you may really be.

Beach accessories exploit the sincerity of cotton's characteristics. Stretch the obedient, inexpensive stuff over your beach furniture, choosing its candidly simple colouring in stripes or plain effects. Sit on its damp-absorbing surface, after your swim, sure that the towelling weave will last you all summer, in spite of those fabric enemies, sand and salt water. *K. H.*

THE YOUNG GIRL IN SUMMER

The young girl at the left of the group above is wearing a bright navy blue suit in Orian wool crêpe by Milgrim, with a sleeveless jacket. Her scarf and the buttons on her dress are polka-dotted, red and white. Blue bakou makes her hat.

The sports suit, centre above, from Peck and Peck, consists of a speckled bamboo tweed skirt and cardigan, a sleeveless sweater and a brown and white striped cotton blouse. With it, a hat of natural bakou soie with a brown grosgrain band.

Above at the right is a travel dress in a soft faille with a fine white polka-dot. Collar and cuffs are of a white silk piqué. The square buttons and buckle are made from a transparent composition. The cape is detachable. Best and Company.

Kurzman's contribution to the young girl's summer wardrobe, left, a black Chantilly-like lace evening gown, touching the floor. A little ruffle around the décolletage becomes a jabot in the front. The lace belt has a buckle of brilliants.

Patou's oyster-white shantung beach pyjamas consist of a double-breasted tuck-in blouse and full trousers falling like a skirt, with an inverted plait down the front and buttons over the thighs. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A Bruyère afternoon dress of light blue organdie has a navy grosgrain sash and a skirt of bias-cut panels. The band of the lacy horsehair hat matches the sash and the pumps are of shantung. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A two-piece green flat crêpe dress by Lanvin has diamond-shaped godets in the front of the skirt and seaming on the blouse. The Lanvin hat, matching the dress, is stitched. Both from Wanamaker's Coin de Paris.

Drawings by M. Fromenti

AN OCTETTE OF

Louis Parme disguises short hair by drawing two long strands over the back of the head to give the effect of a classic chignon. The lines are very flowing.

For the ultra-formal occasion, a coiffure by the Ogilvie Sisters. Long hair is drawn up the back of the head in a full line and the ends curled, fan-like, on the top.

Youthful and asymmetric, a style in hair from the Salons of Peggy Sage. The simple knot at the left side of the head is balanced with a cluster of ringlets.

Eugène has permanently waved this semi-long bobbed coiffure sleekly to show the lines of the head. The ends curl at the sides and in the nape of the neck.

NEW COIFFURES

For the woman who keeps her short bob, Louis suggests a distinctive treatment, one in which her hair is waved back from a left part, then curled forward.

A long bang cut, as is the back of the bob, longer in the centre than on the sides. It is curled up and brushed to suggest a part in this transformation by Manuel.

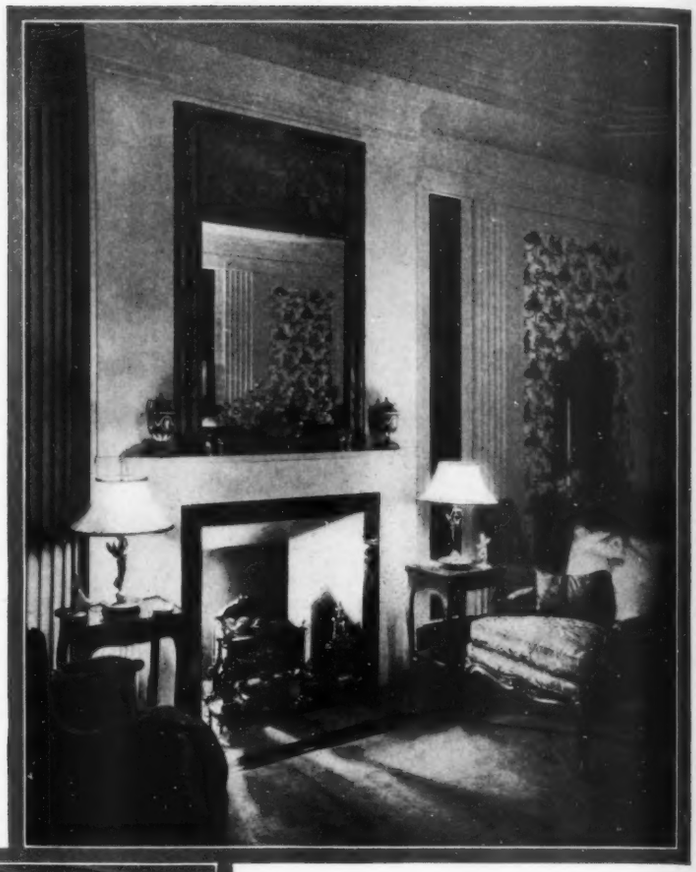
The curl, outstandingly modern, is used vertically up the back of the head in this young coiffure by Pierre. Hair is brought forward softly on the cheeks.

White hair is dressed with dignity by Schaeffer, who waves it in a diagonal line from a parting on the right-hand side. Formal ringlets are bunched low.

Drawings by Veronica E. Kelly

By Curtis Patterson

INTERPRETING THE FRENCH BOUDOIR



Against a background of oyster-white and gold the decorative scheme has been developed in apple-green and gold, enlivened by flower tints. The poudreuse is green, with decorations after the school of Watteau.

Photographs by Sigurd Fischer

Between the bergères and the twin lamps the mannered fireplace glows cheerfully, striking the characteristic note of the room, an ordered yet cordial formalism in accord with the whole spirit of French tradition and of the eighteenth century.

"IN A certain number of houses the owners, remaining faithful to old ways, religiously preserved the furniture that had served their forbears, there were also many others whose furniture and decorations had been renewed, in accordance with the new tastes and fashions, or whose old furniture was mixed with more modern articles . . . It was mainly among young married folk that this amalgam of old and new had come about. They neither cared to turn their backs on the ways of their fathers, nor to set themselves in opposition to the ways that held sway among their own contemporaries." This is taken from a discussion of interior decoration written just about a hundred years ago by a Frenchman, Caillot, a man whose experience extended from the closing years of Louis XVI., through the Revolution, the Directorate, the Empire, to the Restoration of Louis XVIII. His *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire des mœurs et usages des Français* is of the period and in that fact authentic.

The passage quoted may be considered as a rebuke of over a hundred years standing to those who think of eighteenth-century rooms as being entirely devised in a vacuum, self-consistent and exclusive of all creations not of the moment. It gives special point, a fraternal pat on the back of approval, to the experiment which is now being conducted in the Harper's Bazaar Galleries, and of which the accompany-

This boudoir in the eighteenth-century French manner was arranged by Jacques Bodart, Inc., in the Harper's Bazaar Galleries, which were designed by and erected under the supervision of Wallace Heath.

Reproduced at the Harper's Bazaar Galleries

with power machines and on the scale of mass production, and have been assembling interiors which were fictitiously "hand-hewn."

There may be considered to be two main subdivisions to decoration: the interior architecture and the movable furnishings. Modernism has had its say about both of these divisions. It has produced some interesting results in the line of modern furniture which yet remain, however, of so bold and so definite a character as to blend only with the greatest difficulty with furniture of preceding periods. In the question of interior architecture the modernists have, we believe, been more successful. The charm of the interiors of the eighteenth century came from the enthusiasm with which their detail was handled by the local workmen to whom they were entrusted. We no longer possess workmen of this type, and the interiors with which we have to deal bear too many structural evidences that they are contemporary to fit agreeably into the architectural formula of earlier centuries. The modern apartment presents a problem ripe for a new solution.

It is absurd to suppose that all the actual physical remains of previous generations, from the times of the Tudors to the reigns of Louis Phillippe and good Queen Victoria, will ever be discarded. It is equally absurd to assume that modern interiors, whether supposedly Tudor or allegedly Victorian, will ever again be assembled as they would have been in the reign of those monarchs. (*Continued on page 132*)

The Empire lit de repos is covered with peach moire against a toile de Jouy wall-paper in dull green, which colour repeats in the rug. The boudoir desk, called bonheur du jour in France, is an authentic Directoire piece in faded mahogany.

ing photographs represent the fourth example.

Of what purity in period interior decoration consists, there is now very little room for confusion or doubt. Both in trained experts and in literature for the amateur there is available such a mass of skilled knowledge and historic data that it is the easiest thing we do, to assemble a room which will be historically exact, of any decade or even of any half-decade since furniture styles originated. When we have succeeded in producing such a setting, however, we have something which normally did not exist in its own time, which it would occur only to a later generation to assemble.

Each generation, as it succeeds its fathers, has an altered vision towards its interiors. We have the authority of Monsieur Caillot for that fact, even about a special epoch which is generally considered as having been the most rigidly self-consistent.

The twentieth century also has its quota to contribute to the problem. This is largely a very drastic change in attitude of mind, perhaps the most drastic which history has ever recorded of so short a period. We have begun to think in terms of the machine and along the formula of machinery. We have begun to face squarely the fact that, except as an interesting and costly experiment, the day of the hand craftsman has passed. No longer are decorative details supplied by the intelligent artisan on the job. For a long time we have been imitating his work

THE ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES REOPENS....

DRAWINGS BY FISH VERSES BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

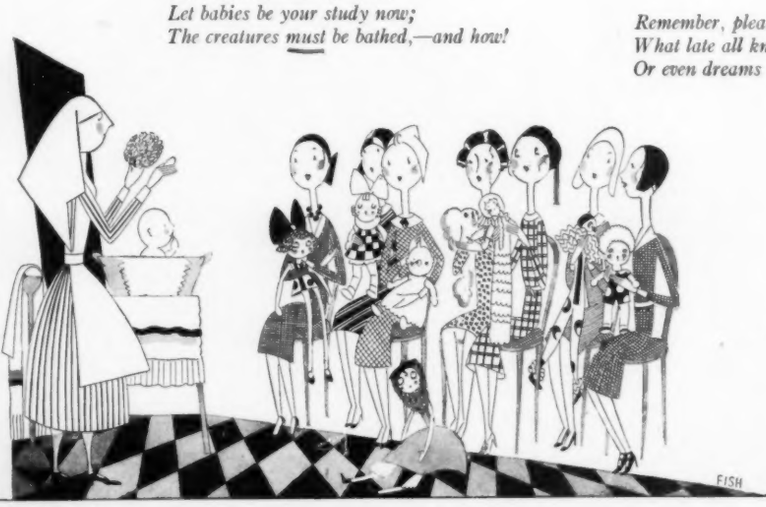
To do embroidery and sew
Beside the hearth is charming, though
One's parents will be coarse and low!

The times have changed: One learns to be
Again the sweet "poor little me"
In helpless grace before a tee.

A well-bred maiden's bosom skips
At least one beat when ardent lips
Politely brush her fingertips.

"Away, Bacardi, gin and rye!"
That's not so difficult, but try
To meet the skeptic butler's eye!

Maternal instinct all avow:
Let babies be your study now;
The creatures must be bathed,—and how!



Remember, please, that no one sees
What late all knew as l-e-g's,
Or even dreams of dimpled knees.

And when you've learned with art discreet
To manage train and eyes and feet
In dreamy waltzes, you're complete!

A Short Story by JULIAN STREET

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

A Miniature Story of Married Life which Everyone will Understand

SHORTLY after five o'clock on an evening in late February, Mr. Joshua Guernsey Todd left his office in Adams Street and headed towards his home on the North Side. The air was still and cold, and a recent clearing of the sidewalks had banked the snow in waist-high ramparts at the kerb; nevertheless, Mr. Todd had felt today a softness in the atmosphere which dimly hinted of oncoming spring.

At the corner of State Street he looked yearningly at an empty taxicab, but remembering his promise to his wife, continued resolutely on foot. Marguerite had been complaining that he was growing fat from lack of exercise, and last week he had reluctantly agreed to walk to and from the office. So far he had been faithful to his pledge; it bored him, but Marguerite was a darling and he didn't want her worrying about him.

With hands deep in the pockets of his overcoat, Mr. Todd trudged along the crowded shopping street in the direction of the bridge, his thoughts fixed fondly upon his wife. He had been married almost sixteen years, and with each year had realized more profoundly his good fortune in having a wife so thoughtful, so fair, so understanding. Of all these hurrying people round him, how many, he wondered, knew what true domestic happiness could mean? Marriage was such an awful gamble. Suppose, for instance, Connie Carson hadn't jilted him. A nice jam he would be in as the husband of a woman who couldn't think of anything but a theatrical career. Connie was terribly pretty, but if she had married him he would have been worse off than any of the friends he pitied for their matrimonial misfortunes.

"That wife of mine is one woman in a million!" he told himself, and simultaneously his eye was drawn to the lighted window of a florist's shop on which a golden sign advised the passer-by to "Say It With Flowers."

Daffodils! Marguerite loved daffodils. Mr. Todd stepped into the shop, purchased half-a-dozen bunches and, with the bulky parcel in one hand, started once more upon his way.

How pleased she would be! How sweet she would look bending over to arrange them! She would appreciate these flowers more because of their unexpectedness—because they did not mark a birthday, a wedding anniversary or an illness. Waiting for the traffic light to change at Division Street, he found himself wondering how long it was since he had brought flowers to Marguerite. The last time, so far as he could remember, was back in October when she had the grippe, and the time before that—was it her birthday?— No, he had sent her roses when he got back from his last trip to New York.

At the recollection of those roses his spirits dropped a little.

He had gone to New York on business, and nothing had been further from his mind than the thought of seeing Connie Carson, but he had run into her one day when he was lunching at the Algonquin and she had invited him to see her show. After that it was up to him to do something for her, so he took her to a night club, and the next day there was a cocktail party, and what with one thing and another he had seen a good deal of her.

On his return to Chicago he had gone directly to his office, pausing on the way to order roses sent out to Marguerite. The roses were in the living-room when he reached home that evening, but instead of accepting them in the spirit in which they had been sent, she had seemed to regard them as a kind of peace offering, and had tried to tease him.

"Thanks for the flowers, dear," she said with a knowing smile. "I gather that you enjoyed yourself in New York. And how is Connie?"

At first he thought she must have heard something, but it turned out that she was only guessing, and now as he recalled the scene, his sense of injury returned.

He had meant to tell her all about Connie—except, perhaps, about the harmless little kisses they had exchanged for old time's sake. But instead of giving him a chance, she had kept on teasing him, telling him he looked guilty—"ridiculously guilty," she had put it—and had finally made him so indignant that he went to bed without speaking to her and refused to go to church with her next morning.

Looking back upon the episode, he was forced to admit, in justice to Marguerite, that she would not have been suspicious of his roses had she not remembered that old affair of the poker game. The whole trouble really dated back to that. (*Concluded on page 120*)

WHO PILOTS SHIPS

WHO pilots ships knows all a heart can know
Of beauty, and his eyes can close in death
And be content. There is no wind to blow
Whiter than foam-white wind, and no wind's breath
Sweeter than tropic wind. There is no star
That throbs with cold white fire as North stars do;
There is no moon path lovelier than the far
Path burning on the sea when dusk is blue.

There is no rain so swift as rain that flies
In bright battalions with a storm begun,
No song that shakes the soul like amber cries
Of gulls with wings turned yellow in the sun.
Who pilots ships, when life's last heartbeats stop,
Has drained the cup of beauty drop by drop.

Daniel Whitehead Hicky

SILHOUETTES BY UGO MOCHI

Huntsmen, followers, and Old Berkeley Beagles passing through the main street of the ancient village of Amersham on their way to cover.

By HELEN JOSEPHY
and MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

THE BRITISH SPORTING WEEK-END

With some Suggestions to Americans who Prefer Participating in Sporting Scenes to Collecting them in Prints

A waitress offering a stirrup-cup to members of the hunt. The whole English countryside shares the fox-hunter's contagious enthusiasm.

THE Austins are typical American globe-trotters. That is, they began as frenzied sightseers galloping harassedly from country to country, finally returning to the homeland wasted but triumphant, and already making plans to go back and do it again.

Somewhere in their preliminary travels, however, they picked up the notion that earnest touring is vulgar, and so, disdaining couriers and guides, they abandoned themselves on the next crossing to continental spas and Riviera gambling resorts. During this period, it was a point of honour with them to do as little as they could as indolently and expensively as possible.

But since at heart they were, for all their camouflage, American and energetic, they soon tired of a champagne diet and such sad scenes of Monte Carlo as their fellow citizens grimly bent on having a good time.

At this point we met them and, having heard it touted as a sure cure for ennui, suggested a season of invigorating British week-ends *pour le sport*.

The Austins tried our plan and had a wonderful time, which emboldened us to widen our missionary efforts. Since then we've put in a lot of time finding out how an American should go about becoming part of the British sporting landscape instead of merely

Cubbing season, Southdowns, Sussex. In England, anyone with a horse to ride may join a hunt. The hounds are kept up by subscription.

a collector of it in prints. In places, our week-ends may seem a little prolonged, but that is just for the sake of those who may get so interested in one sport that an ordinary week-end will not suffice for pursuing it. Besides, don't forget the leeway allowed by the proper British week-end. It may extend from Saturday until noon Monday or, more frequently, from Thursday until Tuesday!

In smart England, week-ends are for golfing, shooting, fox hunting, or fishing, but, Mayfairishly speaking, never for basking on the beach. Fashionable Britishers consider their own ocean resorts dull and cross the Channel when they wish to view the sad sea waves.

The most convenient American approach to British sport is by way of the golf-course. Good golf hotels also afford a painless introduction to the more elaborate sports of shooting and salmon-fishing.

Any of the railroads which serve Great Britain will send, for the asking, useful pamphlets which list courses in England and Scotland as to number of holes, distance from station, address of secretary, greens fees and other tiresome but necessary details. The International Sportsmen's Club, with headquarters at Grosvenor House, London, also offers information and welcomes candidates for membership (initiation five pounds, five shillings; annual dues ten pounds, ten shillings!). This membership gains entrée to the Hurlingham, Roehampton and other clubs where polo, tennis, and golf matches of the season are held, and permits play at well-known golf clubs in the neighbourhood of London. Wentworth, Sunning-dale (a favourite of the Prince of (*Continued on page 162*)

Grouse shooting on the moors at Egton, Yorkshire. Some of the smartest house-parties have this sport for their chief end and aim.

Agnès hat of black panamalac with a straw bow. Blouse from Schiaparelli in palest pink silk jersey, which buttons like a stepin so that it cannot pull up.

Hat from Patou in felt with white piqué. Blouse from Patou in crêpe de Chine with stitched band.

Beige felt hat with brown leather piping and cross-stitching on felt. Blouse in white lingerie with pin-tucks. Both from Patou.

Reboux hat of satin, lined with picot straw in contrasting colour. Blouse culotte in tussore with a scarf lined with contrasting colour, like the hat. From Schiaparelli.

A popular turban by Reboux, made of fine cotton jersey or crêpe de Chine in two colours.

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Bicorne in black velvet and panamalac from Reboux. Blouse-like jacket in beige woolen material over crêpe blouse. Belted and buttoned with black. From Vionnet.

Patou hat of black bakou straw with pink grosgrain ribbon. Blouse of pink handkerchief linen with hemstitched band. Also Patou.

Marie Alphonsine hat in black bakou with narrow leather belt around crown. Blouse from Lanvin in white crêpe de Chine with the new sleeve.

natural colour raffia hat lined with printed chiffon by Maria Guy. Blouse seen at the Ritz in the same printed chiffon worn with beige georgette suit.

Marie Christiane hat in fancy straw in three colours with grosgrain band. Blouse from Jane Régny in white chiffon with smocking and crystal buttons.

DRAWING BY WALLACE MORGAN

"I had always found Rosie easy to talk to. Soon we were chatting away as though it were only a few weeks since we had last seen each other."

A Novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

CAKES AND ALE

The Novel Ends, with Pilgrims from America and the Return of the Triumphant Rosie

(CONCLUSION)

"I USED to see a lot of old Driffield," said Mr. Brentford. "He used to be very partial to dropping in here and having his glass of bitter. Mind you, I don't say he ever got tiddly, but he used to like to sit in the bar and talk. My word, he'd talk by the hour and he never cared who he talked to.

"He was born in this parish, you know, and his first wife, she was a Blackstable girl. She's been dead these many years. I never knew her. He was a funny old fellow. No side, you know; they tell me they thought a rare lot of him in London and when he died the papers were full of him. But you'd never have known it to talk to him. He might have been just nobody, like you and me. Of course we always tried to make him comfortable. We tried to get him to sit in one of them easy-chairs; but no, he must sit up at the bar. He said he liked to feel his feet on a rail. My belief is he was happier here than anywhere. He always said he liked a bar-parlour. He said you saw life there and he said he'd always loved life. Quite a character he was. I was only saying the other day, I'd like to read one of his books. They tell me he wrote several about these parts."

Next morning it was cold and raw, but it was not raining, and I walked down the High Street towards the vicarage. I recognized the names over the shops, the Kentish names that have been borne for centuries: the Ganns, the Kemps, the Cobbs, the Igguldens, but I saw no one I knew. I felt like a ghost walking down that street where I had once known nearly everyone, if not to speak to, at least by sight.

I wandered about here and there. There seemed innumerable streets of little houses of yellow brick, but I do not know who lived in them, for I saw no one about. I went down to the harbour. It was deserted. There was but one tramp lying a little way out from the pier. Two or three sailormen were sitting outside a warehouse and they stared at me as I passed. The bottom had fallen out of the coal trade and colliers came to Blackstable no longer.

Then it was time for me to go to Ferne Court and I went back to the Bear and Key. The landlord told me that he had a Daimler for hire and I had arranged that it should take me to my luncheon. When I arrived at Ferne Court Mrs. Driffield and Roy were walking round the garden and they came up to me as I got out of the car. "I was showing Roy my flowers," said Mrs. Driffield. And then with a sigh, "They're all I have now."

She looked no older than when last I saw her, six years before. She wore her weeds with quiet distinction. At her neck was a collar of white crêpe and at her wrists cuffs of the same. Roy, I noticed, wore with his neat blue suit a black tie. I supposed it was a sign of respect for the illustrious dead.

"Shall we go in through Edward's study?" suggested Mrs. Driffield. "I keep it exactly as it was when he was here. I haven't changed a thing. You'd be surprised how many people come over to see the house, and of course above all they want to see the room he worked in."

We went in through an open window. There was a bowl of roses on the desk and on a little round table by the side of the armchair a copy of the *Spectator*. In the ash-trays were the master's pipes and there was ink in the inkstand. The scene was perfectly set. I do not know why the room seemed so strangely dead. It had already the mustiness of a museum. Mrs. Driffield went to the book-shelves and with a little smile, half *(Continued on page 112)*

MOCK TURTLE SOUP!

by Campbell's famous chefs!

Your choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A challenge to the epicure!

Upon this Mock Turtle Soup, Campbell's French chefs lavish the fullness of their art, the ripeness of their life-long experience in all the finest nuances of flavor. It's such a soup as lingers long in the memory. Its rich meat broth, its vegetable puree, its tender and tempting pieces of meat, its delicate bouquet of fine sherry all combine to invite the appetite and gratify the sense of taste with rare completeness. Here is proof—if any were needed—that Campbell's Soups adorn the proudest tables. 12 cents a can.

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NAT LEWIS PURSES

Unapproached in taste, beauty of design and elegance of execution ~ and touched with the slightest but most potent and eccentrically lovely flavour ever associated with a feminine accessory.

The model pictured is one of a fascinating group done in patent leather by Mr. Lewis. In black and white it is particularly attractive. A smartly turned bit of prystal inlaid with black enamel appears as ornamentation. Also fashioned in various patent leather color combinations, including pastels. Lined with superior satin.

SIXTEEN-FIFTY

Arrangements have been completed whereby this purse may be purchased at exclusive shops in every city of the United States.

nat Lewis
wholesale corporation
578 madison avenue
new york

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD

(*Continued from page 83*)

cover yourself with clenched fists and set teeth, every muscle tense? Alas! you are at that very moment using up more nerve energy than if you were lifting a hundred-pound weight. Everything in our hectic existence tends to keep us at a high tension. We rush madly from one appointment to another, always a little bit behind our schedule and never quite catching up with ourselves. The nerve strain is colossal. The best sort of antidote is to take yourself in hand and learn how to let go. It will keep you younger and make you a lot less susceptible to nervous disorders and above all it will give you a far greater poise and dignity. For to have yourself well in hand puts you at a tremendous advantage in all life's little encounters.

In the Helena Rubinstein Exercise Salon one may find excellent instruction not only in a daily-exercise schedule but also in the difficult feat of relaxation. One lies upon a mattress and strives to let go in mind and body. Your brain is probably going like a mill-race—you have already mentally projected yourself to your next engagement. Try to stop thinking; control your madly racing thoughts. In a perfectly supine position let every muscle go. Then each arm and leg is raised separately and allowed to fall like a dead weight. The jaws are opened and the muscles of the face and neck relaxed. The head is raised and allowed to drop back limp on the mattress. Next stretch the legs through the heel muscles rather than the toes, and again relax. Then do arms and legs together, feeling a distinct pull at the waistline. Repeat until there is a feeling of delicious lassitude. I know of no greater sleep inducer than this series of relaxers. Try it sometime when you are wide-eyed and tense and sleep seems a million miles away. You'll be surprised.

Do you know how to hold your head? Few of us do! Is it poised like a lovely lily upon its stem? Bad habits of thrusting the head forward both when sitting or walking will inevitably cause that unsightly "dowager's hump" at the back of the neck, which puts the stamp of middle age on its victim. But cheer up, you can do a lot for that bump if you are willing to mend your ways—and your posture. Remember to keep your head up when you walk; it will give you greater dignity and importance. Don't overdo the thing and force the head back with tension on the muscles of the throat, but rather have the feeling that the head rests gently against an Elizabethan ruff.

Here are some excellent exercises for overcoming the lump. Stand erect and clasp the hands at the back of the head, let the chin drop forward on the chest. Relax the rear neck muscles. Pull the head slowly upward, resisting slightly with the rear neck muscles until the head is pulled well back. Repeating this about ten times will relieve the tension of the neck. Again, lie face downward with arms raised back of the head and lift the face upward with the pull at the back of the neck. Or lie face downward, hands clasped behind the back, raise the head and upper torso and at the same time pull the hands down hard.

Exercise at the Rubinstein Salon is preceded by a physical examination. One is weighed and the measurements taken. In cases of overweight, both weight and girth are watched and carefully checked. Diet is prescribed—then you set to work and watch the inches gradually grow less. All the exercise is individual. It takes the woman exactly where she is and builds her up. One person may need posture training or strengthening of the abdominal muscles; with many of us they are too flabby to support their burden. One cheering bit of news is that there is absolutely no age limit for the exerciser. Wonderful results have been obtained with women of sixty-five. It's nice to know that one may have a flexible, graceful body even though infinite summers have passed over one's head.

THE opening of the Silhouette Shop at Saks-Fifth Avenue was a natural consequence of the recent drastic change in fashions. With the end of the boyish era of straight, loose clothes and careless lines came the need for some sort of figure restraint. For, as you all know, the lines of the new clothes are extremely exacting. With the nipped-in waist and moulded hip, there is no longer any chance of getting by with contours that have a tendency to bulge. A proper corset has become an absolute necessity; that is to say, one which is more convincing than the casual little girdle of the past few years. A firm foundation is essential to the new mode, the lines beneath must supply a perfect mould for the tight-fitting garments. When one is plunged to the depths by the ample lines of one's proportions, in relation to a corset, one is in a receptive mood for being reduced. There is no other course open if you would be rid of that spare tire just above the corset line or overcome the settled, middle-aged look which overtakes us when we are inactive and yet possessed of a goodly appetite. It is the brutal truth that a poor figure can no longer be kept under cover; therefore, we must cope with the curves. So it seems a quite logical step to send despairing women from the corset department to the Silhouette Shop, which specializes in reducing; but it is reducing with a difference in that more attention is paid to inches than pounds.

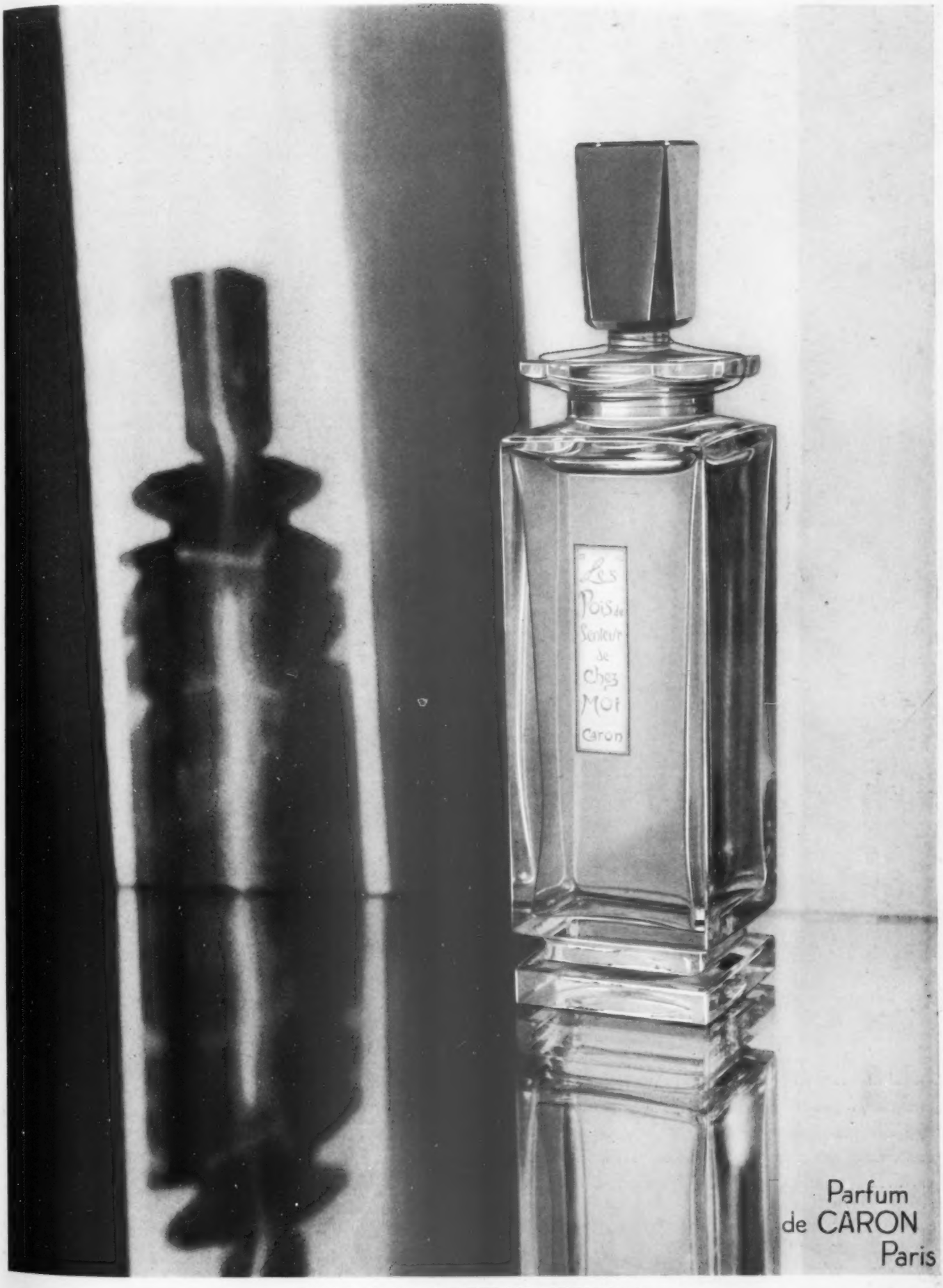
The method used at the Silhouette Shop is a gentle, persuasive one. It is the Wilson System, which does not recommend gymnastics, nor steam cabinets, which means, of course, that it does not depend upon perspiration for results, but relies entirely upon massage and a reducing solution. The measurements are reduced and the figure made svelte and slender entirely through stimulation of the circulation. In fact, the first six applications are entirely circulatory, consisting of a rousing massage. The seventh time one is wrapped first in double gauze saturated with the solution, then wrapped in blankets and left on the table with hot packs over the feet for at least ten minutes. Then one or two attendants with rubber patters pat gently over the body. After that follows a general massage in which the *masseuse* concentrates on the parts which are most in need of reduction. Much attention is given to the hand and foot roll as a means of starting the circulation since the main blood streams end in the thumb and large toe. After the treatment, the client is given her choice of a cold or warm shower. Special attention is paid to the neck and throat which are massaged with oil during the treatment, and afterwards an attendant spends from five to eight minutes in vigorous massage of the chin and throat to guard against any tendency reducing might have to break down the smooth lines.

The Wilson method first became popular in Hollywood where Mrs. Wilson had a tremendous following among motion-picture actresses. She reduced a calf here and an arm there. Any bad line is exaggerated on the screen, and this simple method of reducing in spots met with instant success. Perhaps a client does not wish to reduce very much in pounds, and when you begin talking in terms of inches, that is something else again. It is well to remember what an extra inch on the end of the nose would do to most of us.

The thing that has made this system so famous is the fact that results are quick and permanent. Once you are "shet" of the pounds, they are gone for good—provided, of course, that you keep even half an eye on the calories. You will find the treatment delightfully stimulating. It sets you right up and you come out of the place feeling that you are walking on air.

A word must be said about the Silhouette Shop itself, a charming little retreat, which is not in Saks-Fifth Avenue proper but is a separate unit. Its pink marble façade has a come-on quality. Inside the *décor* is gay and modern. Silver walls are bright with colourful frescos. All the appointments are luxurious and everything fresh and new. If your winter lethargy has put unbecoming pounds on you and you really wish your shadow to

(*Concluded on page 110*)



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Dobbs

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This flattering afternoon frock of imported printed chiffon is worn with a custom-made baku hat that has more than a hint of romance in its wide brim.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD!

(Concluded from page 108)

be thinner, I can recommend the Silhouette Shop to you whole-heartedly.

HAVE you read Marjorie Dork's new book? She very cleverly calls it "Reduce Where You Need To"—and that's where diets so often fail in their mission. The woman wishing to cut down on too great breadth of beam finds when she starts diminishing the calories that she has succeeded in acquiring only a thin face and a haggard look. Marjorie Dork has found the solution to this problem. She knows from her own experience that it is quite possible to reduce in spots. "Any woman can reduce in her own home with her own broomstick, but most women won't!" says Miss Dork. And how well she knows human nature! There's no glamour about one's own broomstick, and we women like to have the reducing process dramatized somewhat. Miss Dork says that "reducing is a mental achievement." You must first get your own consent about it and then, when you have definitely made up your mind, "the Marjorie Dork method can make over your body."

When you first go to the Dork Salon you are weighed, your measurements taken and you are thereupon classified, depending on the type into which you fall. If you have heavy shoulders and arms the exercises prescribed will obviously be very different than if your hips and thighs are large or your abdomen and waist need reducing. A medical examination is required to discover any organic weakness. A woman with a weak heart or high blood-pressure must be a little less strenuous than one who is organically sound.

Miss Dork is absolutely against a too strenuous diet. She thinks the era of a diet of grapefruit plus a cup of black coffee quite definitely ended. "Too many women have ruined their health that way!" she declares.

Do you realize that if you take fifty deep breaths a day that you *can't* get fat, and what's more you can't *stay* fat under the discouragement of this proper oxygenation which carries away the fatty deposits? "Breathe—and grow thin." It's a delightful slogan, don't you think? Miss Dork has a lot of interesting ideas about water consumption. She puts the daily ration at fourteen glasses—yes, fourteen! In liquid measurements that's three quarts and a pint. How far short have you fallen? "Drink and waste away fat," is how she puts it. Miss Dork's Salon is equipped with every imaginable kind of machine. There are reducing-belts, a roller which may be sat upon, an electrical horse and a device of separate pads upon which one lies while the pads are pulled from side to side like the devices of the Spanish Inquisition, giving marvellous stretching exercise to the waist and back muscles. A blanket treatment is provided for those who wish, as well as excellent reducing body massage and manipulation. I must say just one word in praise of the Dork facials, which do wonders for sagging muscles. These treatments are manipulations of the deep underlying muscle structure, and include a thorough circulation stimulation of the back of the neck and the head with concentration on the nerve centres.

Miss Dork's book makes it possible for every woman to exercise at home. Fascinating little feminine figures do them for you, and each exercise is explained in detail. We all live in a mad whirl nowadays—that's taken for granted—but even the busiest of us may snatch a few moments night and morning to keep ourselves in trim or to keep the contour youthful. It's a worth-while game, as many of the wise ones have already discovered.

A VERY fundamental system of exercise is that originated by Dr. Bess M. Mensendieck. And, because it is functional and corrective, it very intelligently starts physical reforms at the foundation—the underlying bone and muscle structure. If you have never had the slightest idea how to stand (and how many of us have?) or how to use the correct muscle for its proper function—Mensendieck will teach you all that. You will be just a little chagrined at your former posture and a wee bit amazed that you have ambled through life any old way, continually misusing your body and ignorantly allowing essential muscles to atrophy.

You will agree, I am sure, that all corrective measures must begin at the feet and work up through the human frame. This is the only way to get a perfect alignment, without which the body cannot possibly function perfectly. There is simply no limit to what these corrective exercises can do for the human anatomy. If the weight is wrongly distributed the body has to make adjustments to overcome this fault. For example, if the lower leg is thrust too far back, there will be a thickening of the ankles, calves and thighs. When this is corrected, the weight properly distributed and the right muscles brought into play the result will be that these muscles will become properly developed and the excess fat will then disappear. Why should we go through life with sagging shoulders, protruding tummy, slouching torso and badly poised head and arms? Instruction should really begin in childhood. If it were, the net result would be better health and more lovely bodies. However, here is a method that is suited to any age and neither adolescence nor old age need despair. It is never too late to mend.

What we must do first is to build up a perfect muscle structure, one performing the functions for which it was designed. This will result in maintaining the skeleton in such perfect upright poise that our movements will become mechanically graceful and perfect. When we attain this intelligent physical state, all our simple little every-day movements will contribute towards the maintenance of a perfect bodily structure. It is right and proper, of course, that we should feel a hygienic responsibility towards our bodies, but many of us blindly overlook the esthetic one entirely. We owe it to ourselves and our fellow beings to cultivate beautiful bodies which will function so perfectly that physical fitness will logically follow.

So we must put it squarely up to ourselves as to whether we will be graceful or *gauche;* whether we will acquire the cat-like motions and proportions of which the human body is capable; or whether we will be content to remain lumbering, awkward creatures with fat where it shouldn't be and a body which is not made to respond intelligently to the will.

No great hazard is offered in these simple functional exercises, which any of us can do with a little instruction and which, when we master them, we will take with us and use all day long automatically, with each movement of the body. There is simply no excuse for a decrepit body; it wouldn't happen but for our misuse of nature's gifts. The thing we need to learn is to raise every movement of the body to the level of an intelligent act and by so doing we will gradually emerge from the ugly-duckling stage into beautiful swan-like grace and contour. Dr. Mensendieck, the originator of this scientific system of corrective exercise, has a New York studio where instruction is given.

IT IS high time we all became more contour conscious. The daily health and upkeep of the body should be one of our first concerns regardless of one's activities. If we learn to use the body intelligently all day long, even sedentary work need not tire us. Physical and mental health are practically synonymous terms. That learning to keep fit does not require any vast intellectuality is well exemplified in the brotherhood of pugilists. It is really true that intelligent control of the body gives greater mental and spiritual freedom and sets our feet on the high road to health and happiness.

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"A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DUTY to mankind is to make herself charming." So says Miss Virginia Carter Randolph, of the historic Randolphs who came from England in the 17th Century.

Radiant young favorite of romantic old Warrenton, Virginia, she is a bonny wee thing, adorably pretty, with laughing blue eyes, sunshiny gold-brown hair, and skin as fair as an infant angel's, flower-like, fragile, exquisitely cared for.

"A Southern girl *must* have a lovely skin," this popular young favorite declares. She says she has "used Pond's ever since she was a little girl.

"That lovely Cold Cream keeps your skin so marvelously clean and the ducky new Cleansing Tissues are perfectly divine . . . the Skin Freshener makes your cheeks as pink as roses, and a little Vanishing Cream before you powder will keep you pretty as a picture all evening.

"You're so much happier when you know you are looking your loveliest!"

FOLLOW these four steps of Pond's simple Method:

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Shalimar is now issued in a new and smaller edition of the bottle so commended for its beauty. Twelve dollars and fifty cents. Other sizes: twenty-five dollars, thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, seventy-five dollars.

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GUERLAIN'S LIPSTICKS HAVE A REPUTATION INTERNATIONAL

SHALIMAR

CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 106*)

playful, half sad, passed a rapid hand across the back of half a dozen volumes bound in blue.

"You know that Edward admired your work so much," said Mrs. Driffield. "He re-read your books quite often."

"I'm very glad to think that," I said politely.

I knew very well that they had not been there on my last visit and in a casual way I took one of them out and ran my fingers along the top to see whether there was dust on it. There was not. Then I took another book down, one of Charlotte Brontë's, and making a little plausible conversation tried the same experiment. No, there was no dust there either. All I learned was that Mrs. Driffield was an excellent housekeeper and had a conscientious maid.

We went in to luncheon, a hearty British meal of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and we talked of the work on which Roy was engaged.

"I want to spare dear Roy all the labour I can," said Mrs. Driffield, "and I've been gathering together as much of the material as I could myself. Of course, it's been rather painful, but it's been very interesting, too. I came across a lot of old photographs that I must show you."

AFTER luncheon we went into the drawing-room and I noticed again with what perfect tact Mrs. Driffield had arranged it. It suited the widow of a distinguished man of letters almost more than it had suited the wife. Those chintzes, those bowls of pot-pourri, those Dresden-china figures—there was about them a faint air of regret. They seemed to reflect pensively upon a past of distinction. I could have wished on this chilly day that there was a fire in the grate, but the English are a hardy as well as a conservative race; and it is not difficult for them to maintain their principles at the cost of the discomfort of others. I doubted whether Mrs. Driffield would have conceived the possibility of lighting a fire before the first of October. We were just settling down to talk about the defunct. Roy and Mrs. Driffield were putting me artful questions to incite me to disclose my recollections, and I was gathering my wits about me so that I should not, in an unguarded moment, let slip anything that I had made up my mind to keep to myself; when suddenly the trim parlour-maid brought in two cards on a small salver.

"Two gentlemen in a car, mum, and they say, could they look at the house and garden?"

"What a bore!" cried Mrs. Driffield, but with astonishing alacrity. "Isn't it funny I should have been speaking just now about the people who want to see the house? I never have a moment's peace."

"Well, why don't you say you're sorry you can't see them?" said Roy, with what I thought a certain cattiness.

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Edward wouldn't have liked me to." She looked at the cards. "I haven't got my glasses on me."

She handed them to me, and on one I read Henry Beard MacDougal, University of Virginia; and in pencil was written, Assistant Professor in English Literature. The other was Jean-Paul Underhill and there was at the bottom an address in New York.

"Americans," said Mrs. Driffield. "Say I shall be very pleased if they'll come in."

Presently the maid ushered the strangers in. They were both tall young men and broad-shouldered, with heavy, clean-shaven, swarthy faces, and handsome eyes. They both wore horn-rimmed spectacles and they both had thick black hair combed straight back from their foreheads. They both wore English suits that were evidently brand-new. They were both slightly embarrassed, but verbose and extremely civil. They explained that they were making a literary tour of England, and, being admirers of Edward Driffield, had taken the liberty of stopping off on their way to Rye to see Henry James's house, in the hope that they would be permitted to see a spot sanctified by so many associations. The reference to Rye did not go down very well with Mrs. Driffield.

"I believe they have some very good links there," she said.

SHE introduced the Americans to Roy and me. I was filled with admiration for the way in which he rose to the occasion. It appeared that he had lectured before the University of Virginia and had stayed with a distinguished member of the faculty. It had been an unforgettable experience. He did not know whether he had been more impressed by the lavish hospitality with which those charming Virginians had entertained him or by their intelligent and enthusiastic interest in art and literature. He asked how so-and-so was, and so-and-so; he had made lifelong friends there, and it looked as though everyone he had met was good and kind and clever. Soon the young professor was telling Roy how much he liked his books, and Roy was modestly telling him what in this one and the other his aim was and how conscious he was that he had come far short of achieving it. Mrs. Driffield listened with smiling sympathy, but I had a feeling that her smile was growing a trifle strained. It may be that Roy had too, for he suddenly broke off.

"But you don't want me to bore you with my stuff," he said in his loud, hearty way. "I'm only here because Mrs. Driffield has entrusted to me the great honour of writing Edward Driffield's Life."

This, of course, interested the visitors very much.

"It's some job, believe me," said Roy, playfully American. "Fortunately I have the assistance of Mrs. Driffield, who was not only a perfect wife, but an admirable amanuensis and secretary. The materials she has placed at my disposal are so amazingly full that really little remains for me to do but take advantage of her industry and her—her affectionate zeal."

Mrs. Driffield looked down demurely at the carpet and the two young Americans turned on her their large dark eyes in which you could read their sympathy, their interest, and their respect. After a little more conversation, Mrs. Driffield got up and offered to show them Edward's study and bedroom, and of course the garden. Roy rose to his feet, evidently bent on accompanying them, but Mrs. Driffield gave him a little smile. It was pleasant but firm.

"Don't you bother to come, Roy," she said. "I'll take them round. You stay here and talk to Mr. Ashenden."

"Oh, all right. Of course."

THE strangers bade us farewell and Roy and I settled down again in the chintz arm-chairs.

"Jolly room this is," said Roy.

"Very."

"Amy had to work hard to get it. You know, the old man bought this house two or three years before they were married. She tried to make him sell it, but he wouldn't. He was very obstinate in some ways. You see, it belonged to a certain Miss Wolfe, whose bailiff his father was, and he said that when he was a little boy his one idea was to own it himself and now he'd got it he was going to keep it. One would have thought after he became celebrated the last thing he'd want to do was to live in a place where everyone knew all about his origins and everything. Once poor Amy very nearly engaged a housemaid before she discovered she was Edward's great-niece. He wouldn't let her change a thing and she had to go to work with the greatest care. She says she simply couldn't have lived in it and she was determined to have things right, so she had to change things one by one so that he didn't pay any attention. She's a remarkable woman, you know. She generally gets her own way."

"I've noticed it," I said.

It had not taken her long to dispose of Roy when he showed signs of wishing

(*Continued on page 113*)

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

The trained and richly saddled mounts, which carried the fine flower of medieval nobility in the royal sport of Falconry, spelled supreme luxury in open-air travel of the middle ages

AMONG Packard owners, motoring for the sheer joy of open-road travel remains an ever-thrilling sport.

For Packard cars are more than mere utilities. They offer release from the humdrum—freedom for the spirit of youth. Packard transportation is swift, silent and supremely luxurious. Driving is an untiring pleasure—riding a restful comfort.

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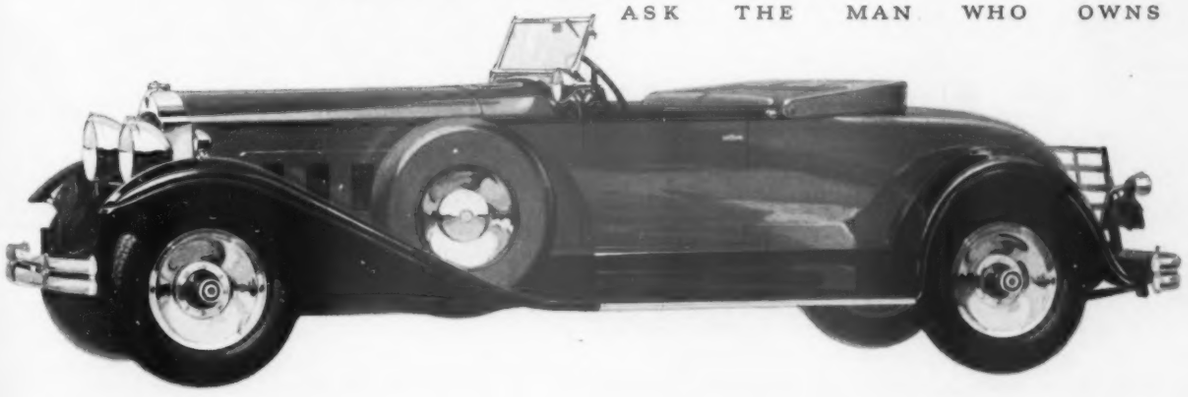
Families owning more than one car find the Roadster a delightful complement to a distinguished Packard Sedan or Limousine. As an all-purpose car for the bachelor or the family of two it is both smart and distinctive. The roomy and comfortable rumble seat provides for guests—the trim top and snug curtains can make it almost a Coupe in inclement weather.

Pictured below is the Packard Roadster on the DeLuxe chassis. It is also available in the Custom line and in the increasingly popular line of Packard Standard Eights—with a wide selection of colors, gay or modest, as you prefer.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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eugène
permanent waves

IS THE EUGÈNE SECRET

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CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 112*)

to go over the house with the visitors. He gave me a quick look and laughed. Roy was not stupid.

"You don't know America as well as I do," he said. "They always prefer a live mouse to a dead lion. That's one of the reasons why I like America."

WHEN Mrs. Driffield, having sent the pilgrims on their way, came back she bore under her arm a portfolio.

"What very nice young men!" she said. "I wish young men in England took such a keen interest in literature. I gave them that photograph of Edward when he was dead and they asked me for one of mine, and I signed it for them." Then very graciously: "You made a great impression on them, Roy. They said it was a real privilege to meet you."

"I've lectured in America so much," said Roy, with modesty.

"Oh, but they've read your books. They say that what they like about them is that they're so virile."

The portfolio contained a number of old photographs, groups of schoolboys among whom I recognized an urchin with untidy hair as Driffield only because his widow pointed him out; Rugby fifteens with Driffield a little older, and then one of a young sailor in a jersey and a reefer jacket—Driffield when he ran away to sea.

"Here's one taken when he was first married," said Mrs. Driffield.

He wore a beard and black and white check trousers. In his buttonhole was a large white rose backed by maidenhair and on the table beside him a chimney-pot hat.

"And here is the bride," said Mrs. Driffield, trying not to smile.

Poor Rosie, seen by a country photographer over forty years ago, was grotesque. She was standing very stiffly against a background of baronial hall, holding a large bouquet. Her dress was elaborately draped, pinched at the waist, and she wore a bustle. Her fringe came down to her eyes. On her head was a wreath of orange-blossom, perched high on a mass of hair, and from it was thrown back a long veil. Only I knew how lovely she must have looked.

"She looks fearfully common," said Roy.

"She was," murmured Mrs. Driffield.

We looked at more photographs of Edward—photographs that had been taken of him when he began to be known, photographs when he wore only a moustache and others, all the later ones, when he was clean-shaven. You saw his face grown thinner and more lined. The stubborn commonplace of the early portraits melted gradually into a weary refinement. You saw the change in him wrought by experience, thought, and achieved ambition. I looked again at the photograph of the young sailorman and thought that I saw in it already a trace of that aloofness which seemed to me so marked in the older ones and which I had had, years before, the vague sensation of in the man himself. The face you saw was a mask and the actions he performed without significance. I had an impression that the real man, to his death unknown and lonely, was a shadow that went a silent way unseen between the writer of his books and the fellow who led his life, and smiled with ironical detachment at the two puppets that the world took for Edward Driffield. I am conscious that in what I have written of him I have not presented a living man, standing on his feet, rounded, with comprehensible motives and logical activities; I have not tried to. I am glad to leave that to the abler pen of Alroy Kear.

I CAME across the photographs which that actor (I couldn't for the moment remember his name and wondered fugitively what had become of him) had had taken of her, and then a photograph of the picture that Lionel Hillier had painted. It gave me a pang. That was how I best remembered her. Notwithstanding the old-fashioned gown, she was alive there and tremulous with the passion that filled her. She seemed to offer herself to the assault of love.

"She gives you the impression of a hefty wench," said Roy.

"If you like the milk-maid type," answered Mrs. Driffield. "I've always thought she looked rather like a white nigger."

That was what Mrs. Barton Trafford had been fond of calling her, and with Rosie's thick lips and broad nose there was indeed a hateful truth in the criticism. But they did not know how silvery golden her hair was, nor how golden silver her skin; they did not know her enchanting smile.

"She wasn't a bit like a white nigger," I said. "She was virginal, like the dawn. She was like Hebe. She was like a white rose."

Mrs. Driffield smiled and exchanged a meaning glance with Roy.

"Mrs. Barton Trafford told me a great deal about her. I don't wish to seem spiteful, but I'm afraid I don't think that she can have been a very nice woman."

"That's where you make a mistake," I replied. "She was a very nice woman. I never saw her in a bad temper. You only had to say you wanted something for her to give it to you. I never heard her say a disagreeable thing about anyone. She really had a heart of gold."

"She was a terrible slattern. Her house was always in a mess; you didn't like to sit down in a chair because it was so dusty and you dared not look in the corners. And it was the same in her person. She could never put a skirt on straight and you'd see about two inches of petticoat hanging down on one side."

"She didn't bother about things like that. They didn't make her any the less beautiful. And she was as good as she was beautiful."

Roy burst out laughing, and Mrs. Driffield put her hand up to her mouth to conceal her smile.

"Oh, come, Mr. Ashenden, that's really going too far. After all, let's face it. She was a nymphomaniac."

"I think that's a very silly word," I said.

"Well, then, let me say that she can hardly have been a very good woman to treat poor Edward as she did. Of course it was a blessing in disguise. If she hadn't run away from him, he might have had to bear that burden for the rest of his life. And with such a handicap he could never have reached the position he did. But the fact remains that she was notoriously unfaithful to him."

"You don't understand," I said. "She was a very simple woman. Her instincts were absolutely healthy and ingenuous. She loved to make people happy. She loved love."

"Do you call that love?"

"Well, then, the act of love. She was naturally affectionate. That was her nature. She remained sincere, unspoiled, and artless."

MRS. DRIFFIELD looked as though she had taken a dose of castor oil and had just been trying to get the taste of it out of her mouth by sucking a lemon.

"I don't understand," she said. "But then I'm bound to admit that I never understood what Edward saw in her."

"Did he know that she was carrying on with all sorts of people?" asked Roy.

"I'm sure he didn't," she replied quickly.

"You think him a bigger fool than I do, Mrs. Driffield," I said.

"Then why did he put up with it?"

"I think I can tell you. You see, she wasn't a woman who ever inspired love. Only affection. It was absurd to be jealous with her. She was like a clear deep pool in a forest glade into which it's heavenly to plunge, but it is neither less cool nor less crystalline because a tramp and a gipsy and a game-keeper have plunged into it before you."

Roy laughed again and this time Mrs. Driffield without concealment smiled thinly.

"It's comic to hear you so lyrical," said Roy.

I stifled a sigh. I have noticed that

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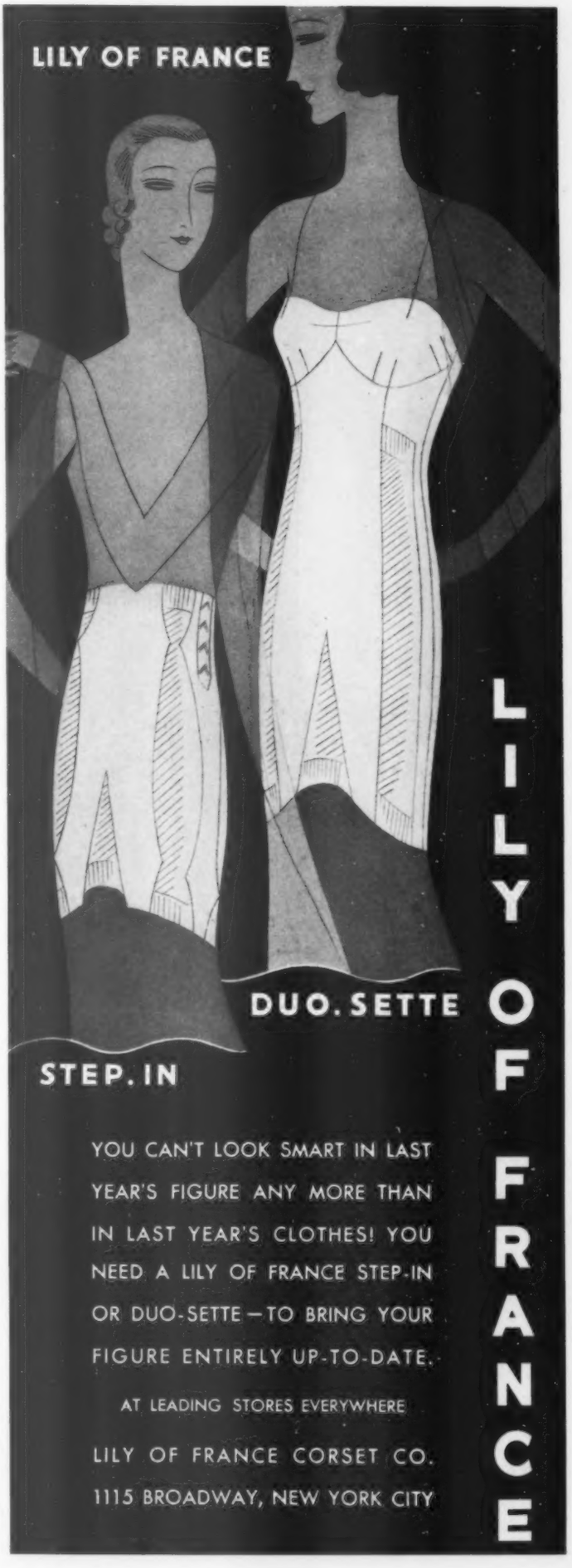
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CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 113*)

when I am most serious people are apt to laugh at me; and indeed, when after a lapse of time I have read passages that I wrote from the fulness of my heart I have been tempted to laugh at myself. It must be that there is something naturally absurd in a sincere emotion, though why there should be I cannot imagine, unless it is that man, the ephemeral inhabitant of an insignificant planet, with all his pain and all his striving, is but a jest in an eternal mind.

I saw that Mrs. Driffield wished to ask me something. It caused her a certain embarrassment.

"Do you think he'd have taken her back if she'd been willing to come?"

"You knew him better than I. I should say no. I think that when he had exhausted an emotion he took no further interest in the person who had aroused it. I should say that he had a peculiar combination of strong feeling and extreme callousness."

"I don't know how you can say that," cried Roy; "he was the kindest man I ever met."

Mrs. Driffield looked at me long and then dropped her eyes.

"I wonder what happened to her when she went to America," he asked.

"I believe she married Kemp," said Mrs. Driffield. "I heard they had taken another name. Of course they couldn't show their faces over here again."

"When did she die?"

"Oh, about ten years ago."

"How did you hear?" I asked.

"From Harold Kemp, the son. He's in some sort of business at Maidstone. I never told Edward. She'd been dead to him for many years and I saw no reason to remind him of the past. It always helps you if you put yourself in other people's shoes, and I said to myself that if I were he I shouldn't want to be reminded of an unfortunate episode of my youth. Don't you think I was right?"

MRS. DRIFFIELD very kindly offered to send me back to Blackstable in her car, but I preferred to walk. I promised to dine at Ferne Court next day and meanwhile to write down what I could remember of the two periods during which I had been in the habit of seeing Edward Driffield. As I walked along the winding road, meeting not a soul by the way, I mused upon what I should say. Do they not tell us that style is the art of omission? If that is so I should certainly write a very pretty piece, and it seemed almost a pity that Roy should only use it as material. I chuckled when I reflected what a bomb-shell I could throw if I chose. There was one person who could tell them all they wanted to know about Edward Driffield and his first marriage; but this fact I proposed to keep to myself. Rosie was not dead, as they thought. Rosie was alive.

Being in New York for the production of a play and my presence having been advertised to all and sundry by my manager's energetic press-representative, I received one day a letter addressed in a handwriting I knew but could not place. It was large and round, firm but uneducated. It was so familiar to me that I was exasperated not to remember whose it was. It would have been more sensible to open the letter at once, but instead I looked at the envelope and racked my brain. There are handwritings I cannot see without a little shiver of dismay and some letters that look so tiresome that I cannot bring myself to open them for a week. When at last I tore open the envelope, what I read gave me a strange feeling. It began abruptly.

"I have just seen that you are in New York and would like to see you again. I am not living in New York any more, but Yonkers is quite close and if you have a car you can easily do it in half an hour. I expect you are very busy so leave it to you to make a date. Although it is many years since we last met I hope you have not forgotten your old friend

ROSE IGGULDEN (formerly Driffield)

I looked at the address; it was *The Albemarle*, evidently a hotel or an apartment house. Then there was the name of a street, and Yonkers. A shiver passed through me as though someone had walked over my grave. During the thirty-odd years that had passed I had sometimes thought of Rosie, but of late I had said to myself that she must surely be dead. I was puzzled for a moment by the name. Why Iggulden and not Kemp? Then it occurred to me that they had taken this name, a Kentish one, too, when they fled from England. My first impulse was to make an excuse not to see her. I am always shy of seeing again people I have not seen for a long time. But then I was seized with curiosity. I wanted to see what she was like and to hear what had happened to her during all this while. I was going up to Dobbs Ferry for the week-end, to reach which I had to pass through Yonkers, and so answered that I would come at about four on the following Saturday.

The Albemarle was a huge block of apartments, comparatively new, and it looked as though it were inhabited by persons in easy circumstances. My name was telephoned up by a negro porter in uniform and I was taken up in the elevator by another. I confess that my heart beat painfully as I shot up to the tenth floor and I felt uncommonly nervous. The door was opened for me by a coloured maid.

"Come right in," she said. "Mrs. Iggulden's expecting you."

I WAS ushered into a living-room that served also as dining-room, for at one end of it was a square table of heavily carved oak, a dresser as elaborate, and four chairs of the kind that the manufacturers would certainly describe as Jacobean. But the other end was furnished with a Louis XV. suite, gilt and upholstered in pale blue damask. There were a great many small tables, richly carved and gilt also, on which stood great Sèvres vases with ormolu decorations. The gramophone was the grandest thing I had ever seen out of a shop-window, all gilt and shaped like a sedan chair and painted with Watteauesque courtiers and their ladies.

After I had waited for about five minutes a door was opened and Rosie came briskly in. She gave me both her hands.

"Well, this is a surprise," she said. "I hate to think how many years it is since we met. Excuse me one moment." She went to the door and called. "Jessie, you can bring the tea in. Mind the water's boiling properly." Then, coming back, "The trouble I've had to teach that girl to make tea properly, you'd never believe."

Rosie was at least seventy. She was wearing a very smart little frock of green chiffon, heavily *diamanté*, cut square at the neck, and very short. She had no sleeves. It fitted like a bursting glove, and by her shape I gathered that she wore rubber corsets. Her nails were blood-coloured and her eyebrows were plucked. She was stout, and she had a double chin. The skin of her bosom, notwithstanding that she had powdered it freely, was red, and her face was red too. But she looked well and healthy and full of beans. Her hair was still abundant, but it was quite white, shingled and permanently waved. As a young woman she had had soft, naturally waving hair and these stiff undulations, as though she had just come out of a hair-dresser's, seemed more than anything else to change her. The only thing that remained was her smile, which had still its old childlike and mischievous sweetness. Her teeth had never been very good, irregular and of a bad shape. But these now were replaced by a set of perfect evenness and snowy brilliancy; they were obviously the best money could buy.

THE coloured maid brought in an elaborate tea with *paté* sandwiches and cookies and candy and little knives and forks and tiny napkins. It was all very neat and smart.

"That's one thing I've never been able

(*Continued on page 116*)

DEMEYER

This perfume of enchantment sings in fragrance that love which poets sing in words, weaving its magic spell.

L'AMOUR D'ELIZABETH

Love is the secret of the universe. It is like a hidden spring underneath one's life, ever supplying freshness and sparkle to the art of living ↓ Life lies in love, laughter and work ↓ But laughter dies when you look deep into life. Work, without love, is futile and bleak, the winds of emptiness blow across the heart. Love alone justifies life. Love alone completes it ↓ To love is to light a lamp within, which not only warms and comforts you, yourself, but sends out from you a glow which cheers and comforts others ↓ It is better to cast your pearls of love before anyone, anything, than to keep them. You are thoroughly natural, thoroughly alive only when you are filled with love. It opens the doors of your understanding. It is only when one has been burned clean with the fire of love, that knowledge comes ↓ Love alone can make that which is heavy light, can bear evenly that which is uneven ↓ When you walk, the stars are beneath your feet. When you are cold with the fear of life, love wraps you like a cloak. Love is the torch from which all great deeds have been lighted. It is the candlelight beside which dwells content. With love, nothing in life is beyond bearing. There is an old verse, now out of print, which runs...

If I should go to Heav'n and find
In all the wide dominion of the air
No trace of thee among the natives there,
I would not bide therein
But I would sin and sin
And seek thee otherwhere.

In love alone are all the heights and depths of joy and dreams and friendship.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street BERLIN, W: Lennéstr. 5

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OSHKOSH *Chief* TRUNKS

To women who are fussy about their clothes

YOU wouldn't keep a costly motor car in a cheap garage. You wouldn't put rare jewels in a cheap setting. Then why put fine clothes in a cheap trunk?

People who have learned that cheap things are not economical are buying more and more Oshkosh "Chiefs" every year.

The "Chief" is the distinguished red-and-yellow striped trunk that is seen so often on steamship piers and on the station platforms at Southampton and Newport and Biarritz.

Into the "Chief," Oshkosh puts the best it knows of in trunk construction and trunk convenience—and takes a pride in the job. Oshkosh "Chiefs" are available in more than fifty styles and sizes, to meet all travel requirements, from the largest wardrobe trunk down to small hand luggage. No finer luggage is made at any price.

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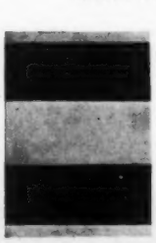

Superficially, you can tell a "Chief" by these red and yellow stripes woven into the duck which covers it. But, more certainly, by the long years of never-failing service it renders. This is its most distinguishing characteristic, and the most difficult to imitate. Oshkosh Trunks can also be had in the less expensive fibre covering. The Oshkosh trade-mark identifies them.

A new descriptive booklet, "The Chief of Trunks," will be sent on request. Address the Oshkosh Trunk Company, 466 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 114*)

to do without—my tea," said Rosie, helping herself to a hot buttered scone. "It's my best meal, really, though I know I shouldn't eat it. My doctor keeps on saying to me, 'Mrs. Iggulden, you can't expect to get your weight down if you will eat half a dozen cookies at tea.'" She gave me a smile, and I had a sudden inkling that notwithstanding the marcelled hair and the powder and the fat, Rosie was the same as ever. "But what I say is, 'A little of what you fancy does you good.'"

I had always found her easy to talk to. Soon we were chatting away as though it were only a few weeks since we had last seen each other.

"Were you surprised to get my letter? I put 'Driffield' so as you should know who it was from. We took the name of Iggulden when we came to America. George had a little unpleasantness when he left Blackstable. Perhaps you heard about it; and he thought in a new country he'd better start with a new name, if you understand what I mean."

I nodded vaguely.

"Poor George, he died ten years ago, you know."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Oh, well, he was getting on in years. He was past seventy, though you'd never have guessed it to look at him. It was a great blow to me. No woman could want a better husband than what he made me. Never a cross word from the day we married till the day he died. And I'm pleased to say he left me very well provided for."

"I'm glad to know that."

"Yes, he did very well over here. He went into the building trade. He liked the country from the first day he set foot in it. He had plenty of go and that's what you want here. He was just the sort to get on."

"Have you never been back to England?"

"No, I've never wanted to. George used to talk about it sometimes, just for a trip, you know; but we never got down to it, and now he's gone I haven't got the inclination. I expect London would seem very dead to me after New York. We used to live in New York, you know; I only came here after his death."

"What made you choose Yonkers?"

"Well, I always fancied it. I used to say to George, when we retire we'll go and live at Yonkers. It's like a little bit of England to me; you know, Maidstone or Guildford or some place like that."

I SMILED, but I understood what she meant. Notwithstanding its trams and its tootling cars, its cinemas and electric signs, Yonkers, with its winding main street, has a faint air of an English market-town gone jazz.

"Of course, I sometimes wonder what's happened to all the folks at Blackstable. I suppose they're most of them dead by now and I expect they think I'm dead too."

"I haven't been there for thirty years."

I did not know then that the rumour of Rosie's death had reached Blackstable. I dare say that someone had brought back the news that George Kemp was dead and thus a mistake had arisen.

"I suppose nobody knows here that you were Edward Driffield's first wife?"

"Oh, no; why, if they had I should have had the reporters buzzing around my apartment like a swarm of bees. You know, sometimes I've hardly been able to help laughing when I've been out somewhere playing bridge and they've started talking about Ted's books. They like them a lot in America. I never thought so much of them myself."

"You never were a great novel reader, were you?"

"I used to like history better, but I don't seem to have much time for reading now. Sunday's my great day. I think the Sunday papers over here are lovely. You don't have anything like them in England. Then of course I play a lot of bridge. I'm crazy about contract."

I remembered that when as a young boy I had first met Rosie her uncanny skill at whist had impressed me. I felt that I knew the sort of bridge-player she was, quick, bold and accurate, a good partner and a dangerous opponent.

"You'd have been surprised at the fuss they made over here when Ted died. I knew they thought a lot of him, but I never knew he was so important as all that. The papers were full of him, and they had pictures of him and Ferne Court. He always said he meant to live in that house some day. Whatever made him marry that hospital nurse? I always thought he'd marry Mrs. Barton Trafford. They never had any children, did they?"

"No."

"Ted would have liked to have some. It was a great blow to him that I couldn't have any more after the first."

"I didn't know you'd ever had a child," I said with surprise.

"Oh, yes. That's why Ted married me. But I had a very bad time when it came and the doctors said I couldn't have another. If she'd lived, poor little thing, I don't suppose I'd have ever run away with George. She was six when she died."

"You never mentioned her."

"No, I couldn't bear to speak about her. She got meningitis and we took her to the hospital. They put her in a private room and they let us stay with her. I shall never forget what she went through, screaming, screaming all the time, and nobody able to do anything."

Rosie's voice broke.

"Was it that death Driffield described in *The Cup of Life*?"

"Yes, that's it; I always thought it so funny of Ted. He couldn't bear to speak of it, any more than I could, but he wrote it all down. He didn't leave out a thing. Even little things I hadn't noticed at the time he put in and then I remembered them. You'd think he was just heartless, but he wasn't; he was upset just as much as I was. When we used to go home at night he'd cry like a child. Funny chap, wasn't he?"

IT WAS *The Cup of Life* that had created such a storm of protest; and it was the child's death, and the episode that followed it that had especially brought down on Driffield's head such virulent abuse. I remembered the description very well. It was harrowing. There was nothing sentimental in it. It did not excite the reader's tears, but his anger rather that such cruel suffering should be inflicted on a little child. You felt that God at the Judgment Day would have to account for such things as this. It was a very powerful piece of writing. But if this incident was taken from life, was the one that followed it also? It was this that had shocked the public of the 'nineties and this that the critics had condemned as not only indecent but incredible. In *The Cup of Life* the husband and wife (I forget their names now) had come back from the hospital after the child's death. They were poor people and they lived from hand to mouth in lodgings, and had their tea. It was late-ish, about seven o'clock. They were exhausted by the strain of a week's ceaseless anxiety and shattered by their grief. They had nothing to say to one another. They sat in a miserable silence. The hours passed. Then on a sudden the wife got up and going into their bedroom put on her hat.

"I'm going out," she said.

"All right."

They lived near Victoria Station. She walked along the Buckingham Palace Road and through the Park. She came into Piccadilly and went slowly towards the Circus. A man caught her eye, paused, and turned round.

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening."

She stopped and smiled.

"Will you come and have a drink?" he asked.

"I don't mind if I do."

They went into a tavern in one of the side-streets of Piccadilly, and they drank a glass of beer. She chatted with the stranger and laughed with him. She told him a cock-and-bull story about herself. Presently he asked if he could go home

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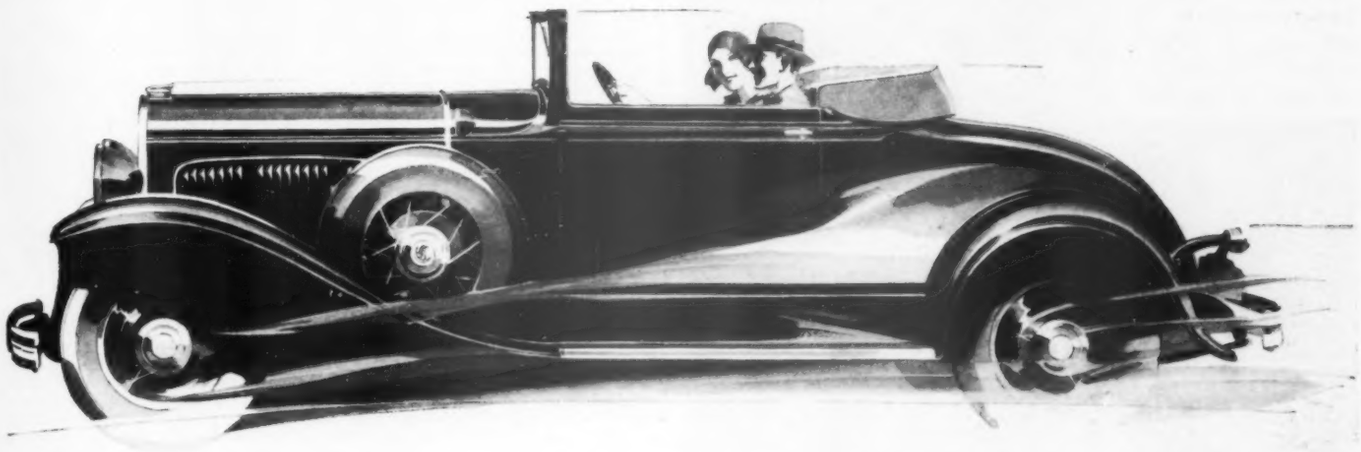

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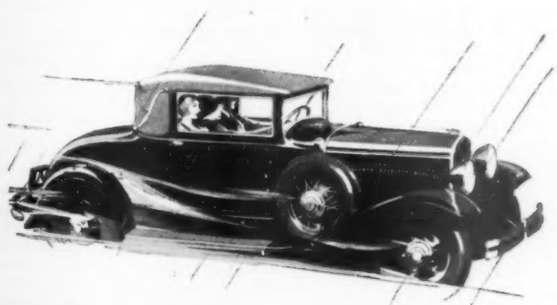

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NEW YORK

IN CANADA, GOULD-DAMUEL & CO., MONTREAL

CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 116*)

with her. No, she said, he couldn't do that, but they could go to a hotel. They got into a cab and drove to Bloomsbury and there they took a room for the night. And next morning she took a bus to Trafalgar Square and walked through the Park. When she got home her husband was just sitting down to breakfast. After breakfast they went back to the hospital to see about the child's funeral.

"Will you tell me something, Rosie?" I asked. "What happened in the book after the child's death, did that happen too?"

She looked at me, doubtfully, for a moment; then her lips broke into her still beautiful smile.

"Well, it's all so many years ago, what odds does it make? I don't mind telling you. He didn't get it quite right. You see, it was only guess-work on his part. I was surprised that he knew as much as he did. I never told him anything."

ROSIE took a cigarette and pensively tapped its end on the table, but she did not light it.

"We came back from the hospital just like he said. We walked back. I felt I couldn't sit still in a cab, and I felt all dead inside me. I'd cried so much, I couldn't cry any more; and I was tired. Ted tried to comfort me, but I said, 'For God's sake, shut up.' After that he didn't say any more. We had rooms in the Vauxhall Bridge Road then, on the second floor, just a sitting-room and a bedroom—that's why we'd had to take the poor little thing to the hospital. We couldn't nurse her in lodgings. Besides, the landlady said she wouldn't have it, and Ted said she'd be looked after better at the hospital. She wasn't a bad sort, the landlady; and Ted used to talk to her by the hour. She came up when she heard us come in.

" 'How's the little girl tonight?' she said.

" 'She's dead,' said Ted.

"I couldn't say anything. Then she brought up the tea. I didn't want anything, but Ted made me eat some ham. Then I sat at the window. I didn't look round when the landlady came up to clear away. I didn't want anyone to speak to me. Ted was reading a book. At least he was pretending to, but he didn't turn the pages and I saw the tears dropping on it. I kept on looking out of the window. It was the end of June, the twenty-eighth, and the days were long. It was just near the corner where we lived and I looked at the people going in and out of the public houses and the trams going up and down. I thought the day would never come to an end. Then all of a sudden I noticed that it was night. All the lamps were lit. There were an awful lot of people in the street. I felt so tired. My legs were like lead.

" 'Why don't you light the gas?' I said to Ted.

" 'Do you want it?' he said.

" 'It's no good sitting in the dark,' I said.

"He lit the gas. He began smoking his pipe. I knew that would do him good. But I just sat and looked at the street. I don't know what came over me; I felt that if I went on sitting in that room I'd go mad. I wanted to go somewhere where there were lights and people. I wanted to get away from Ted. No, not so much that, I wanted to get away from all that Ted was thinking and feeling. We only had two rooms, I went into the bedroom. The child's cot was still there, but I wouldn't look at it. I put on my hat and a veil and I changed my dress and then I went back to Ted.

" 'I'm going out,' I said.

"Ted looked at me. I dare say he noticed I'd got my new dress on and perhaps something in the way I spoke made him see I didn't want him.

" 'All right,' he said.

"In the book he made me walk through the Park; but I didn't do that, really; I went down to Victoria and I took a hansom to Charing Cross. It was only a shilling fare. Then I walked up the Strand. I'd made up my mind what I wanted to do before I came out. Do you remember Harry Retford? Well, he was acting at the Adelphi then; he had the second comedy part. Well, I went to the stage-door and sent up my name. I always liked Harry Retford. I expect he was a bit unscrupulous and he was rather funny over money matters, but he could make you laugh and with all his faults he was a rare good sort. You know he was killed in the Boer War, don't you?"

"I didn't. I only knew he'd disappeared and one never saw his name on play-bills. I thought perhaps he'd gone into business or something."

"No, he went out at once. He was killed at Ladysmith. After I'd been waiting a bit he came down and I said: 'Harry, let's go on the razzle tonight. What about a bit of supper at Romano's?' 'Not 'alf,' he said. 'You wait here and the minute the show's over and I've got my make-up off I'll come down.' It made me feel better just to see him. He was playing a racing tout and it made me laugh just to look at him in his check suit and his billy-cock hat and his red nose. Well, I waited till the end of the show and then he came down and we walked along to Romano's.

" 'Are you hungry?' he said to me.

" 'Starving,' I said; and I was.

" 'Let's have the best,' he said, 'and blow the expense. I told Bill Terris I was taking my best girl out to supper and I touched him for a couple of quid.'

" 'Let's have champagne,' I said.

" 'Three cheers for the widow,' he said.

"I don't know if you ever went to Romano's in the old days. It was fine. You used to see all the theatrical people and the racing men, and the girls from the Gaiety used to go there. It was *the* place. And the Roman. Harry knew him and he came up to our table. He used to talk in funny broken English. I believe he put it on because he knew it made people laugh. And if someone he knew was down and out he'd always lend him a fiver.

" 'How's the kid?' said Harry.

" 'Better,' I said.

"I didn't want to tell him the truth. You know how funny men are—they don't understand some things. I knew Harry would think it dreadful of me to come out to supper when the poor child was lying dead in the hospital. He'd be awfully sorry and all that, but that's not what I wanted. I wanted to laugh."

ROSIE lit the cigarette that she had been playing with.

"When we'd finished our supper Harry said, 'Well, what about it?'

" 'What about what?' I said.

"There wasn't any dancing in those days and there was nowhere we could go.

" 'What about coming round to my flat and having a look at my photograph album?' said Harry.

" 'I don't mind if I do,' I said.

"He had a little bit of a flat in the Charing Cross Road, just two rooms and a bath and a kitchenette, and we drove round there, and I stayed the night.

"When I got back next morning the breakfast was already on the table and Ted had just started. I'd made up my mind that if he said anything I was going to fly out at him. I didn't care what happened. I'd earned my living before, and I was ready to earn it again. For two pins I'd have packed my box and left him there and then. But he just looked up as I came in.

" 'You've come just in time,' he said. 'I was going to eat your sausage.'

"I sat down and poured him out his tea. And he went on reading the paper. After we'd finished breakfast we went to the hospital. He never asked me where I'd been. I didn't know what he thought. He was terribly kind to me all that time. I was miserable, you know. Somehow I felt that I just couldn't get over it; and there was nothing he didn't do to make it easier for me."

"What did you think when you read the book?" I asked.

"Well, it did give me a turn to see that he did know pretty well what had happened that night. What beat me was his writing it at all. You'd have thought it was the last thing he'd put in a book.

(*Concluded on page 120*)

WHERE BEAUTY SPENDS THE SUMMER...

Lazy hours in the sand . . . brisk action on the courts . . . free, rhythmic strides over the golf course . . . tea and chiffon dresses at the club . . . dancing later if it is not too hot . . .

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Protect your skin from summer dust and drying, age-ing heat! Cool and refresh your skin with Valaze Snow Lotion, a delightful, flattering powder foundation (1.00, 2.00). Before your morning dip or your daily round of golf, protect your skin from exposure with Valaze Sun and Windproof Cream (1.00, 2.00). If your skin is oily, use Sunproof Lotion, the guardian of summer beauty (1.50).

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This should be the most complete of your home treatments — so that your beauty may be re-born while you sleep! If you are mature, cleanse thoroughly with Water Lily Cleansing Cream, composed of rare herbs and the youth-renewing essence of water lily buds (2.50). Then apply Eau Verte, the bracing stimulant to make your skin tingle with new life (3.00). Next, to re-mould a drooping chin, pat Valaze Georgine Lactee briskly under the chin, up around the temples. A remarkable muscle tightener (3.00). Smooth in a little of the new Youthifying Tissue Cream, so nourishing no woman over twenty can afford to be without it (2.00).

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The Glazo Company, Inc.,
191 Hudson Street, New York City

Perfumed
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CAKES AND ALE

(*Concluded from page 118*)

You're queer fish, you writers."

At that moment the telephone bell rang. Rosie took up the receiver and listened.

"Why, Mr. Vanuzzi, how very nice of you to call me up! Oh, I'm pretty well, thank you. Well, pretty and well, if you like. When you're my age you take all the compliments you can get."

She embarked upon a conversation, which I gathered from her tone, was of a facetious and even flirtatious character. I did not pay much attention, and since it seemed to prolong itself I began to meditate upon the writer's life. It is full of tribulation. First he must endure poverty and the world's indifference, then, having achieved a measure of success, he must submit with a good grace to its hazards. He depends upon a fickle public. He is at the mercy of journalists who want to interview him and photographers who want to take his picture, of editors who harry him for copy and tax gatherers who harry him for income tax, of persons of quality who ask him to lunch and secretaries of institutes who ask him to lecture; of women who want to marry him and women who want to divorce him, of youths who want his autograph, actors who want parts, and strangers who want a loan, of gushing ladies who ask for advice on their matrimonial affairs and earnest young men who ask for advice on their own compositions, of agents, publishers, managers, bores, admirers, critics, and his own conscience. But he has one compensation. Whenever he has anything on his mind, whether it be a harassing reflection, grief at the death of a friend, unrequited love, wounded pride, anger at the treachery of someone to whom he has shown kindness—in short any emotion or any perplexing thought, he has only to put it down in black and white, using it as the theme of a story or the decoration of an essay, to forget all about it. He is the only free man.

Rosie put back the receiver and turned to me.

"That was one of my beaux. I'm going to play bridge tonight and he rang up to say he'd call round for me in his car. Of course he's a wop, but he's real nice. He used to run a big grocery store downtown, in New York, but he's retired now."

"Have you never thought of marrying again, Rosie?"

"No." She smiled. "Not that I haven't had offers. I'm quite happy as I am. The way I look on it is this: I don't want to marry an old man, and it would be silly at my age to marry a young one. I've had my time and I'm ready to call it a day."

"What made you run away with George Kemp?"

"Well, I'd always liked him. I knew him long before I knew Ted, you know. Of course I never thought there was any chance of marrying him. For one thing, he was married already and then he had his position to think of. And then when he came to me one day and said that everything had gone wrong and he was bust and there'd be a warrant out for his arrest in a few days and he was going to America and would I go with him—well, what could I do? I couldn't let him go all that way by himself, with no money perhaps, and him having been always so grand and living in his own house and driving his own trap. It wasn't as if I was afraid of work."

"I sometimes think he was the only man you ever cared for," I suggested.

"I dare say there's some truth in that."

"I wonder what it was you saw in him."

Rosie's eyes travelled to a picture on the wall that for some reason had escaped my notice. It was an enlarged photograph of Lord George in a carved gilt frame. It looked as if it might have been taken soon after his arrival in America, perhaps at the time of their marriage. It was a three-quarter length. It showed him in a long frock coat, tightly buttoned, and a tall silk hat cocked rakishly on one side of his head. There was a large rose in his buttonhole; under one arm he carried a silver-headed cane and smoke curled from a big cigar that he held in his right hand. He had a heavy moustache, waxed at the ends, a gay saucy look in his eye and in his bearing the swagger of a Lothario. In his tie was a horse-shoe in diamonds. He looked like a publican dressed up in his best to go to the Derby.

"I'll tell you," said Rosie. "He was always such a perfect gentleman." THE END

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

(*Concluded from page 101*)

Lord, how women remembered things! How they stuck to an idea once it got implanted in their heads! That poker game had happened fourteen years ago and he had explained it to her a dozen times, but you might as well talk to a stone image.

He hadn't intended to deceive her. When he told her he was staying downtown to finish up some work, he had been absolutely on the level. But some friends had waylaid him on the way home, and dragged him into a poker game. They were short-handed and he did it as a favour, intending to stay only an hour or so; but when it came time to leave he found himself a big winner and it didn't seem fair to go with all that money, and later, when his luck turned and he went in the hole, he couldn't afford to quit.

Having lost eighty dollars he decided to say nothing about the game when he got home, but a few days later one of the fellows got to blabbing, and the whole story came out, so Marguerite jumped to the conclusion that he had deliberately tricked her and that the flowers had been sent as a salve to his conscience.

Reflecting on the matter as he moved through the increasing darkness, Mr. Todd perceived a sequence in the floral mischances of his married life. Marguerite's attitude about the flowers he had sent her after Queen Marie of Rumania visited the city was a part of the same picture. It hadn't been his fault that Queen Marie kept him away from home on their wedding anniversary. Her Majesty's request to see the Stock Yards was virtually a command, and as a member of the Committee of Welcome he had been obliged to accompany her. His flowers were intended merely to show Marguerite that he was sorry, but she had laughed at him and called him the Dowager King of Rumania, and the nickname had followed him ever since.

What was the matter with women, anyway? Why couldn't they be more understanding? Why were they so unfair? Mr. Todd looked dubiously at the bundle of flowers in his hand. What was he letting himself in for this time?

Rounding a corner he saw the lighted window of his house ahead, and his step slackened. Would Marguerite accept these daffodils at face value, or would she again interpret them as meaning he had something to conceal? He visioned her suspicious glance, her knowing smile. That smile could make him feel so small, could irritate him so!

Mr. Todd stopped and stood gazing at an ashcan half full of snow at the margin of the sidewalk. He glanced about to see that no one was observing him. Then, thrusting the flowers into the can, he stepped quickly away.

As he was taking off his overcoat in the hall a few minutes later, Marguerite appeared.

"Hello, dear!" She kissed him, and with her hands upon his shoulders, gazed searchingly into his face. "Did you walk home tonight as you promised me you would?"

"Why, certainly."

"Did you walk down this morning?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, what have you been up to?"

"What do you mean?" stiffly demanded Mr. Todd.

Marguerite smiled her knowing smile.

"You might as well own up," she told him. "I know you've been in mischief. You look so guilty, Guernsey, so ridiculously guilty."

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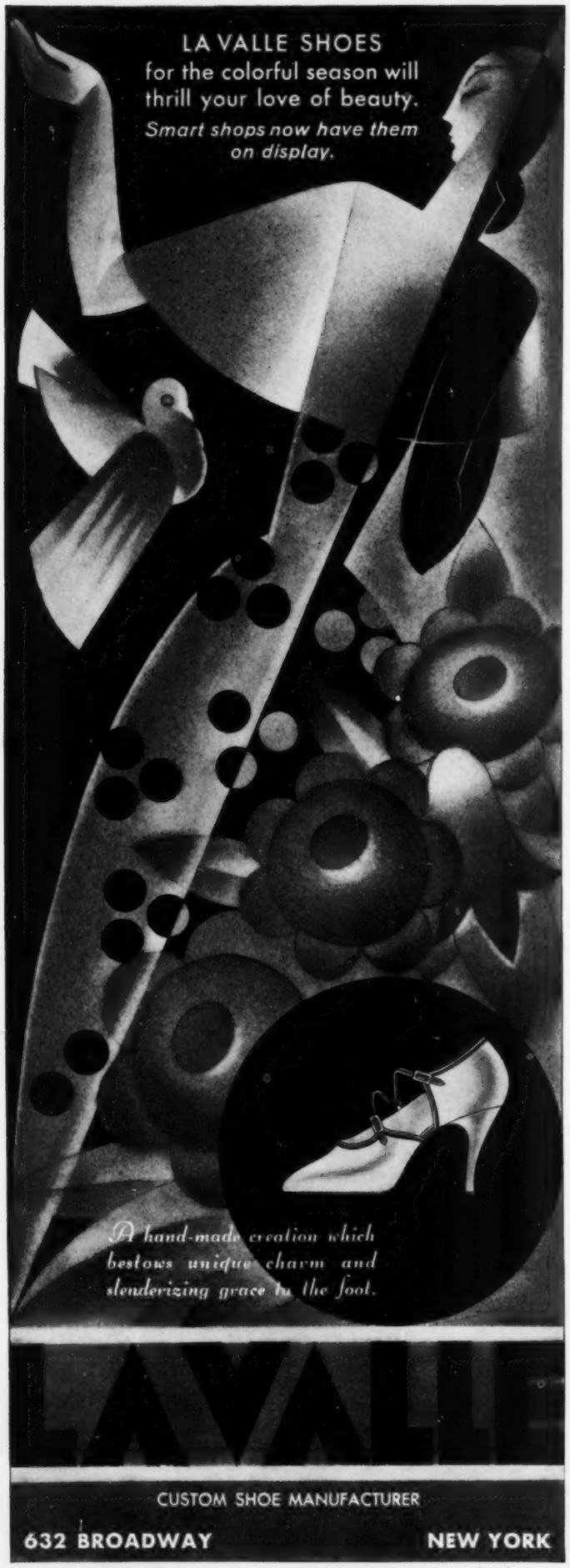
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THE CRINOLINE

(*Concluded from page 56*)

crinolines. The world had indeed gone crinoline mad, with apparently no amount of ridicule being able to dislodge it. It lasted quite two decades.

SHE: And how did it end?

I: By the most natural of deaths, the fate of even the most prosperous of fashions, because some elegant women began to tire of it—an event which happened in 1859. It started by a report being spread throughout Europe: "The Empress Eugénie at the last Court Ball appeared without a crinoline." Thunderbolt!

The same year invitations for an imperial house-party at the Château de Compiègne bore the words, "No Crinolines."

Soon after followed a report from Vienna: "The Empress Elizabeth has left off the crinolines."

After this its popularity began to decline slowly, until the crinoline gradually disappeared entirely. "The crinoline in itself," people said, "is dead, but not the steel hoops."

However, before telling you of the new way steel hoops were used, we must have a chapter on the frivolity of frills and flounces, which, for about twenty years, seem to have trimmed every dress. This fashion began with two skirts of different lengths, each finished off by a flounce, worn on top of each other. The number of these superimposed skirts was gradually increased to six.

SHE: It would have been much more sensible to sew the required number of flounces on to one foundation.

I: This is exactly what was done soon after, the number of flounces having steadily increased, eventually reaching to fifteen and twenty, and during the climax of the vogue to some fifty flounces on one skirt. But what are fifty flounces compared to the Empress Eugénie's white satin ball gowns which, we are told, were trimmed with as many as one hundred and three tulle *volants?*

The fantastic development of this ubiquitous trimming led to the vogue of tiny black velvet ribbons which, during a time, edged every one of the millions of gauze flounces to be seen in Paris. Tarlatan, organdie, and net became the most popular materials of the period. Airy textures which gave dressmakers unlimited opportunity to indulge in an unprecedented orgy of frills and flounces.

And though we can hardly believe it, one reads in fashion papers of the period that at the time the crinoline had reached its widest proportions, some eleven hundred yards of material were actually required for one gown alone.

SHE: I wish I could have seen such gowns. They sound wonderful.

I: No doubt delightful, but, oh, how dangerous; being the kind of gowns which burned like tinder. Remember, these were the days of wax candles, and at no other time in history have so many deaths from burning had to be recorded.

SHE: Now keep your promise and tell me what happened after the crinoline was buried. You said that though the crinoline was no more, steel hoops continued to exist. What, exactly, did you mean?

I: I meant to say that though the actual crinoline had been given up and no longer started from immediately below the waist, steel hoops were now made to spread, but only from the knees downward. This, in comparison, made hips appear to be almost narrow, especially since the backs of all skirts were made to develop into lengthy trains. An appendage, however, which at once assumed exaggerated proportions, trains being worn for many years on both evening and day dresses. Imagine the horror of yards of silk made to sweep dusty streets! Simultaneously with the train, the ultra-short walking dress came into being.

SHE: It seems almost a repetition of our own 1930 fashions, "The period of varying skirt lengths."

I: Yes, to a certain extent, though in the early 'sixties the longer the skirt trailed at night, the higher it was drawn up during the day. This was the beginning of an entirely new style, the mode of the fancy petticoat, or of the drawn-up dress, deriving from the elastic band.

SHE: What elastic band?

I: The one mentioned in Grandma's diary, to loop up her skirt with on rainy days. An elastic she calls her *porte jupe Pompadour* (in plain words her "dress improver"). "This," she explains, "is an invisible contraption, devised to draw up the skirt in four different places at once, resulting in a fourfold pannier." This style became the starting-point of a series of new fashions, among which was the elaborate underskirt, generally carried out in a contrasting shade to the gown.

The next development was the tunic, a draped overdress usually worn over a striped foundation.

SHE: Don't I recognize your description? It reminds me of a horrible photograph, some great-aunt or other leaning against a broken column, with Vesuvius smoking as a background. The stripes on this picture are wide and vertical, quite unlike the horizontal effects introduced by Chanel some years ago.

I: It is the style of costume supposed to have been invented by Princess Pauline Metternich, at that time Austrian Ambassadress in Paris. Elegant and spirituelle, as the lady no doubt was, she is credited with having launched a set of hideous fashions (later on designated as *le genre canaille*). Loud and vulgar styles, to describe which the word "chic" was first invented. They were never adopted by the Empress herself, these fashions not having been considered sufficiently dignified for so serene a type of beauty as hers.

The Mode from then on deteriorated, became vulgar, and is universally condemned as a mere striving after notoriety of the wrong kind. Grotesque masculine costumes and absurd military uniforms for women were considered supremely chic.

I remember Grandma mentioning a yellow velvet *paletot*, decorated with Chinese embroideries and immense jet buttons. (Makes me shudder.) I recall her also speaking of the colour scarlet as being the fashionable shade of the day, made to harmonize with women's flame-coloured hair, which, she says, they dressed "to resemble their lap dogs—*à la mouton frisé* or *en caniche* (the French for a poodle!)."

Alas! For much of this hideousness posterity blames the Empress Eugénie. The vulgarity of certain Second Empire fashions became associated with her name. Yet, every one of those who have come in contact with the beautiful Spaniard seems to agree about her having been not merely beautiful, but having also possessed inimitable grace, as well as exquisite taste. She was known to wear nothing but the softest of colours: pearl greys, sapphire blues, pale yellows, mauves, and, in the evening, white (supplied by Worth). How, therefore, can she have been responsible for the flamboyant styles so aptly named by those who came after her *le genre canaille?*

Accusations of frivolity and extravagance might possibly be brought against her. She is, for instance, supposed never to have worn the same gown more than once. A statement, by the way, not corroborated by the ladies of her Court, a few of whom having only quite recently disappeared. (They lived long enough to tell the tale.)

It has also been said of this beautiful Empress, that for her famous visit to Egypt, at the time she inaugurated the Suez Canal, she had taken some two hundred and fifty dresses for official receptions at which she knew she would have to appear. And what do we know about an Empress's wardrobe of two hundred and fifty dresses? Is it a great deal or is it barely sufficient to uphold a reputation of being not only the most beautiful but also the most elegant woman of her time?

I am somehow under the impression that in our more recent post-war days luxury and sartorial extravagance have attained a degree of magnificence which makes the innumerable tarlatan and organdie flounces of this splendid but ill-fated Empress sink in mere insignificance.

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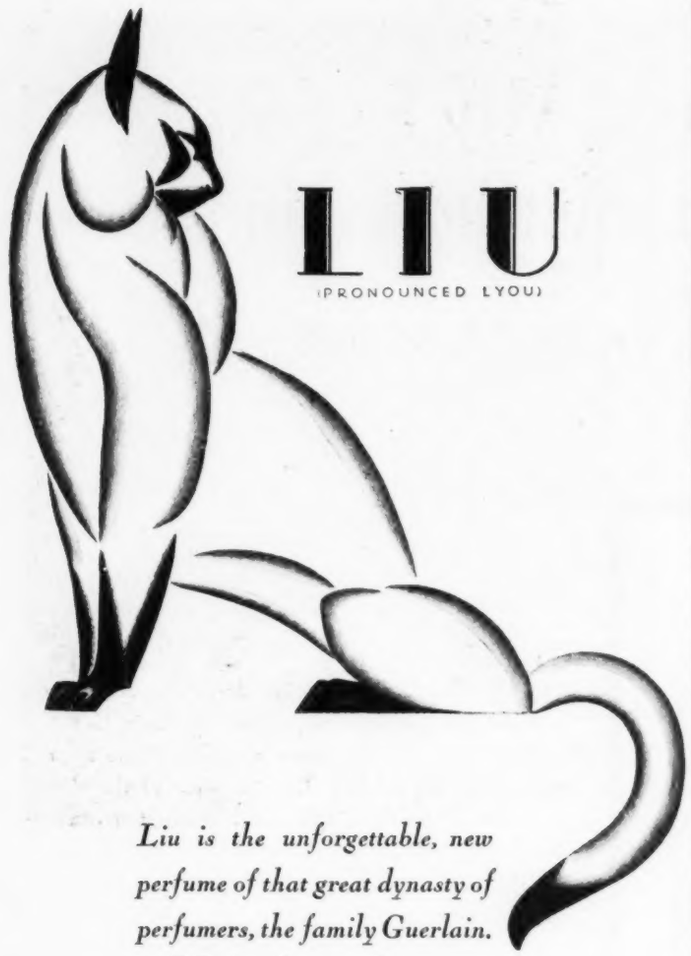

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Thirty Dollars

S. F.

(*Concluded from page 61*)

So they went to the party, and on the way the other man asked S. F. if he was sick, he was so quiet; and S. F. admitted to a headache. He said he thought it came from his eyes. The party was as dull as hell. Cousin Ruth turned out to be a detestable arty little person who fluttered from guest to guest, kissing the men and giving shrill cries of greeting. She had asked people from whom she wanted favours, and they were a job lot, mostly very rich and feeling it severely. S. F. dodged her kiss and went over to the table for a drink. The drinks were good, which was something.

AT LAST the door went wide with a slam and in came Angela—with a vague female secretary for background—wrapped in a white fur cape, lustrous as a pearl among swine, S. F. thought, seeing how the men licked their lips and the women stiffened. Cousin Ruth fluttered about her and drew her forward and tried to take away her cape, but Angela held it. "I can stay only a moment," she said, feeling the rampant boredom. "I am so tired, you know, after dancing, so very tired. I must rest."

Now Cousin Ruth uttered shrill cries indeed. "Oh, I can't let you go, you must stay, heaps of other people are coming, they're simply crazy to meet you—" and so forth.

"But am I crazy to meet them?" asked Angela thoughtfully, and looked straight into the worship and reverence of S. F.'s eyes. She saw that, and she saw, too, that he was very handsome and young. She lifted a finger. "You may introduce people," she said to Cousin Ruth. "Quickly, please."

"I knew you would be the last one," she said to S. F., when it was his turn. "But why weren't you the first?"

"The last might have more chance to talk to you."

"Always the old S. F.," exclaimed his friend who was hanging at his elbow.

Angela disregarded the friend as she disregarded all she did not like. "But this is no place to talk," she told S. F., "and I believe you have many things to say to me. Come and have tea with me tomorrow at five. You can do that?"

He indicated that sudden death would be the only impediment to his coming, and he kissed her hand. Whereupon Angela wrapped her cape about her, smiled once upon the company, and said to Cousin Ruth, "Good-bye, I am going." And to her secretary, "Open the door, you," which, being done, she disappeared, leaving Cousin Ruth wailing on the threshold.

"You certainly made a hit," said the other man to S. F. "But isn't she the high sign in snootiness? 'Open the door, you,' to that poor little secretary—"

S. F. did not hear him, for the very good reason that he had likewise opened the door and shut it behind him. He was alone with his treasure. He went to his room and stayed awake all night thinking humbly and honestly of what he would say to Angela. For now, at last, he had met the one to whom he might reveal all his years of hiding, the one who could understand—who would like to understand—the secrets beating in his heart. For she was sea and sun and stars and all nature moving in rhythm; she was music, she was colour, she was flight of birds and moonlight on scented flowers! She was ecstasy and glory! She was divine!

The morning dragged miserably towards afternoon, and the afternoon was measured in terms of centuries. S. F. went home from the office and put on his best clothes and then dallied wretchedly about in florists' shops trying to decide on the right tribute. He had never seen such meagre, unsatisfactory blooms. Orchids, sweet peas, carnations, lilies-of-the-valley—how incredibly awful! At last he bought boughs of apple-blossom and white lilac forced far before their season, but as sweet and abundant as if gathered in May. With these he stood in the hall of Angela's apartment exactly at five.

The vague secretary let him in and disappeared. It seemed to him that the creature grimaced at his flowers, but he was in no state to note minor details. He walked in slowly. The room was large and bare, with white walls, white floor, white furniture. He did not see her.

"I am over here," said Angela's voice.

He turned towards her eagerly and stopped still. She was lying on the white couch against white curtains. She was almost naked.

He stood for an eternal moment and then came forward. "How do you do?" he said agreeably. "An awfully nice day, don't you think? I've brought you a little bunch of flowers—" He dropped the object of his long quest carelessly. They were nothing to him now.

He laid his hat on a chair, set his stick against it. "May I take off my overcoat?" he asked. "It's so warm in here and very cold outside. The sun's shining, but it doesn't seem to make much difference."

He put his gloves neatly in his pocket and flung the coat across the chair with his hat. He drew another chair from against the wall and sat down. He looked at the tea-table, for oddly enough there was a tea-table. "Oh, you have a samovar," he said. "Really old, too. I've a friend who has a very good one, but not so fine as this. This one is stunning, with that band of etching on the copper. May I pour myself some tea?"

"If tea is what you want," said Angela.

"Well, there's nothing like a good cup of tea," said S. F. "People are drinking more tea, I believe, than they ever did. In some of the business houses they serve it regularly now to all the employes, just as they do in England. Of course, it's more necessary in England than over here, because they work later in the evening."

"How interesting!" said Angela. She moved a slim ankle a little more into S. F.'s line of vision.

"Yes, isn't it! I've always wanted to go out to India and see the big tea plantations. Or are they in China? I ought to know, but I don't." He had his cup in his hand, now. "This is delicious tea. What kind is it?"

"I have not the least idea."

"It's the best I ever tasted, I believe." He took another sip and went on talking, talking, talking. For twenty minutes by the white clock on the white table S. F. sat by the side of the reclining Angela and made sappy un-ideaed conversation in phrases of never-excelled banality. He even told her some little stories of his office! At the end of twenty minutes he rose. "I must go," he said. "This has been wonderful!" He picked up his coat and put it on, took his hat and stick, bowed politely to his hostess and started towards the door.

"And is this all that you have to say to me?" asked Angela.

He turned and looked at her with loathing and hate. "Yes, this is all," he said.

IN THE street he hailed a taxi and directed the man to his club. When he got out the driver saw that uncontrollable tears were running down S. F.'s face, dripping off his chin, like a child's tears.

"Whatsa matter, buddy? Somebody dead?" asked the man, startled.

"Yes," said S. F. almost whispering, "Beauty is dead."

But the chauffeur couldn't make anything out of that. He drove off wondering.

"Prob'ly his pet dawg," he decided at last.

From the windows of Rose Laird's salon, the vast panorama of Central Park and a magnificent view of New York's sky line are yours.

Rose Laird

of New York and London

gives a facial specialist's advice on home care of the skin

IT is said of Rose Laird that a small (but important) group of New York women wintering in Palm Beach actually paid her $3000 and traveling expenses to come down for two days and give them facial treatments.

Such stories center only about people of consequence, and Rose Laird is certainly one of these. Her clientele reads like a limited edition of New York's Blue Book. Her interesting work on facial care has made her a national reputation.

Rose Laird's own advice for home care of the skin

Naturally, you will be interested in the suggestions this beauty specialist makes for home skin treatments.

"When my patrons consult me as to a means of preserving the complexion between visits to my salon," she says, "I always recommend—in addition to a special home treatment—once or twice during the day cleanse thoroughly with the soothing lather of Palmolive.

"Other soaps may irritate. Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."

Isn't that an interesting statement, coming, as it does, from one who spends all her time studying and practicing the art of skin care?

As you probably realize, Palmolive is the choice of the beauty profession. Here, abroad, everywhere—more than 19,800 experts prefer this soap because it is made of these cosmetic oils of olive and palm, used successfully by generations of lovely women.

World's most popular treatment

You massage Palmolive lather tenderly into the skin; then rinse, first with warm water, later with cold. Such an easy way to protect the skin. And so inexpensive that it is used for the bath as a matter of economy. Do try it, on the advice of such notable beauty experts as Rose Laird.

Miss Laird herself attends her most important clients, who regard her word as the highest beauty authority.

"Your skin is very delicate. It must be carefully guarded to prevent wrinkles, coarsening roughness. Harsh soaps can do more harm than good. That is why I urge Palmolive."

Rose Laird

Retail Price 10c

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast every Wednesday night – from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time – over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

FINGERTIPS and lips that repeat in color . . . an ensemble as smart as Paris in Spring! First conceived by Peggy Sage for the distinguished clientele of her own smart manicure salons . . . New York, Palm Beach, East Hampton, Southampton . . . The twin products are now available in three approved shades of nail polish and lipstick that exactly match, in use.

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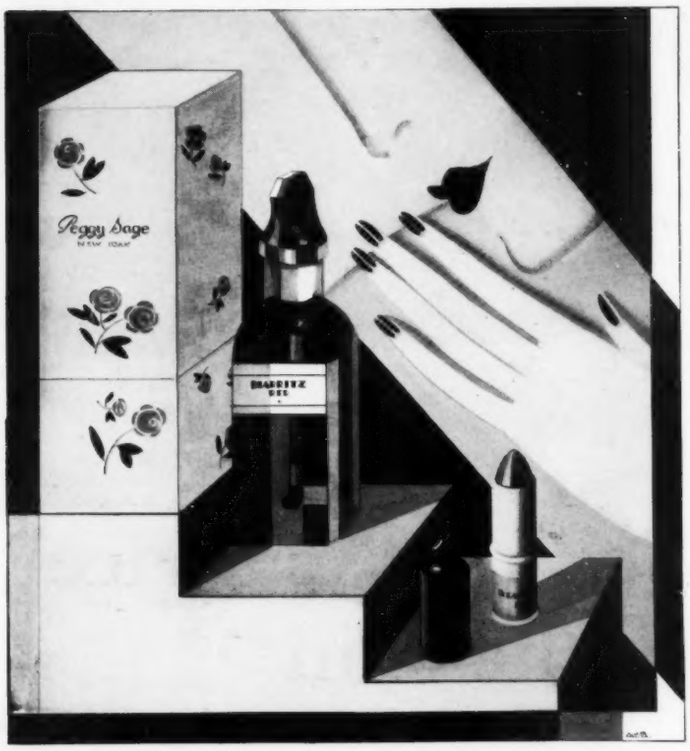

Peggy Sage products for the care of the hands have long been known as the very finest of their kind. Among the well-known Peggy Sage Nail Polishes are . . . Extra Pale, Pale, Medium, Dark, and Blood Red. Also ensemble shades to match jewels or gowns . . . Jade Green, Sapphire Blue, Onyx, Amethyst, Silver, Gold, Rose Pearl, White Pearl. These shades . . . as well as the matched products . . . may be seen at the Peggy Sage manicure salons . . . at many other exclusive salons which use her products . . . and at the smartest cosmetic counters everywhere.

PEGGY SAGE
50 EAST 57TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

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A VANITY-CASE

(Continued from page 77)

If hunger is the best sauce, anger probably is the worst. Badger's simulation of eating for the sake of appearance was, he finally decided, ludicrous. Sylvia evidently had sent word to the kitchen, for he had found only one place at the table. It seemed to him that the girl, whose tread and carriage had been so pleasing, was stalking resentfully. The servants, he inferred, were on Sylvia's side.

This was no situation for a man, he thought—being lectured in dumb show by a dining-room maid. He would clear the atmosphere; give them something to be angry about. This thing of jarring a goblet on the bare rubbed walnut, accenting the placing of a silver fork on a plate, sniffling in the pantry—if Sylvia could walk out, so could he. This air of outraged women, he would not put up with it.

He gave up the pretense of eating. He was enveloped with, confused by, his surprise and rebellion against Sylvia's act. He wanted to be rid of that confusion; he wanted to feel stern and right. So he had the maid take his unfinished plate and drew out his wallet, patting the brown leather and looking up at her with a half-smile. Lighting a cigarette he pushed back his chair and told her to bring in the other maid and the cook.

"Mrs. Badger has gone to her people, the Conrads, on the other side of town," he said, looking around the trio. "We will close the house. When she comes home, she will get in touch with you. How much for this week and next?"

He crushed his cigarette end in his saucer and went out. With what he could take in a steamer trunk he would move downtown. When Sylvia came back she would have to get into touch with him, also. The more he thought about it, the more the plan of leaving the house, until Sylvia should come to her senses, appealed to him.

No use, he thought, to do any elaborate closing. Sylvia had not troubled herself about it. Roaming upstairs after the servants had gone he discovered that his wife had taken almost nothing. Not even her rings. He scooped them from the top of her dressing-table and dropped them into a drawer. He would come out in a day or two, he decided, and pick up all the small, valuable objects and take them to the bank.

Sylvia had taken hardly enough clothes for the week-end; practically everything was hanging in her presses. Downstairs it was the same. That old flask she had left in the living-room—a piece worth a great deal, probably. She had walked off and left everything. That was what he wanted to do.

ON the point of throwing his things into his bags, he was arrested by the thought of Marilla Rowan. In his state of mind, going to see Marilla seemed reasonable, logical. Exactly the thing to do.

He had to confess that Marilla puzzled and attracted him. Their acquaintance had grown out of his law practice. She had been the wife of Dick Rowan, a college classmate, and Wayman had helped them to a friendly divorce. But on account of something unstated, unexplained, about her personality he had not been able to let her pass out of his range of contacts with the signing of the decree.

To catch a glimpse from his dark eyes and note the mould of the mouth that was always inclining to smile under his severely cut young lawyer's moustache, was to have a hint of the reason. Badger was unable to believe that he had closed finally the gateways on his colourful youth. He insisted on looking back, revisiting a land which should have been left to its continuing inhabitants.

Sylvia wanted achievement for him. But they were always going somewhere, returning worn out or exhilarated from somewhere, or saying good night towards morning to guests who left behind in their Woodland Lane home a chaos of dregs, stains, fumes, and jarring echoes of loud, ill-considered talk and laughter.

She objected to that. She thought and said that Wayman was too gifted, too highly interested in his profession, to be blunting his senses and wasting his energies in the monotonous, unimaginative pastimes that their crowd furnished.

But she had a crippling handicap in making her way prevail. She had known about him before their marriage. Her family had said, "Don't marry him, Sylvia; he's a Badger."

She had backed her own judgment; had trusted her heart, and lost. At the end of three years, Wayman was what he had always been, a lovable, generous, impetuous, high-tempered, reckless boy.

Unfortunately for Sylvia's hopes, Wayman had money. His and hers together made far more than enough. So she was without the aid of the incentive of a living to be earned. Her task had been to help Wayman rise to his opportunities, justify his evident talents, strictly on principle.

Wayman put his travelling-bags back into the storeroom. He had changed his mind. He would go and see Marilla. That would put in the evening. He would sleep at home tonight. Then, if Sylvia didn't come back by another evening, he would move down to a club. That gave him a program. He went to the telephone.

THE apartment house in which Mrs. Rowan was living, by its quiet luxury and impeccable location, invited Wayman Badger to speculate on her income. Having written her complaint in divorce and having arranged the financial settlement with Dick Rowan's lawyers, he knew what she had from him. It wasn't enough to justify this establishment. But Marilla Rowan seemed free from concern about money; and on the three or four occasions when he had stopped in to see her, he had been impressed by the absence of any anxiety which might have been natural in her situation.

Anxiety would have marred her charm. The something unexplained, the mystery behind which he had been unable to pass, had afflicted Badger's imagination. The result had been that inability to resist or dismiss her which had been the immediate cause of Sylvia's departure.

Although on his telephoned inquiry Marilla had bidden him to drive over at once, he found her standing in her living-room as if ready to go out. She wore a brief silver gown and on a chair was laid a deep blue wrap with a collar of white fur. Her black hair was massed low on her neck, throwing into arresting relief the pallor of her skin.

"I mustn't keep you," Badger said at once. "I see you are going somewhere. You should have told me. You see I had the evening on my hands. Sylvia is away. I wish we could have an hour; but it's all right. I shall be calling you again."

"No; wait," she said, looking at him studiously with those widely separated blue eyes that could reflect so many tones of feeling. Her expression never failed to interest him. When he first knew her she was always vivid, but lately he had noticed that her glance would fade, waver, drop, or go aside at the moment she was most intent. It had now a suggestion of languor, as if some irksome inner thought or reservation was impeding her will. She kept moving her fingers up and down the cord of beads that fell from her neck, and her mouth seemed to have lost its old repose. Her manner had in it something erratic, furtive almost. He felt impelled to detain, press her, until he had identified it.

Until tonight she had never failed to be delighted to have him; and although she was outside the circle of his natural associates, he had found her refreshing and stimulating. Tomorrow never came for her and she had encouraged in him that same undoing illusion.

She was saying to him:

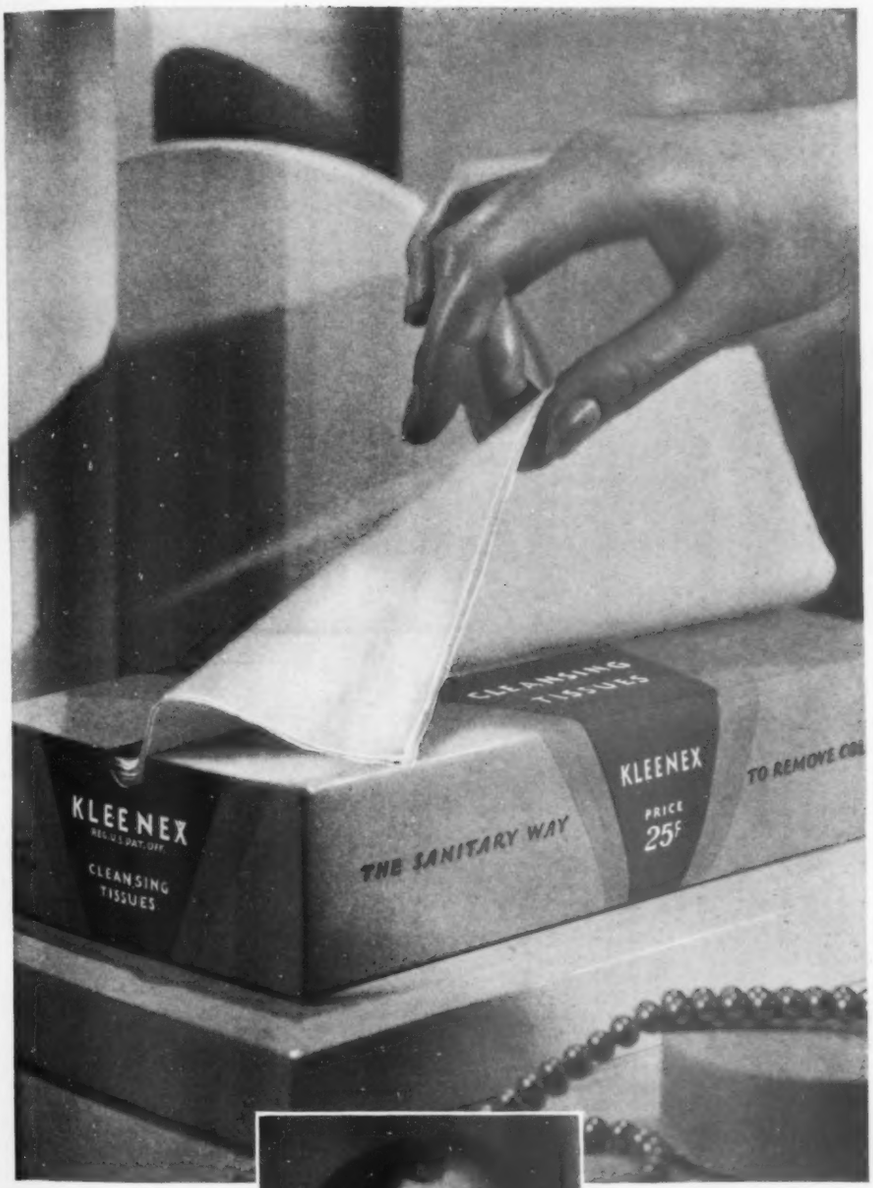
"I might arrange it, Wayman. I might get out of my engagement."

He could insist or not. He knew he should not; but there was the long, boring evening ahead, and the unreasoning urging of his curiosity. "It will be nothing," he reassured himself.

While he was waiting for her to decide,

(Continued on page 128)

The daintiest way to remove cold cream



Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: It is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually *blot up* the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Daintier for handkerchiefs, too

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex is soft and gentle, and soothing to inflamed skin. Mothers find it wonderful for children. Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Kleenex comes in a lovely box, in white and tints. Drug and department stores sell it.

SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: *"I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."*

Sally Eilers

EXQUISITE TINTS of green, pink or yellow make Kleenex especially dainty. (There's white, of course, if you prefer.) The tints are absolutely pure and safe. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

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Please send a sample of Kleenex to: H-6

Name .....

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Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Even Lovelier yet 1/3rd longer wearing!

WE make no exaggerated claims for Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" stockings. They don't wear forever—after all, accidents happen and silk will give before leather.

We do say this: Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" stockings, treated with ordinary good care, will give fully 1/3rd longer service than the hosiery you have been wearing.

The reason is . . . "*Silk-Sealing*" . . . a new, exclusive process that *improves stocking wear and beauty* amazingly. "Sealing" strengthens the threads in a stocking individually—helps them to resist wear—"pulls" and ruinous "runs".

"Sealing", too, makes the threads smooth and sleek—colors become clearer—texture delicately sheer.

In a series of actual "on-the-foot" wear tests, 100 Radcliffe College girls proved that Dexdales *wore 39.43% longer than ordinary stockings.* At Wellesley, *Dexdales gave 33.4% more wear.* Both groups of girls praised the lovely qualities of Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery.

Although superior in beauty and longer in wear—Dexdales cost no more . . . $1.25 to $3.00. All weights . . . all the new shades.

Send for the booklet "Dexdale goes to College." It tells the interesting story of the College Wear Tests and gives hints on wearing the new hosiery shades. Address Dept. D-4

DEXDALE HOSIERY MILLS
Lansdale, Pa.

Dexdale
"Silk-Sealed" Hosiery

A VANITY-CASE

(*Continued from page 126*)

he was wondering if her going out had anything to do with two other men who seemed to be occasional visitors to her apartment. He had found them both there once, men slightly older than she, men he could not classify, who talked around him to her as if they and she belonged in a special world.

Marilla had shown him a platinum wrist-watch one of them had given her, a watch of a quality for which the giver's stated occupation—she said he was a newspaper man—would not account.

"If you could make some excuse, I wish you would," he urged her.

When she spoke again her voice had a slightly higher, an unmusical tone. It was a voice strange to Badger and not pleasant.

"You say . . . . your wife is out of town?"

"The truth is, I don't know where she is," he challenged her. "She has left me."

Marilla Rowan's eyes narrowed ever so little.

"Wait," she said, "until I telephone out of my engagement."

She was gone from the room some minutes, and while she was absent he waited uneasily, knowing that if she should return and say she could not be released he would be relieved. Why, he wondered, had he laid himself open to fresh complications with the woman who had been the immediate cause of Sylvia's going? Why was he persisting? Trying to ease his mind, he determined to make the evening short; he would take her to some quiet place where they could talk, and presently he would be saying good night.

She was coming across the room towards him and he knew from her expression that it was settled.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I am ready to renew my youth! This is going to be fun, Wayman. I haven't had any fun for a long time!"

DOWN on the street they hesitated beside Wayman's roadster at the kerb. Four or five blocks away beckoned the carnival sparkle of the theatre and night-club district; but the early spring air held a quality that made the thought of sitting indoors repugnant to Badger. He suggested driving; the country, he pointed out, was a matter of minutes.

Seated in the car, Marilla turned to him intimately as he was about to start. It seemed she had a desire about the evening.

"Wayman," she said, "there is one thing I should love to do. You can make me very happy. I should like to drive out to your house. I have a longing to see it."

The very daring of her proposal, fitting in with the mood of defiance that had brought him to see her, caused Badger to sit and consider the possibility. The summary, almost cool manner in which Sylvia had packed and gone had left him angry and resentful. Marilla was going on:

"We are both—unhappy. I can think of a lot of things we could do tonight; places we could go. But there wouldn't be anything new about them. I'd like to go and talk about ourselves. Perhaps I could help straighten you out with—Sylvia."

She was watching him to see how he was taking her plea. The traces of hardness around her mouth had faded. She was thoroughly disarming, innocent; promising the manner that had first attracted him; easy, mischievous laughter; the tonic of rare gaiety.

He felt he had to do something to re-establish his confidence in himself. He knew now that his coming here had been due to an impulse to meet Sylvia's gesture with one of his own. His impetuous, boyish obstinacy, his dislike of defeat, were getting the better of him.

"Let's run out to your place and stay a half hour. Wouldn't it be fun? Better than anything we could do."

After the lengths he had gone with her, Wayman told himself, he could not be seen straining at minor scruples. After all, it would take only a half hour to satisfy her whim. The rôle of faint-hearted buccaneer at this stage would make him ridiculous.

He slipped the car into gear.

"We might stop by for a few minutes," he said.

As they moved away from the kerb, Marilla Rowan cast an uneasy, hasty glance backwards. A touring car that had been parked down the block behind them was getting into motion, following them into the stream of traffic.

WOODLAND Lane is a hilly tract of true forest within the city. The houses are rods apart, each on its own acre or two, well back from the winding private road. The Badger place, severely simple in the manner that only a deep purse can produce, is the most remote, a reproduction of a Georgian home Sylvia had admired in England.

Marilla got out of the machine with a ripple of excited laughter. Even in the darkness she could appreciate the luxurious hidden-away note and the fine proportions of the house.

Badger opened the door and threw on some lights. Stepping back to close the door after Marilla had entered, he heard her exclaim hurriedly, "My wrap is caught! There!" She took the knob and released the edge of her cloak, backing against the door like a pleased child as if to admire the wide hall with its early-American chairs and its graceful stair rail. As Badger went ahead into the living-room at the left, she with unusual care closed the door. But first she ran her fingers along its edge.

Once in, with his guest seated on the low sofa that flanked the fireplace, Wayman wished he had not consented to the visit. It was a perfect example of the kind of thing that had made Sylvia unhappy. Marilla, he reflected, and all the other emancipated women he knew, were alike. They were concerned with creating sensations for their own gratification. They were not even distantly related to his fastidious wife.

He gazed around the room. It had, he now saw, not beauty alone, but meaning. This place—it was largely Sylvia's creation—had character. For the first time he knew how proud he was of it; proud, he added mentally, of an object like that old blue flask. He looked at it on the mantel. Yet here he was among Sylvia's prized possessions with a strange woman, one who, when you came down to it, could not appreciate much beyond a pretty dress and a drink.

Mechanically, he asked, "You will have a drink? I can give you whisky-and-soda."

"Splendid!" she responded. "And a cigarette while you are getting it."

While Wayman was absent, Marilla walked around the room, looking at pictures, books, pieces of furniture. Once she went swiftly into the front entry and looked up the stairs. She touched the outer door again, then pressed the switch that darkened the hall, and returned to her place on the sofa. She was seated there when Wayman reappeared with the tray.

Pouring for her, siphoning soda-water into her glass, he asked:

"Now that you have it, is this what you wanted?"

"Precisely, Wayman. Come and sit beside me. You ought to be happy here. This is a beautiful house."

"As if that had anything to do with happiness," he observed. He stood for a moment with his glass in his hand, then sank into a wing chair.

"You look so comfortable and contented there," Marilla commented. Her eyes were roving the great room. Badger, she noted, had his back to the entrance from the hall. With a little smile she relaxed in one corner of the sofa.

"We were talking of your contentment," he responded. "Tell me, what about this man—did you say his name was Marshall?—who gave you the watch. He interests me, I can't place the type."

Marilla looked up sharply.

"You would understand him if you knew him better. He has been a good friend to me."

(*Concluded on page 130*)

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

BUICK

WILL BUILD THEM

BODY BY FISHER

For Motorists who desire ultra-fine cars

—these luxurious Buick models

All over America, men and women who formerly purchased much higher priced cars now are turning in steadily increasing numbers to the de luxe Buick models. + + In fact, so marked is the trend to Buick that motorists are purchasing more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. + + The reasons are as obvious as they are important. + + These fine Buicks, with ultra-luxurious Bodies by Fisher, combine maximum performance, dependability and long life. And they provide these superb qualities at substantial savings. + + They are cars in which *luxury* and *value* meet.

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BUICK offers three series and three wheelbases—with fifteen luxurious body types priced from $1260 to $2070, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra—a wide selection whether you desire master car, family car or sport car for son or daughter.

Buick

Rare colors to inspire the hostess of today

When you see this new Alexandrite glassware by Heisey, you are struck with the wonder of its soft, elusive radiance. Tinted like some rare orchid petal or the fleeting glow of the sapphire, it is an American triumph for exclusive American tables. The lovely items shown in Alexandrite in the adjoining photograph are selections from the complete table services obtainable now in this fascinating color.

The new Sahara golden yellow illustrated above by means of color photography, also comes in complete services. The designs, too, are original and smart.

For other glassware suggestions, write for copy of illustrated booklet.

LOOK FOR THE

ON EVERY PIECE

embossed on the glass or on adhesive label

And the exquisite Sahara color, with its sprightly gleam of gold, opens another door to delightful hospitality. For its vivid shading belongs to itself alone, bringing a charm that you prize more and more.

For the discriminating hostess the name Heisey has long meant superb glassware. Voguish designs in brilliant crystal or popular colors like Flamingo and Moon Gleam, have made Heisey ware the correct ware for smart entertaining. And now to them are added these new distinctive colors. Ask to see them at your department store, gift shop or glassware store.

A. H. HEISEY & CO., NEWARK, OHIO

Heisey's

GLASSWARE *for your table*

Glass Perfected through the Secrets of 4000 Years

The Arabians a thousand years ago were so skillful in giving color, beauty and ornamentation to glass that Damascus, then a center of their flourishing empire, became as famous for its glass as it was renowned for its swords. The secrets of the Arabian Masters and the secrets of other craftsmen live on in fine glassware by Heisey, brought down through the ages for you.

His Majesty, *THE BABY*

THAT momentous day when the new baby arrives is the day the whole house changes. What a difference he makes! Meals grow cold to his cry. Footsteps tip to his slumber. Even the hot-water faucets sputter with new-found energy. Only the best of service will do for His Tiny Majesty.

And then . . . you realize how vastly important are the labels upon so many things you buy. The milk for his bottle. The soap, the olive oil, the snowy talcum for his bath. The cod-liver oil, the liquid petrolatum, the milk of magnesia the doctor prescribes. They must be, as never before, the finest and purest in all the world.

Four generations of physicians have prescribed Squibb Products for babies, as standards of purity and efficacy. And since 1858 mothers, ministering to the health of their families, have trusted implicitly in the name of Squibb. From babyhood, through youth, the familiar Squibb label has ever been a guarantee of the highest quality any preparation can have.

Many, indeed, are the safeguards that surround the making of the Squibb Products which you use in your home. Behind them are the same care and high skill that are employed in preparing the most delicate Squibb vaccines and sera for professional use.

Keep them in your medicine cabinet . . . and whenever emergencies arise, you may turn to them with full assurance—for they contain The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. At all reliable drug stores featuring service and quality products.

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SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

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SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, uniformly rich in Vitamins A and D.

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and I'll tell you why.....

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First, there's the matter of construction. You got to build 'em strong and you got to build 'em pretty. 'Cause if they ain't strong they ain't practical, Elmer, and if they ain't pretty, folks won't have 'em at all.

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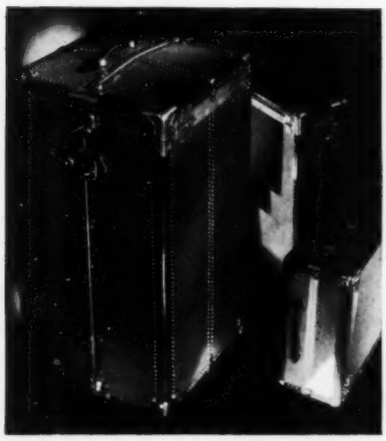
And the only thing we can add is that Mendel trunks and cases — which are to be seen in all the better shops and department stores — will carry them right. Thank you.



The "Dustproof" Wardrobe Trunk is in Scotch tweed duck with Tomahawk-red identification striping. All sizes from $85 to $120. Others from $40 to $400.

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MENDEL TRUNX
DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

A VANITY-CASE

(*Concluded from page 128*)

"Did I understand you to say he was on a newspaper?"

"Yes; but he has . . . . several side lines."

"Side lines are wonderful things," Wayman put in. "Now take my wife. I want you to notice that bottle up there. . . ."

He rose and stood at the mantel. He felt compelled to talk about, to praise, Sylvia.

"I was looking at that, Wayman; is it something special?"

She stopped abruptly, turning and facing the hall, listening. From the dark rooms beyond the hall had come a sudden sound, a chilling tinkle as of light metal dropping and ringing on a polished surface. In the stillness that followed she brought herself around to face Wayman, her fingers knotted in her lap. She was breathing hard.

"Wayman, please don't go," she whispered.

He was standing tense, staring at the doorway, straining in the direction of the sound. She saw his lips tighten and a vein rise on his temple.

"Stay where you are, Marilla," he ordered, stooping, reaching back, and gripping the poker from the fireplace set. Rising with it in his clenched hand he took two swift steps towards the hall.

She choked out, "Don't do that, Wayman!" and flung up her hands. Then she threw herself against the cushions, burying her face.

Somebody cursed. There was a sound as if a tire had burst outside. Glass fell in fragments from the mantel to the hearth and the acrid scent of smoke stole to her among the piled cushions. The house door slammed. Then quiet came and she opened her eyes to darkness.

Presently she heard Badger say from the hall: "It's all right; he's gone," and the lights came on. Badger did not appear at once. Evidently he was looking through the downstairs rooms. When he came back, Marilla was still on the sofa.

"That's what I get," he said furiously, "for leaving this place without locking up right and putting things away. That fellow must have been in here all evening. But I wouldn't care what he had taken if he hadn't done this."

HE knelt and examined the wreckage of the blue flask. The wild bullet of the escaping burglar had shattered it and the mirror behind.

Marilla turned a countenance that astonished Badger, unstrung as he was. Her face seemed to have collapsed under its make-up. She looked old and flabby; her eyes were hard. She was trembling.

At his amazed look she seemed to infer the reason and what she intended for a smile came and went with the twitching of her lips. Mechanically she groped for her blue enamelled vanity-case and peered into its mirror. Putting it down she indicated the bits of glass.

"That was something good, was it?" She chattered as if on the point of hysteria.

"Good isn't the word. It would have taken the place of everything a thief might have got away with here tonight. It meant something to me."

Badger was thinking of Sylvia, sitting on the hearth in the dusk.

Marilla's face grew dark as she pursued some private thought, made some inward calculation.

"You had better go, Marilla," Badger told her. "I shall call a cab for you."

Looking down at the fragments of the flask she said, "I want to see . . . ." She reached to the hearth and gathered a few of the jagged bits.

When she stood she suppressed an epithet and extended her fingers. Beads of blood stood on two or three fingers; beads and then a slow, pulsing flow.

He looked without compassion.

"If you want to stop that bleeding you will find everything in the bathroom, second door from the head of the stairs."

Smiling down at the fingers she was compressing in the palm of her other hand, she went slowly into the hall and up the stairs.

Badger telephoned for the taxicab while Marilla was gone, walking the room impatiently till she reappeared, her fingers wrapped. All of her usual poise seemed to have returned. He had her cloak waiting for her and they stood in the entry until they heard the sound of the taxicab wheels outside.

Just as the doorbell rang she started to say something, but changed it to a murmured good-by as Badger held the door open for her.

Returning from putting Marilla Rowan into the cab, Badger was forced to sit down and contemplate his miraculously fortunate escape.

Aside from the nearness of death—that, strangely, had not occurred to him till now—the ruin of Sylvia's life, that would have come with the notification that he had been shot while entertaining Marilla in their home, came over him with a sickening accusation for his own stupidity.

LIKE so much that he had done, it had all been senseless; without reason. That must have been what Sylvia had been getting at. Irritated by the scent of Marilla's powder he opened some windows. Then he carried the tray into the pantry and washed the glasses. Afterwards he sat on the divan, his head bowed between his hands, his mind full of his failure.

It might have been an hour later when the sound of a latch-key and the door opening brought him dazedly to his feet, his hands clenched.

The key had been Sylvia's. She was standing in the living-room, a travelling bag at her feet, looking at him with a wan smile.

"I have come back, Wayman," she said quietly. "It's no good. Going away doesn't help."

Mechanically he went forward to meet her, putting back his disordered hair, pulling at his twisted tie.

"You just missed something," he began. "We had a burglar. He didn't get anything, I guess; but he took a shot at me. I'm not quite over it."

She rushed into his arms, looking up into his face.

"He shot at you? Are you sure he didn't hit you? Are you telling me the truth?" Her voice was shaking.

He pointed to the hearth.

"He knocked your bottle off. I would have taken a pretty fair wound to have saved that."

Sylvia looked up from the scattered chips of blue to Wayman's grave, anxious eyes. He was repeating, "I wish he hadn't hit your bottle."

"I don't know," she said slowly. "It is worth losing it to have you feel like that."

"I let the maids go after you left," he explained. "He must have come in while I was out, earlier in the evening."

Together they started to walk through the house.

"I checked up downstairs," Wayman commented. "He couldn't have been carrying much when he ran out. I think he got excited or was drunk or he wouldn't have bungled the job; wouldn't have shot."

They went on upstairs, going through the rooms for signs of disturbance but finding none. Evidently the thief had only begun. In Sylvia's room Badger went to the dressing-table, pulling open a drawer.

"You left most of your things, three rings and that pearl pin, lying out when you went away. I put them in here."

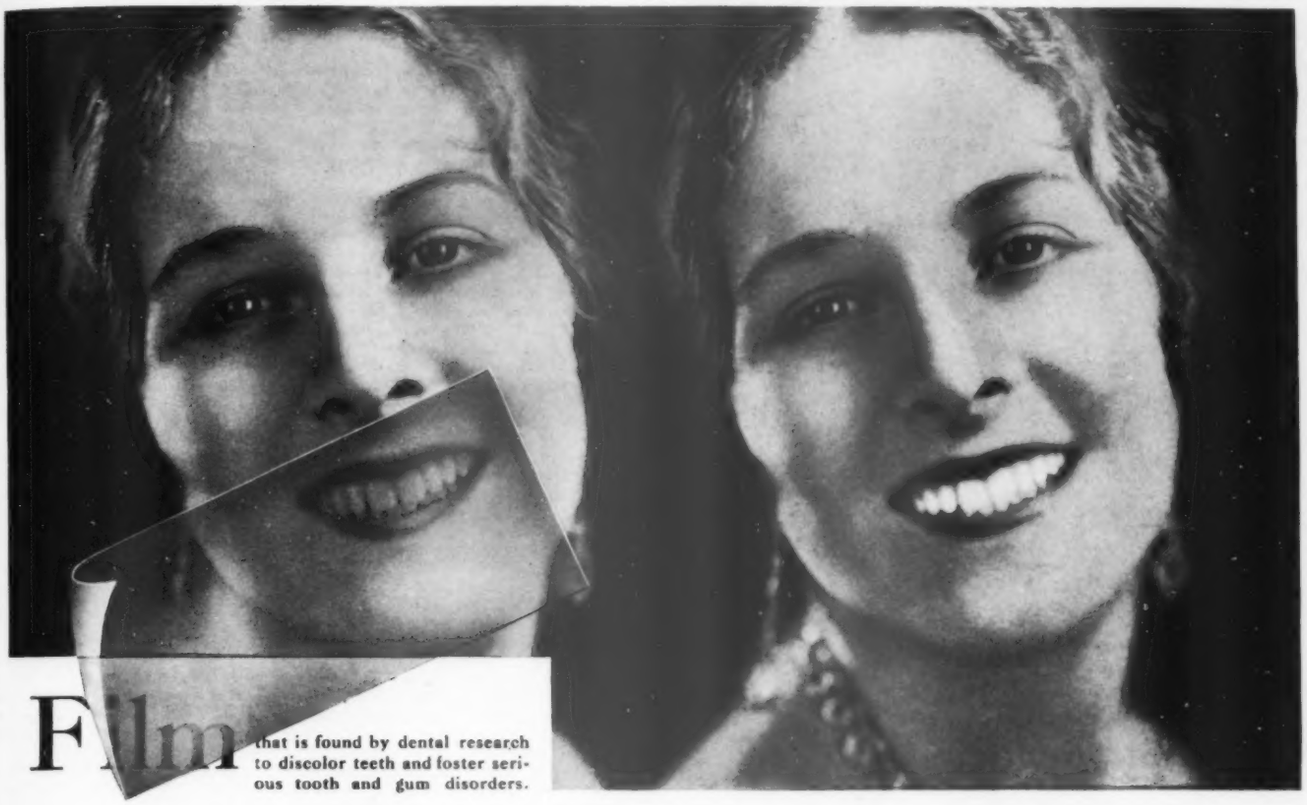
A moment later he exclaimed, "Well! He's been here, all right! They're gone."

He turned and looked at his wife. She was examining something she had picked up from the floor by the dressing-table.

"He must have been somewhere else before he came here," she observed. "This vanity-case doesn't belong to me."

Badger took the little box in his hand and stood looking at it. It lay there in his palm, blue enamel. Feeling himself growing cold and weak he went over to the bed and sat down.

"Yes," he said, and his voice was almost inaudible. "He either had been somewhere else or he had a woman . . . . working with him."



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INTERPRETING THE FRENCH BOUDOIR

(*Continued from page 99*)

Some compromise will inevitably be effected, accepting the old and incorporating the new. The most important will be in the matter of the interior architecture, the background.

It is our own belief that one of the very important contributions of the twentieth century to the gaiety of interior decoration will be the development of a new architectural background. We may be wrong, but we feel that the one thing of our times, that which will eventually take the name stamp of this century, will be our sudden going back to the rock-bottom elements of all decoration, the straight line, the right angle, the simpler curves. There are those among contemporary designers who feel that we cannot, that we should not go on reproducing Georgian backgrounds with their adaptation of Italian interpretations of the classic fragments of Greece and Rome. They are equally bored with the French *boiseries* with their more delicate French twists from the same original sources. They have produced interiors which, in their intellectual quality, their restraint, their good taste, their exquisite sense of scale and proportion, and the nervous delicacy of their mouldings, are intellectually fitted as a background for the furnishings of any of the sophisticated periods of decoration. Notably those which are so fashionable today, the eighteenth and early nineteenth century of Great Britain and the Continent.

Bearing all this preamble in mind, it has seemed an interesting experiment to Harper's Bazaar to design a simple, rather aristocratic room which was entirely modern and yet at the same time had no shock content. It is definitely a room which could be used in any gentleman's house and consequently any furniture it found there would fit into it. The room has a nice, ordered shape and simple, delicate ornament, which does not obtrude itself; *and* it has the freshness and virility of a new idea. Against it we have assembled various interiors, one modern, the others of the golden age of decoration, the era of the Hanoverians in England, of the last kings and the first emperor in France. This one photographed is the fourth of this series and shows graphically how a boudoir assembled in the manner of the last half of the eighteenth century in France appears against such an absolutely modern background. We are thus making it possible to visualize the effect of an assemblage of furniture in the traditional styles against a strictly non-traditional background, a condition which every modern owner is compelled or will soon be compelled to face.

Another great problem, and one which will probably never be settled, is the question of original antiques as against reproductions. The cost differential between the best of the reproductions and the less precious of the antiques is less than might be supposed. Like so many things in life, it is a question of individual preference and generally is a compromise. When one has a liking for a certain period, and the means to gratify that liking, a working rule-of-thumb may be considered: antiques for decorative purposes, the modern reproduction for hard and constant use.

In assembling the example of this month we had recourse to Jacques Bodart whose department of interior decoration provided the decorative scheme. Bodart was founded and has flourished on the principle just enunciated. The majority of their pieces are very careful reproductions made in France from good originals, intermingled with authentic old pieces. The profiles, the proportions, the general effect of everything they have is in the period, even if the pieces themselves are of modern manufacture.

The room was developed in green and gold, peach and the natural tones of faded mahogany, cherry, and old walnut, against a background of dull off-white. A large *trumeau* over the mantelpiece assembled these colours in itself and gave the colour tone to the room. With carvings painted green and illumined with gold, on a groundwork of faded white, it fitted into the architectural phase and dominated the decorative scheme. The painted panel at its top was in the quiet pastel tones which caught up the peach shade of the *lit de repos* and the various flower tints in the needlework and velvet upholstering of the chairs. In the restrained style of the early empire, the *lit de repos* blended perfectly with the examples of Directoire, Louis Seize, and Louis Quinze with which the room was furnished. The utilitarian end was provided in a chiffonier and a commode in faded walnut and in cherry wood, and in a *poudreuse* of French outline painted green in the Venetian manner with a Chinese decoration of flowers, birds, and of animal life.

In the true French tradition, much was made of the fireplace as the formal centre of the room; and even if ordered and ceremonious there was an attitude of cordiality about the arrangement of chairs, the

(*Concluded on page 134*)

The chiffonier, in cherry wood, has the classic profile of the period. The canvas screen is painted in various greys after the manner of Hugo Robert.

Sigurd Fischer

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THERE is both pride and pleasure in owning Gorham sterling table silver. You weave a spell of beauty, well-being—even luxury about your table. For a very modest sum it is entirely possible to own this lovely and distinguished Gorham sterling which has been the choice of the most discerning families for generations.

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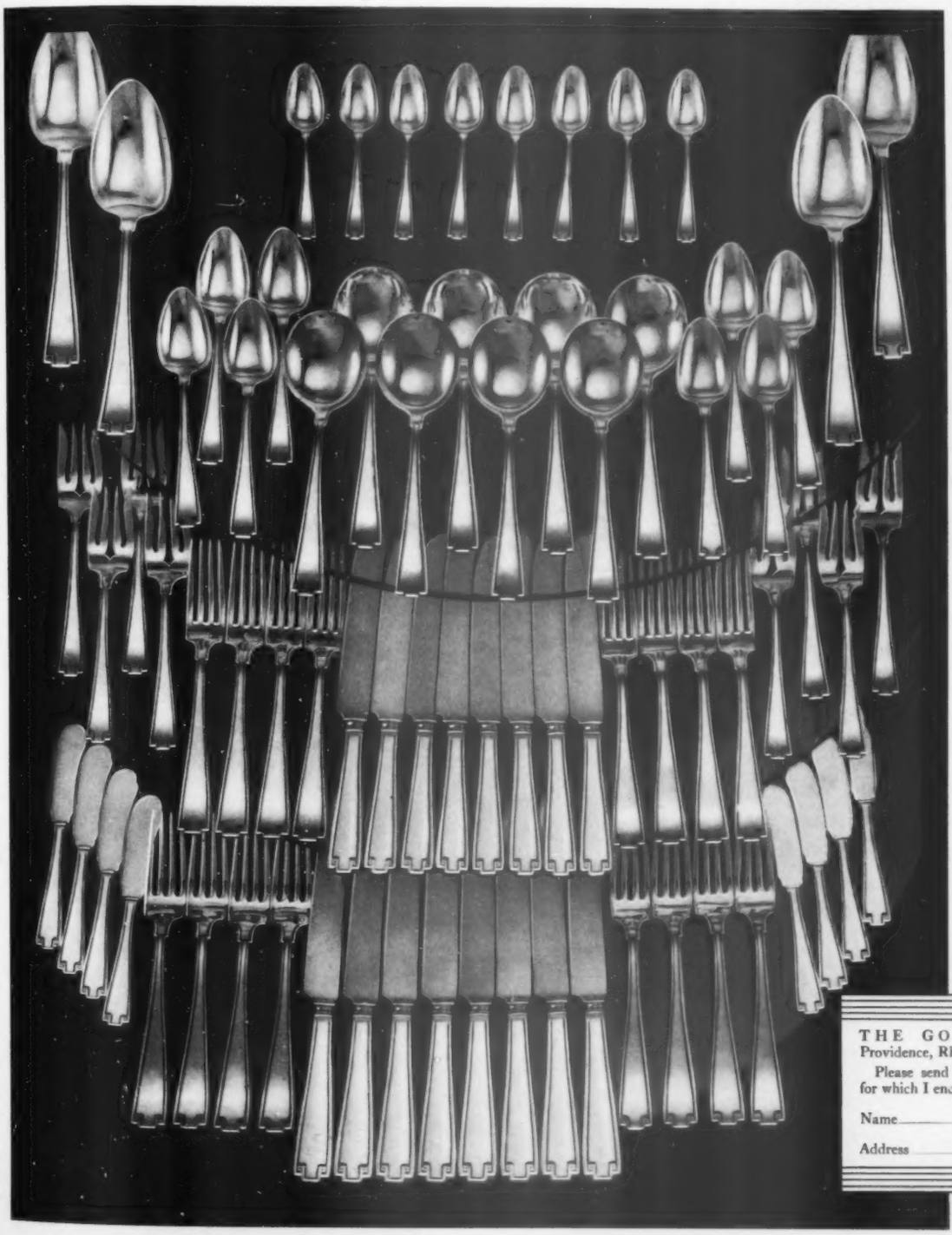

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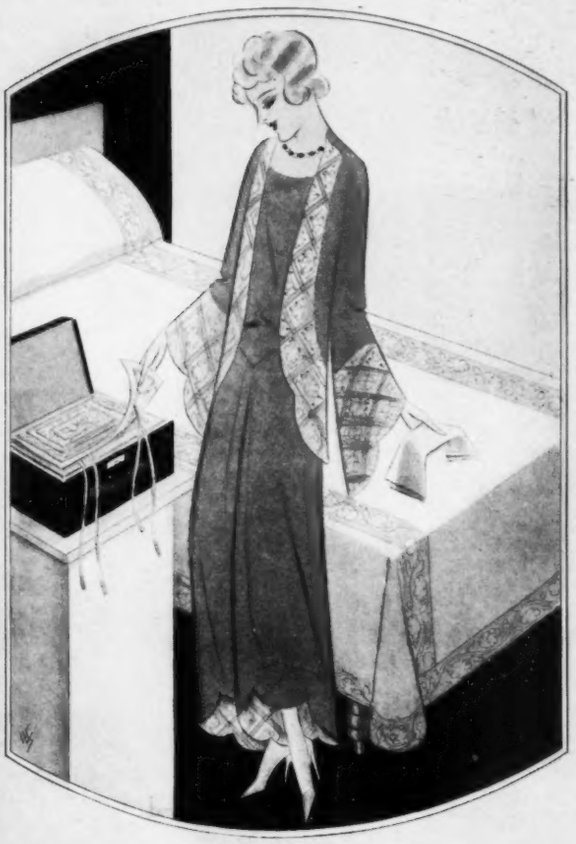

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INTERPRETING THE FRENCH BOUDOIR

(*Concluded from page 132*)

provision for lighting, and the attention paid to the mantel garniture. The free use of flowers, emphasizing the flower motif in the upholstery, prevented any sense of stiffness or over-formalism. All the pieces in the room were reproductions with the exception of a very charming *bonheur du jour* or boudoir desk, which was a splendid example of the late Louis Seize era. It was in faded mahogany with the characteristic mirror doors, marble top, bronze gallery, and bronze filets. The glint of gilded bronze on the other articles of furniture as well as in the lamps and the furnishings of the fireplace added to the liveliness of the whole.

The cooperation of various other organizations serving each in their special way the purposes of modern decoration was obtained to complete the ensemble. Mrs. Julia R. Pettit of Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham arranged the orchids in the silver flower bowls which have just been perfected and made available by that firm, as well as the anthurium in the combination flower bowl and ash receiver which has also recently been created by them. This is an amusing piece in silver, lapis lazuli, coral, and onyx in which, on a silver base, a column of these semi-precious stones supports a shallow flower bowl. In niches on the upright column are six figurines carved out of coral supported on onyx bases which, upon closer inspection, prove to be removable and to be very convenient ash trays.

Until quite recently the question of obtaining flower vases in the more precious materials was one on which the manufacturing jewellers and flower lovers could not agree. Recently, however, Messrs. Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham sought the advice of prominent members of the Garden Club of America, paid attention to their advice, and put on the market a series of flower vases, the most spectacular of which are the orchid bowls illustrated in this article. The orchids used in this experiment came from the Thomas Young Nurseries of Bound Brook, New Jersey.

The carpet and the toile de Jouy wall-paper panels both repeated the green note. The monotone carpet rug came from Bigelow-Sanford and the wall-paper from Thibaut. The Louis Seize fitments in the fireplace in iron and gilt bronze came from Jackson. Some delightful little Venetian glass figures and ash receivers dealing with modern subjects in the rococo mood of the eighteenth century were from Cappellin Glassware. A black basalt vase on the *bonheur du jour*, as well as a pair of black and white jasper vases on the mantel, were from the American branch of Josiah Wedgwood. Floral decoration of vivid spring flowers, as well as the trailing ivy for the flower tripods in the corner, were supplied by Max Schling.

The Harper's Bazaar Galleries in which this series of photographs was taken contain a large apartment with a floor space approximating fourteen by thirty-two feet, large enough to be an important unit in any household. The modern arrangement of the walls, the floor, and the ceiling was designed by Wallace Heath. The walls are panelled in Arkansas soft pine, which was given for the purposes of this experiment by the Arkansas Soft Pine Bureau. This pine wood is to America today what deal was to the England of the eighteenth century. Finished in natural colours, varying from the deepest brown to the lightest honey, it offers a delightful natural wood setting for any room. It also takes paint effectively. For purposes of modernism, to permit the profile of the plane mouldings and the fluted pilasters to appear on their own merits without the distracting element of the wood grain, the room was painted a shade just off dead white.

The ceiling is recessed in three shallow coves which are painted a *pervenche* blue. The floor is covered with black linoleum furnished by Congoleum-Nairn, relieved by narrow stripings and inset blue stars harmonizing exactly with the ceiling. In any modern decorative scheme this linoleum enters directly into the ensemble. It also permits the use of rugs, precisely as would a wooden floor covering, for schemes in the traditional manner.

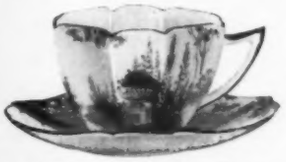
At the windows are gold rayon satin curtains from the Du Pont Rayon Company, a colour which is repeated in the seven narrow gold mirror-glass upright panels inserted in the wall treatment. Replacing window curtains or shades are Venetian blinds from the Western Venetian Blind Company, also painted an off-white colour.

This background has remained essentially the same during the series of different decorative schemes which have appeared since our March issue. The window draperies have been changed, the background of the over-mantel has been altered, decorative units have been inserted in the larger wall panels, the floor has been at various times covered with rugs or with carpet-rugs. But the proportions, the scale, the general plan of the room have remained unaltered.

The commode is a very sensitive reproduction of a Louis Seize original in mahogany with the customary marble top and bronze filets. The chairs are on Directoire lines.

Sigurd Fischer

When it comes to that Gift of Gifts – a Present for the Bride – come to Plummer's . . . .



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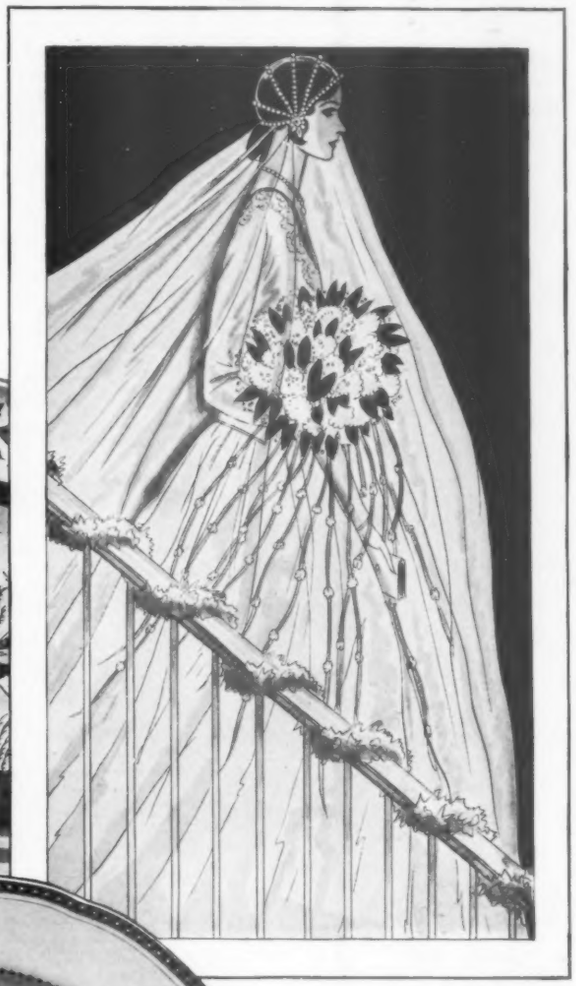
Minton's Modern Salt Glaze Ware seems even smoother to the touch than the prized originals. Dinner Plates $45 doz. Entree Plates $42 doz. Tea Plates $35 doz. After-dinner cups and saucers $42 doz. An exclusive importation.



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PARIS PREPARES FOR HER SEASON

(*Continued from page 73*)

edge of the décolleté at the left side, but not on the shoulder-strap where we have been accustomed to see them. One must be very flat in front for this fashion, but it is charming when well worn.

Molyneux uses jersey, light-weight tweed, tussore and silk shirting for morning, with some fine bandana crêpe prints. His line is quite unchanged for this type. He loves dots—pin-pricks and middle-sized ones—even for evening. There are dotted voiles and georgettes for all times of day, and one pretty one with a pin-stripe in white on navy. He makes jackets and skirts, with plaits set low in the skirt, of plain light-weight woollens, with patterned blouses and scarf collars on the jackets. His colours are blues, from faint pastel to navy, black and white, navy and white, scarlet and white, salmon or crevette pink, pale green, very fresh and springlike, cream, and putty. His tweeds and jerseys are mostly brownish, or brown and white. One pale green bandana print is shown with a wide belt of the same. Are belts growing wider? The ribbon ones at Premet's and Worth's might make us think so. An evening gown in white net had tube beads sewn on all over by their ends, like a crystal fur. This, also, had a fichu-cape, with a plain tulle edge.

Hermès invited us to an afternoon showing of sports clothes and bathing-suits, on the occasion of the opening of his roof-garden, overlooking all Paris, with a fascinating view of the dome of the Invalides. One of his most typical beach costumes is drawn by de Chassagne on page 75. It has a short coat of orange, brown and white striped linen, and a stitched linen hat to match. His excellent tailleurs are in fine patterned tweeds or flannel, with leather encrustations on the big patch pockets. He also shows leather "wind-breakers" for golf, with tweed divided skirts, or dressed leather coats for motoring. The shoulders of his coats and suits are as well handled as a smart man's.

ALL the models were shown with good-looking shoes from Bunting, sports models in tan and white, or black and white, with simple hats, bags and gloves, the gloves pulled over the cuffs and with heavy hand-sewn outside seams. These are the smartest gloves of the moment, even for evening wear. Many new sweaters were shown, as they are a specialty of the house. They had chemisette effects made of black lines on colour, or coloured round yokes, or stripes in cable-stitch up the sleeve and round the neck. Very neat belts made of webbing with double leather straps and buckles were shown with the stricter sports things.

In all these collections skirt lengths remain about the same, but I am not at all sure that they will stay so. Shall we see almost ankle-length skirts for the daytime in general wear in the fall? Certain straws make one think so. At Vionnet's, when I was trying on my gabardine coat, designed for street wear, they insisted that it should be only thirty centimetres from the floor. This is eleven and a half inches, as near as no matter.

"All our best clients are having their daytime skirts made from thirty to thirty-two centimetres from the ground," Madame Lucie assured me.

The trouble is in the eye. It so soon becomes used to a change, that we find ourselves, as usual, declaring that whatever is, is right. It is only the exceptional person, or the artist, who can see the faults in existing fashions. The greatest creators do not want skirts for daytime wear to lengthen unduly; but if women insist, what are they to do? Remember, mesdames, that it is in our own hands; if we don't want long skirts in the street we need not have them, but it is distinctly up to us.

When it comes to millinery, the smartest hats of the moment are in black and white. I frequently see the Maria Guy type that was sketched by Dynevor Rhys in the last issue, with a narrower brim, in a combination of black straw and white piqué. I also often see the Agnès toque in shiny thin straw braid, like a wide tailor braid, with inspiration from the classic tricorne. This has a flat white flower of the daisy order, above the left eye. Another of her hats, worn at the moment by Mrs. Corbitt, among others, is a cloche in panamalac, black and shiny, with half a white flower in linen directly in the front. Reboux's turban, in fine cotton jersey or crêpe de Chine, as close fitting as a wig and divided down the side of the head with one half of one colour and the other of another, is the choice of several women. The Duchesse d'Albe wears it in black and white with a black tailleur, white blouse and gloves, white gardenia, and silver fox. It is sketched on the Last-Minute pages.

Many women are wearing black frocks to luncheon at the Ritz, with important collars and cuffs of white piqué or sometimes, but rarely, of lingerie, and simple straight black coats, frequently caped. Paquin's black caped coat without a touch of fur is a favourite. White gloves are worn with a costume like this. Otherwise, the gloves are often black with black costumes, or a dark brown with stockings to match, especially if there is a touch of brown fur on the costume.

The smartest glove, as I have said, has outside seams, handstitched, is big for the hand, and cut wide at the cuff to slip over the coat sleeve. A few women wear the Suzanne Talbot type, very long, much wrinkled, and extremely wide, but this is expensive and hard to get, though it looks very smart. Madame Agnès wears it in grey with grey fur-trimmed suits, or grey and blue ensembles, and in brown, or black, according to her costume. The fur-trimmed suit is just as smart as I said it would be.

TO RETURN to the evening mode as seen in Paris, I saw the Marquise Sommi Picenardi at Ciro's the other night, in a simple black crêpe gown, with black suède elbow gloves, without outside seams, and a long thin chain of diamonds round her neck. On one arm was a magnificent bracelet consisting of two rows of ruby beads with a large diamond buckle. Lady Abdy was at her table, in Chanel's pale blue crêpe with a twisted bow in the front, and the long scarf worn looped Directoire fashion over her arms when she danced. I noticed, that evening, several pale grey gowns, and very pretty they looked. Mrs. George Dixon, Jr., wore pale grey, with a fichu scarf draped round the décolleté and pinned at the left side with a large diamond brooch. The Vicomtesse de Sainte Croix wore pale grey chiffon, with a huge emerald pendant surrounded with diamonds.

I saw a lovely diamond necklace that same evening. It was a long flexible band, a little more than half an inch wide. This was crossed on the left shoulder, one end hanging in front, and the other in the back.

At a performance of *Fledermaus* given for ten nights only at the Théâtre Pigalle, by a German company directed by Bruno Walter, I saw Madame Van Dongen, the wife of the famous painter, in an effective costume. A simple gown of blue ciré satin, neither light nor dark, and really very like the gowns worn in the 'nineties, with elbow gloves and slippers of matching dressed kid, as shiny as the satin! But the woman whom every one looked at was Madame Agnès. She wore a gown of dead black and dead white crêpe de Chine, from Schiaparelli. The gown is absolutely plain, depending entirely upon its cut. It is bloused all round, and fitted very closely to the natural waist by oddly shaped sections, while the skirt hugs the knees and flares at the feet in long double flanges of the material. Over this, a jacket of pure white crêpe, long sleeves, with a roll-over shawl collar, that is prolonged to cross in the front, surplice fashion, and ties in a soft bow at the side back. She wore plain black crêpe sandals, and long white gloves with heavy outside

(*Continued on page 138*)

Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its greater comfort . . . its hygienic value . . . Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals . . . not for one or two purposes alone, but for important surgical work

These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:

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PASSAVANT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL *of Chicago*
BAPTIST HOSPITAL *of Houston, Texas*

PLEASE LOOK at this imposing list of hospitals at the right. Then consider that this list could be extended to cover the entire page! Indeed, Kotex absorbent is used today in 85% of the leading hospitals of America.

And these famous hospitals do not use Kotex absorbent for just one or two purposes. Many of them use it for important operations . . . for obstetrical work . . . wherever the very greatest care must be taken. Medical science has produced no finer, more hygienic absorbent!

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Kotex is made up of layer on layer of thin, soft absorbent tissues.

THESE AIR-COOLED LAYERS make Kotex lighter and cooler. And they absorb moisture *away from the surface*, distributing it throughout the entire pad. This leaves the surface soft, delicate and clean . . . which is far more hygienic . . . and prevents packing, chafing and any possibility of irritation.

Hospitals say that dressings made of Cellucotton are more comfortable for the patient . . . are more practical, because they absorb more and last longer . . . and are more hygienic. You can readily see how these distinctive qualities of Cellucotton make Kotex superior for your own personal use.

SURELY, no woman can overlook the overwhelming medical preference for Kotex absorbent. For the right kind of sanitary protection is not just a matter of convenience and comfort. It is a matter of actual *health* protection.

Today, authorities stress particularly the importance of protection from mental and nervous strain during the use of sanitary protectives. Nervous vitality is low; and unless precautions are observed, the nervous system may be permanently injured.

Kotex removes every possible cause of nervous strain or mental discomfort at this time.

Kotex deodorizes, for instance. And its rounded, tapered corners make Kotex inconspicuous. There is no bulk, no awkward, bulging corners.

AND Kotex is comfortable. So wonderfully comfortable that you are never conscious of the use of a sanitary protective. Think what that means in promoting perfect poise and relieving nervous strain. Remember, too, that the comfort *lasts*. Even after several hours of wear the surface remains soft and delicate.

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2 *Safe, secure* . . . Keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners* – for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

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Sept. 12-Oct. 3

"Paris"
Sept. 1-19

"France"
Sept. 5-26

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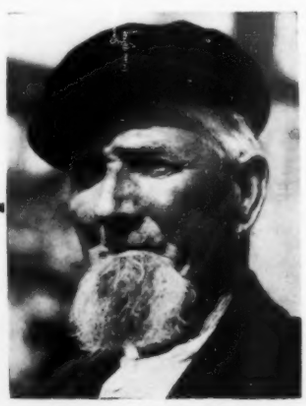
A French Seaman



French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State St., N. Y. C.

PARIS PREPARES FOR HER SEASON

(Continued from page 136)

seams, with this gown, which perfectly harmonized with her black and white hair, and she looked like a modern mantelpiece ornament in black and white china.

THE Théâtre Pigalle is really an extraordinary theatre. Down stairs, between the acts, we visited a remarkable exhibition of negro art, with unique pieces from private collections such as one can rarely see; and we passed by the new perfume bar, where one may be sprayed with all kinds of fragrances, and come out a perfect cocktail of perfume oneself.

As to details, I see a few flowers, of the gardenia or camellia variety, worn on the left shoulder-strap, but not many. Also a few of those pale beige satin slippers that we used to wear so exclusively, with long black dresses, instead of matching black ones. Some women are using no rouge whatever, a trying fashion under bright restaurant lights, especially when they are pink-tinged as they so often are, in a mistaken idea that pink light makes women beautiful. As a matter of fact, it pales them almost into sickliness, unless their make-up has been especially studied for it. Lips, however, are as red as ever, and some eyes are blue-shadowed; some blondes using turquoise on the eyelids, a theatrical effect to be attempted with restraint.

Hair interests me profoundly. Of course, the little roll in the back has been proudly achieved by many women, but it is anything but universally becoming, and takes a lot of keeping in order. I notice many heads on which the long lock from the front has been allowed to grow, until it can be arranged in flat, or snail-shell curls just above the nape, while the hair underneath is clipped, so that the "hair-line" is just as trim and neat as ever. I saw at Ciro's a charming grey head on which this long lock had been arranged in soft little "sausage rolls" right around the base of the head. Madame Agnès, who is keeping all but the top lock short, had her iron-grey hair prettily dressed the other day. This long lock was arranged in a turned-up curl, in narrow horseshoe shape at the very back of her head, with the short hair in a curly mass between the sides of the horseshoe. But her hair is naturally wavy and she can do what she likes with it. The Marquise Sommi brushes hers, which is rather long, right across the back of the head to one side in a very pretty effect. She is always *bien coiffée*. Do let us try for something more individual than the rolled-up ends that are really trying to certain faces. The line from the side is often deplorable. Enlist the services of a clever hair-dresser, if you cannot think of anything for yourself.

Coral is *the* colour for fingernails, at the moment, though certain women are still painting theirs deep red, and others are using a light rose only.

On pages 72 and 73 you will see some bags, drawn by Dynevor Rhys. How varied are the materials that compose them! In addition to these, Worth has big pouches for tailleurs made of fine panama straw in creamy colour and lined with any coloured suède you fancy. The handle and button that fastens the flap of the pouch are in shiny black composition. He also shows an immense overnight bag in grey tweed, with another soft rolled-up tweed bag inside it. For travelling, there are often these bags within bags. Madame Agnès has a big zipper-bag from Hermès, in dark brown sole leather. Inside is a smaller bag, with passports, et cetera, and several square leather boxes, like the Italian straw ones that my sister and I have used for so long, in which are our make-up jars, manicure set, beads, handkerchiefs, et cetera. I think she took the idea from my straw baskets when we travelled in Spain together.

AT VIONNET'S there is a charming bag made of petal-shaped pieces of turquoise chiffon, in two shades. Other Vionnet evening bags are made of white crêpe romain, embroidered with silver tube beads to match the lines that glitter on the dresses. At Lelong's I saw a delightful afternoon bag, a flat envelope, rather large, made entirely of beige crêpe marocain, all in little bias bands rolled into strips, and worked in a geometric design. The fabric bag bids fair to be as good as the fabric hat. The Ducharme material, silk duvetine with a satin stripe, that makes the Erwin bag on page 72 is interesting, and comes in many colours; while the twisted straw bag from Molyneux, on the same page, is an excellent choice for summer. Worth is trying to revive the bead bag, as you see on the page, using minute china beads, in pale coloured stripes to match the colours of a printed chiffon frock. They look like a fabric at a little distance. But fine antelope is still first favourite with formal dress, the jewelled clasp adding to its value.

AGNÈS has just shown her first completely summer millinery collection. There were several novel ideas in it, as there always are. The most striking is illustrated by Baron de Meyer in the photograph on page 56. This is a double hat, a wide simple capeline, trimmed with a mere ribbon, or a tiny knot of flowers at one side, and a turban cap of hemp lace, in the same colour, with a knot of the same flowers over one ear. Agnès says, that driving perhaps to one of the big races, one might feel the wind too much in the wide hat. One then takes it off, and appears quite happily in the turban. Arrived at the track, one slips the capeline into place again. She shows these in a dull exotic straw in orange, yellow, pale green, pale pink, or pale blue.

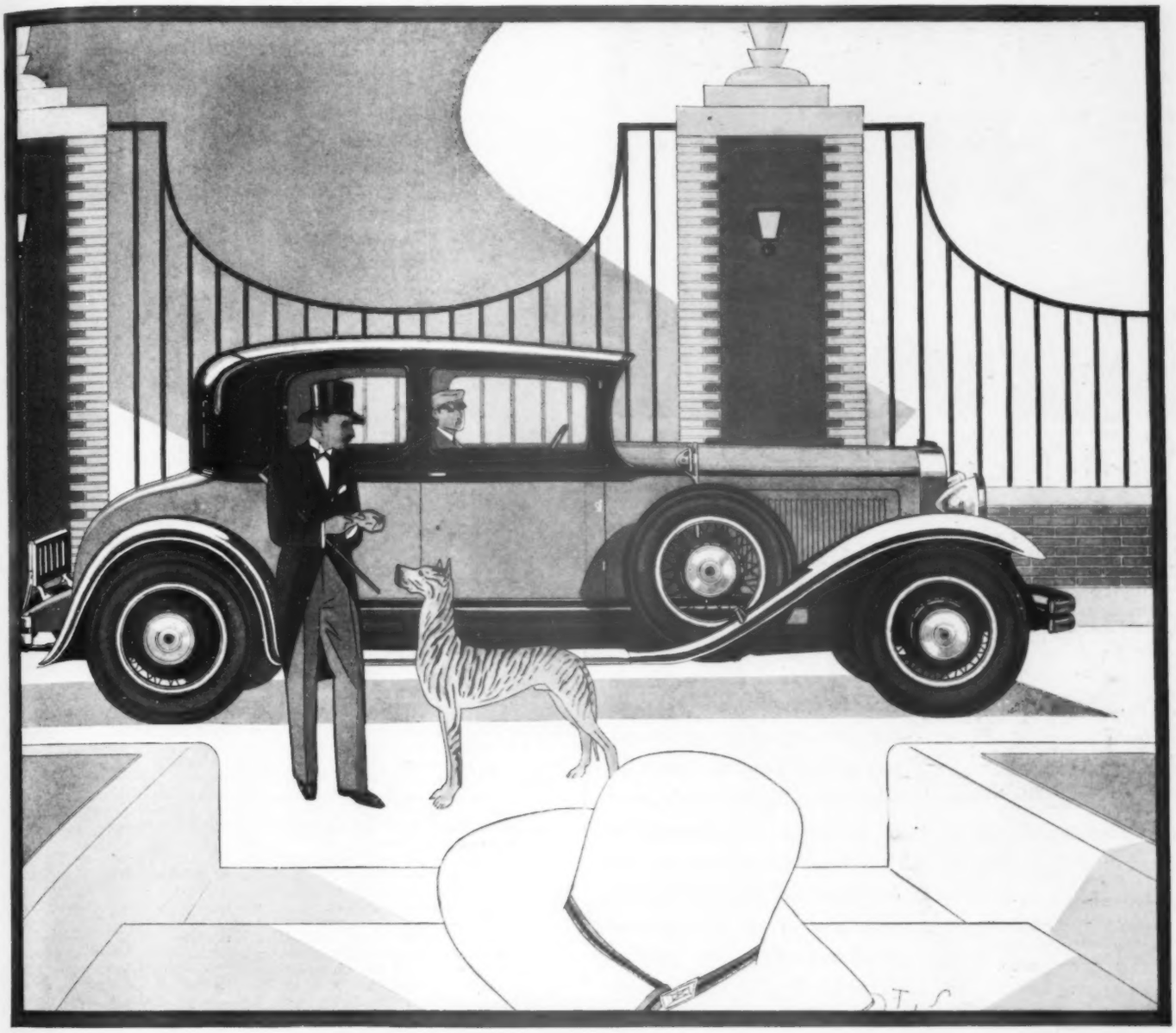
Another type reminds one of the late eighteenth-century English School. Here, a wide hat of exotic straw, cloche in shape, has its under-brim decorated with Dresden taffeta ribbons, with a frill of the same design printed on chiffon, round the face, like the lace caps under wide hats of artless British imitation milkmaids of the time. A hat so new as to be almost dangerous is in black straw, called "Dacca." It has a very shallow crown, of the shape we call square because it is not round like a bowl, and a wide, perfectly flat, but not stiff brim. This is worn far back on the head, showing the forehead, which is crossed at one side by straps of black satin ribbon that tie in a bow over the left ear! Agnès wants even capelines to be worn back on the head, and that is why she goes in so heavily for forehead treatment that makes their position seem intentional and not mere carelessness. Two new straws appear in square linen weave, one more closely woven than the other. The close one is called "Dacca" and the other "Bornéo." A wide cloche shape in navy blue Bornéo had a wreath of little pink cherries dangling round the inner edge of the crown, over the hair.

"To think that we may come back to the *cache-peigne!*" said Agnès, in showing it to me.

Another wide navy capeline in bakoulac had its brim studded all over with tiny pink flowers and green leaves embroidered on tulle and appliquéd. Still another, in natural coloured hemp lace, the brim flat as a sailor but very wide, had a cap of chiffon printed with huge red poppies over the hair, and a scarf of the same. The petals were cut out on the edges.

Her caps and turbans of knitted cotton and linen thread, some plain, some in openwork that I must say reminded me of the crochetted white cotton covers for marmalade jars that we used to see in my childhood in Canada, had a great success. Sometimes they are quite plain for sports, sometimes they have a close bunch of flowers over one ear, a few tufts of uncurled ostrich feathers that sweep under the chin at one side. Glazed linen, like shiny chintz, in pink, blue, or green, was made into simple country hats with scarfs, like big cravats, to match. A jockey cap of natural picot straw had a band of bright yellow glazed chintz and a tie to match. She also trims turbans of black satin with plaid ribbons, blue and black, pink and black, or white and black, and adds scarfs

(Concluded on page 140)



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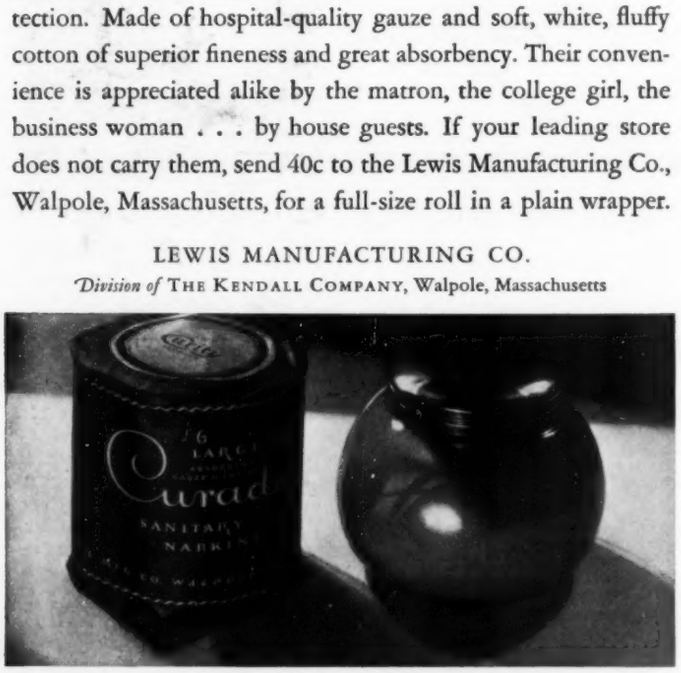

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Madame Salvago wears this Paquin suit at the Longchamps races. Her longer gloves are worn outside her cuffs. She wears a jewelled clip at the point of her neck line.

PARIS PREPARES FOR HER SEASON

(*Concluded from page 138*)

to match. Heavy coarse straw, what the French call *paillasson*, was used in wood-brown tones for summer country hats, trimmed with small straw bows. There were only two felts, and both were in a brown exactly like blue fox. Altogether a most original collection, and worthy of the most creative milliner in Paris.

At Reboux's, there are many interesting models, many of them in two colours. One in picot straw, is navy blue on the right half and bright red on the left. It is a "sweet-pea" shape, with the two sections worked in circular lines, and is trimmed with a big soft bow of wide satin ribbon, set low on the left side, the single loop sweeping under the chin. Another has a soft satin crown, drawn to a big bow on one side, with the under-brim made of picot straw in contrasting colour. It is drawn on the Last-Minute pages. A becoming litt felt in grey-blue is finely dotted all o , and trimmed with a bow of scarlet silk, dotted with white, set in the front, with a deep fold in the crown running across the top of the head. A stunning later summer hat is in leaf-green straw, the brim widening immensely on one side, and bent into undulating waves, while the crown is a soft one, like a cap, of black satin tied in a little knot at one side. A pretty profile would be charming against the long green side. These undulating curves in one side of the brim are quite a novelty. Another hat, in pinky-grey picot, has them on the right, and this side of the brim is lined with pink grosgrain ribbon. A new jersey is covered with big straw dots and made up in a modification of the eternal béret shape. Hats, as you see, are more asymmetric than ever, at Reboux's, and add to their one-sided effect by using two colours. There are a great many models in navy blue, often trimmed with big soft flat bows of satin ribbon of the same shade.

The leather jacket has interested M. Patou, and this one was seen at Le Touquet. The very short silk scarf is chic, as are the lady's loose fitting gloves and her béret.

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BEAUTIFUL BAR HARBOR

(*Continued from page 79*)

conscious of outdoors, and not even bridge or gossip will quite shut away the power and beauty of nature.

YOU may drive to the head of Somes Sound where the oldest settlement on the island is grouped in typical New England chastity. The perfectly proportioned little church, with its simple mouldings and pilasters, speaks eloquently of an age when even village artisans had a sense of balance and harmony, when provincial ladies wrote letters remarkable for the care and finish of their style, and before speed, noise, alarums and excursions had definitely muddled the human mind and irrevocably replaced reflection by sensation. You may go to the charming promontory at the entrance of this same Sound, lapped about by the peaceful waters of Northeast harbour and have tea in that wide, sloping, unbelievably green meadow where the French Jesuits settled for a space, only to be roughly driven out by the hale and determined English.

For in Mount Desert, history is as potent as nature. The territory has been the scene of moving events, of brave endeavour, battles, lost hopes and gallant recoveries; the visitor is somehow always conscious of these romantic memories. Samuel de Champlain, the jaunty French adventurer, holding letters of patent from his King, Henry of Navarre, and sailing out of the north where he and the Sieur de Monts had just established the colony of St. Croix, caught his first glimpse of the island rising extravagantly out of the indigo sea, its bare peaks dramatic and fanciful. He wrote in his diary as follows:

"The same day (September 5th, 1604) we passed near to an island some four or five leagues long, in the neighbourhood of which we just escaped being lost on a rock that was just awash and which made a hole in the bottom of our boat. From this island to the mainland on the north, the distance is not more than a hundred paces. The island is high and notched in places so that from the sea it gives the appearance of a range of seven or eight mountains. The summits are all bare and rocky. The slopes are covered with pines, firs and birches. I named it Isle des Monts Déserts."

SOME ten years later a group of French colonists, consisting mainly of Jesuit missionaries, established themselves in the great meadow at the mouth of Somes Sound, where they planted a cross and named the place Saint Sauveur. In the meanwhile, the recently discovered island had become part of the French possessions in the New World, under the title of Domain of Acadia. The few Indians on the island were friendly to the settlers and all seemed to be prospering when, only a few months later, an English expedition acting under orders from the Governor of Virginia, descended on Saint Sauveur, destroying French huts and hopes, although treating the Jesuit priests with consideration. A century and a half elapsed between this first expulsion of the Jesuits and the final English settlement of Mount Desert. These hundred and fifty years saw the island the prey of contesting claimants and the home of a very few struggling pioneers.

In 1688 the Governor of New England, Sir Edmund Andros, made a voyage along the Maine coast as far as Mount Desert and is known to have taken a census of the scattered inhabitants in these northern lands, with the evident intention of considering all the territory an English possession. On the other hand, King Louis XIV., on May 25th, 1639, confirmed a deed granting Mount Desert and a considerable tract of the mainland to the Sieur de La Mothe Cadillac, a gentleman and a soldier, who spent much of his life in the New World assisting Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada. Cadillac, a brave and witty adventurer with a checkered career, was at one time Governor of Louisiana and was the founder of the western colony which grew into the city of Detroit. It is picturesque to note that, having been granted various domains in America, he signed himself officially "Seigneur de Donaquet et Monts Déserts." For many decades, the island was simultaneously claimed by the French and English. In 1762, the General Court of Massachusetts made a grant to Governor Bernard of New England, assigning him one-half of Mount Desert. On the Governor's recall to England at the moment when the revolutionary ferment among the colonists had begun to brew and Boston was hostile to this representative of British authority, his son remained in America. Having inherited his father's grant of Mount Desert, according to the latter's will, he strove to establish his claim.

"But," says George Street, the historian of Mount Desert, "Sir Francis Bernard's American estates had meanwhile been confiscated and his heir had a weary time of it in securing his rights. He seems to have remained in America and to have fallen upon evil fortunes. He appears for a moment in a journal of General Rufus Putnam, who made a journey to Passamaquoddy Bay in 1784. In this journal General Putnam relates that he met at Pleasant Point, on Passamaquoddy Bay, a son of Governor Bernard. He found him in a small hut of his own building with only a little dog for his companion. 'He told us he intended making his home there. He had chosen a pleasant spot and cut a few trees, but it did not look as if it would ever be a farm under his care. Poor fellow! We pitied him, he had probably never done a day's work in his life. He stayed there but a short time. I met him afterwards in Boston. It is said that he supposed his father's grant extended to St. Croix and that he went there to retain or hold possession.'

"In that same year (1784) this John Bernard, calling himself a citizen of Bath in the Province of Maine, sent a petition to the General Court of Massachusetts praying for permission to take possession of the island of Mount Desert. This petition was accompanied by a certificate signed by many respectable persons of Bath, stating that Bernard 'had conducted himself unexceptionally in his political and moral conduct during the late war . . . and had been a great sufferer by the forfeiture of his father's estate.' "

THE General Court, touched apparently by the discretion of young Mr. Bernard during the late unpleasantness with England, passed a resolution to the following effect:

"This Court viewing the conduct of said John as meritorious and commiserating his peculiar situation, and he having petitioned for a grant of the island aforesaid, which this Court considers in a degree reasonable, therefore resolved that one moiety, or half part of the island of Mont Desart be and hereby is granted, and from the passing of this resolve shall enure to the said John Bernard, his heirs and assigns forever—"

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who owns a house at Seal Harbor, as does Mr. Edsel Ford, is much interested in Mount Desert, its history, its beauties and present development. It was largely through the efforts of Mr. George Dorr (one of the earliest summer colonists, and the late Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard that, in 1918, part of the island, including many of the finest mountains and lakes, was incorporated into a national park. This Government reservation, created in the heyday of Allied sympathy after the Great War, was christened the Lafayette, but is to be now renamed Acadia National Park, probably with the feeling that this title is more traditionally appropriate. Thus the natural loveliness of Mount Desert will be preserved from the dangers of oversettlement. Mr. Rockefeller has built many fine roads, some for motorists, others for riders and drivers only, which circle the peaks and dip down to the lakes, and from which one enjoys magnificent views.

In writing about Bar Harbor it is difficult to omit the other resorts on the island.

(*Concluded on page 144*)

She bags the *bouquets* but never a *Beau*

Many in Chicago society can remember when Mildred caught her second bouquet. The year was 1917. "Surely now, she will be the next to marry," they said, remembering the old adage. Everybody was marrying; war, romance and matrimony were in the air. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the groom would be one of the nice young men training at Fort Sheridan. But somehow or other, none of them seemed interested in her after they really got to know her. The years rolled on . . . Mildred was still attractive, still catching bouquets. But there her luck ended. Matrimony seemed further off than ever. The truth was that Mildred repelled others without knowing why. And none of her friends had the courage to tell her.

You never have it?—*what colossal conceit!*

Surveys show that not one person in ten escapes halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next. Its causes are many: excesses of eating or drinking, decaying teeth, pyorrhea, fermenting food particles in the mouth and slight infections of the gums, mouth, nose or throat, from which unpleasant odors arise.

Whatever the cause, halitosis is an unforgivable social fault. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. And it is inexcusable because it can be promptly overcome by the use of full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a mouth wash.

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End halitosis with LISTERINE

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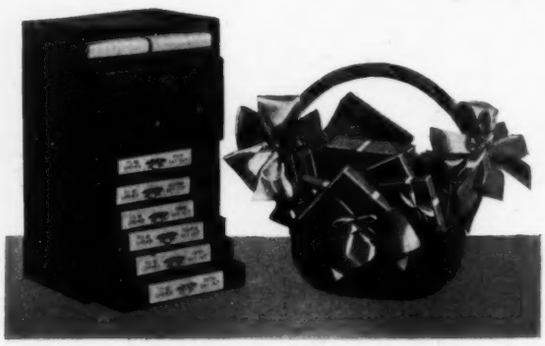

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BEAUTIFUL BAR HARBOR

(*Concluded from page 142*)

Northeast and Seal Harbor play important rôles in the summer life. Northeast Harbor, reputed as the home of culture, of emissaries from Boston's learned; Seal Harbor, before the Great War, the favourite stamping-ground of musicians. There you might meet Fritz Kreisler, Joseph Hofmann, Zimbalist, Alma Gluck, Rachmaninoff, Salzedo, Olga Samaroff, Gabrilowitch and his wife, Clara Clemens (the daughter of Mark Twain), Leopold Stokowski, and who knows how many other celebrities bravely toiling up a rocky slope or organizing an impromptu and splendid concert at some friendly evening party. In fact, an irreverent wag once observed that it was unsafe to be seen at Seal Harbor unless you had "Interpreter" written on your cap! Artists of all kinds are fascinated by the beauty of Mount Desert, stimulated by its heady air, soothed by its cool tranquillity and remoteness from the busy cities where so much of their lot is cast. In Bar Harbor you used to find Ernest Schelling and Courtland Palmer; Arthur Train now spends his summers on his beautiful place there, a pine-clad cape overlooking the islands and wide sea and far mainland, where the log cabin in which he writes his books is *par excellence* the ideal working-room for any author. On the shores of Eagle Lake, a lovely, lonely sheet of water, like a mirror held up by the earth to the mountains and changing sky, the rough camps have had distinguished occupants, such as Billie Burke and Michael Strange.

THE charming Building of Arts in Bar Harbor, a Greek temple surrounded by solemn pines and sweeping lawns, was, in pre-war days, the scene of really remarkable concerts, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing every week and one or more great artists performing on piano or violin. Pageants were also given where amateurs knew the fearful joy of applying grease-paint and excited spectators paid large sums (ultimately destined to charity) for the privilege of watching their friends and relatives don doublet and hose.

At the Bar Harbor Public Library, a delightful Colonial brick building, important art exhibitions were frequently held where one might go in and see a collection of fine etchings, for instance, or a group of Paul Manship's latest bronzes.

But the arts had not been fully represented on Mount Desert until the famous summer when Annette Kellerman and a huge company appeared to make the well-known picture, "Neptune's Daughter." Out at Schooner Head, among the great purple rocks, human mermaids with long blonde hair and shimmering gold and silver tails dove into the ocean or lay gracefully on the boulders. Directors yelled through megaphones, cameras buzzed, glasses of brandy were handed to these ladies of the sea chilled to the bone by long exposure to icy water and cold air, while crowded cars lined the road above. Sometimes an actress, expert swimmer though she might be, would become helpless in the surf, unable as she was to use her legs and weighed down by her magnificent metal tail; a corps of professional life-savers, who were kept on tap, would thrillingly jump in and drag the exhausted fish princess back to shore. Finally, one memorable evening, as a Valhalla-like sunset broke crimson over sky and sea and the northern trees loomed stark above the rocks, a galleon with high prow and curved sails glided silently around Great Head. The ship drew nearer, fantastic, incredible, and one could see Norsemen, in rough leather and furs, standing on her decks and catch the glimmer of their helmets and their spears. Then, suddenly, as she approached with the silence and poetry of a dream, and the mermaids swam out towards her, there was a flash, an explosion, human bodies, black against the red sky, leaped from her decks and the ship burst into flames and broke into fragments which sailed off like wild, flaring torches over the darkening waters.

BAR HARBOR, then, has been the scene of many artistic events, of amusing parties, of sporting contests. They are many who think it over-sophisticated; and it is a fact that heads were sadly wagged when it was reported last summer that at a children's picnic, cigarettes were solemnly passed to the nurses in attendance! Yet the native note is the strongest. Long after you have left and as late autumn comes, you find yourself thinking of Bar Harbor. The palaces and villas, the shops and summer meeting places are closed. You remember, instead, the little white villages, standing so much alone; the quiet men who fight forest fires in summer and face the long winters with their women and children; you think of how Echo Lake must look, frozen over, solitary in its setting of dark trees; you wonder if Otter Cliffs are turned to ice and if Pretty Marsh lies deep in snow. The long headlands must stretch serene, white against blue ocean, at sunset, and up in the mountains there is silence as the cold night sky burns bright with a million stars.

L'Isle des Monts Déserts belongs to itself at last.

H. L. Bradley

Gone, except for a few photographs such as this one, are the halcyon days of the 1880's

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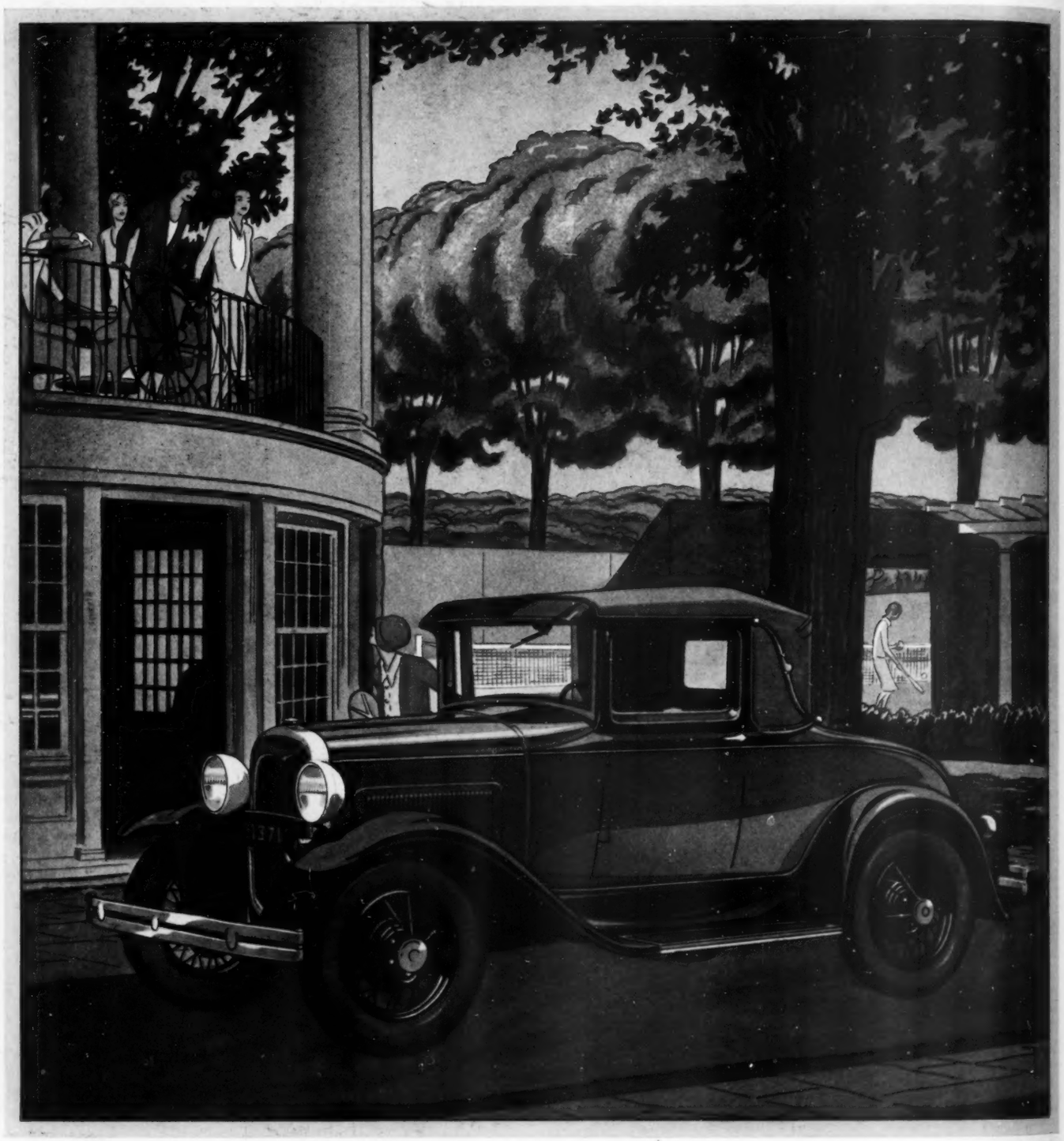

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WHY I LOVE AMERICA

A beautiful Tribute of an English Poet to his Adopted Country

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

FOR various reasons, it has not of late been the fashion to love America. At home, as well as abroad, the language of flattery has not been applied to her—and least has it been on the lips of her own "intelligentsia," usually gentlemen of dubious, or indubitable race, who, if America is all they say of her, should logically, one might think, shake her abhorred dust from their feet and seek a land more worthy of their fastidious presences. However, their strictures, or anyone else's strictures, on America are not to my present purpose—which is not to bury Cæsar but to praise him.

Every nation has its faults, which are all that certain uncomfortable persons seem able to see, and are forever talking about. It is with nations as with individuals. If we are to love them it must be faults and all; and so, in regard to America, of whose imperfections I am far from unaware, it is for me a case of "With all thy faults, I love thee still." And, to my thinking, there are so many good reasons for loving America, that her faults are scarcely worth mentioning; and one might say just the same of any other great nation. In comparison with those reasons for loving her, her faults, to use the national idiom, "cut no ice."

As this article has of necessity to be personal, I will begin with one large comprehensive reason for my loving her, and I can imagine none better: America has been the best friend I ever had. And personal as this statement sounds, it has also a general and symbolic application. America has been the best friend of many another than my humble self, the best friend of other nations as well as individuals, perhaps the best friend of one great nation in particular, a nation that was her own best friend long ago, when she was in sore need of a friend. Yes! France and America alike are nations with a rare genius for friendship. It is this quality of friendliness in the air that is one of the first impressions that meets the stranger as he lands in New York and makes his first acquaintance with the American hand-grasp and the ready American smile. Such, at all events, was my impression on landing in New York for the first time some years ago, and one can but speak as one finds; and that first impression, after living with Americans ever since, has proved lasting. I can imagine no better friends than the Americans among whom my lot has been cast for so long, and if there are better, I neither need nor deserve them.

BUT, indeed, America had been my friend long before I touched her shores: through her literature. As a youth, certain of her writers had helped me to live, as perhaps none other, in that formative period when such aid is of so great an importance. Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman—the land that had given me those great captains of the soul early seemed to me a Mecca to which my imagination constantly turned, and some day to visit Concord, Walden Pond and Nickle Street, Camden, New Jersey, was a desire stronger in me, I am not ashamed to admit, than to behold the springs of Helicon on the slopes of Mount Parnassus. In Liverpool, where I was born, we had a little informal Walt Whitman club, presided over by Mr. Walter Lewin, whose reviews of American literature were then well known, and from time to time Mr. Lewin would take up a collection of our odd shillings and half-crowns for the benefit of the Sage of Camden, contributions acknowledged by postcards in his shaggy handwriting, which our young eyes read in a dream. Another early link binding me to America was Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of whose visits to England gave me the opportunity of my first awe-struck sight of a famous writer, and whose letters to me, which I have printed elsewhere, were my earliest encouragement to pursue the arduous, romantic life of the pen. Whatever the result of the gentle "Autocrat's" encouragement has been, it thus came about naturally that I should look on America as my foster-mother.

Years later, when I transported my scrivener's wallet to her shores for good, she was to give me a welcome and extend to me a lasting hospitality which was again symbolic, for what the writers of England and Europe generally, and all European artists of whatever kind, painters, musicians, actors, owe to America is a story that should some day be written. It would enlighten many who regard America as the Paradise of Philistinism, the Colossus of Materialism; for when one considers the immense expenditure of energy necessary for the creation of the American cosmos out of the gigantic chaos of her natural resources, it is surprising that she has had any energy left over for the cultivation of the arts at all. As a matter of fact, however, paradoxical as it may sound, the driving soul of her materialism is an equally energetic idealism, for which she gets little credit; and while she has been reclaiming wildernesses and building cities, developing industries and amassing wealth, she has been far from forgetting those dreams of the spirit, without which, indeed, no nation can achieve even material prosperity. The manner in which many of her great capitalists today are employing their riches in the interests of the arts and sciences, in the creation of great libraries and picture galleries, in the endowment of universities and scientific institutions, entitles them to be regarded as worthy successors of those merchant princes of Italy who have made the name of the Medici synonymous with the creative patronage of art and knowledge and all that we mean when we say beauty.

INDEED, America has never at any time in her history been as materialistic and prosaic as her critics would make her out to be. The very essence of her pioneer struggle against natural forces was sheer poetry, and this life has never failed in finding interpreters, no few of whom, in interpreting America, have delighted the whole world: poets, story-tellers, and humourists. Leaving aside those rare spirits of "the Boston school," whom nowadays it is the fashion to discriminate against as "European"—though surely, if ever there were two Yankees, Emerson and Thoreau were their names; and leaving aside, also, such personal artists as Poe and Hawthorne, names, none the less, for the ripest civilization to be proud of—there is no question of the truly American zest and thrill that suddenly fascinated the world with a new thing in the writings of Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain. There had been nothing like them before in literature.

The American story-teller and the American humourist were born together. A nation of story-tellers and humourists had found its voice in literature. Probably American humour remains America's greatest gift to the world, and for that alone how is it possible to do anything else but love America? And apropos of American humour, I wonder if you have ever reflected on the adoption of "O.K." as the national endorsement of the correctness of the most serious documents. So familiar have we become with its use that, doubtless, many have forgotten its origin in Artemus Ward's whimsical mis-spelling of "orl korrect." Nowadays presidents signify their assent to state papers of the greatest importance, grave bankers certify cheques for millions of dollars, executives of gigantic businesses press the releasing button of far-reaching enterprises, with the casual corroboration of this mystic symbol. All that is needed is their "O.K." Anyone who sufficiently ponders the significance of this fantastic employment of the joke of an old American humourist will come near to understanding the true inwardness of the

(*Continued on page 146*)

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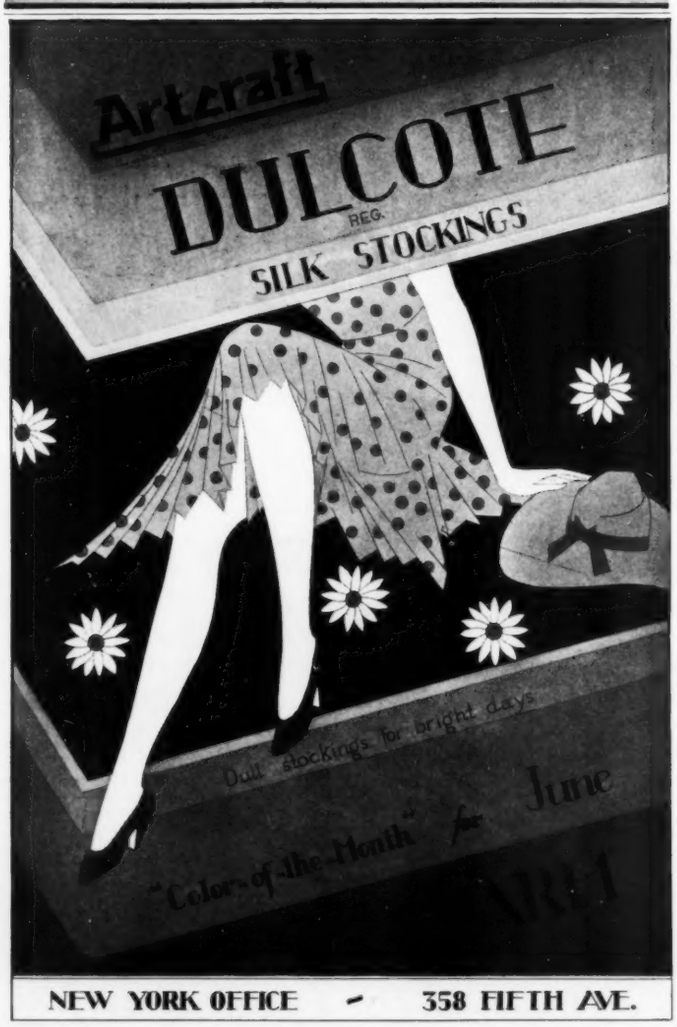

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WHY I LOVE AMERICA

(Continued from page 145)

American character. I know of no other nation that could have achieved so fascinating a piece of incongruity, found so deliciously grave a use for a cherished absurdity. Only a nation of humourists could have done it. And when I call America a nation of humourists, I don't, of course, mean that all Americans are funny, or trying to be funny. Heaven forbid! What I do mean is that the average American regards life with a calm, humorous eye, and that his comments on it—born of his constant and rapid dealing with realities, his automatic exercise of common sense, his elimination of superfluities in business such as fussiness, self-importance, and red tape, his unerring instinct for sham and pretense—often result in wit of a peculiarly shrewd and disconcerting, not to say destructive, quality.

NO HUMAN eye pierces so quickly to the root of any matter, and no eye so sternly detective brims with so keen and withal so kindly an enjoyment of its discoveries. As a reader of human nature, with all its infirmities and absurdities, the average American business man is hard to beat. And this is one of the reasons why he is one of the most companionable creatures on earth. With his shrewdness, too, he combines a curious boyishness, a peculiarly winning simple-heartedness and zest. My American friends have been business men, and serious and important as the affairs they had to handle, their gay camaraderie has never failed me. I have never missed the twinkle from their eyes, nor a sort of innocent dare-deviltry in their make-up all their own. I have often thought it was like the camaraderie of soldiers round a camp-fire, and indeed there is in every American man something of the soldier, or the cow-boy, or the frontiersman, or, at the least, the earth-feeling innate in a lad brought up on lonely farms, with the Indian still somewhere in the woods. Wild nature is still at every American's shoulder, like the vigilance and self-reliance she entails.

AND speaking of wild nature, it is the literal presence of the untamed wilderness still at the very doors of even her greatest cities that is so stirring to the imagination of those at least who come from lands where so little of the wilderness is left. How vast that wilderness, how peopled still by every savage, furred, winged, and scaled aboriginal creature, anyone who has taken the train from New York to San Francisco is aware. But it is not necessary to take so long a journey to hear that "call of the wild." One has but to take a Hudson River boat no further even than Poughkeepsie to realize how little that wonderful river has changed since Henry Hudson sailed up it in the "Half-Moon," seeking a way to China. New York is scarcely out of sight when Bear Mountain throws its rugged shadow over the deck, and at every wooded turn solitude enfolds us with something like a primeval silence. My own home is in the Catskill Mountains, where Rip Van Winkle might still be sleeping undisturbed. It is but a hundred miles from New York, but, every fall, the bears come down from the caverned hills surrounding us, in their innocent search for huckleberries, and wild does, with their little ones, browse on the young shoots in our woods. Once in a while one descries an eagle on a distant rock, and in the deserted quarries the rattlesnake, a comparatively familiar neighbour, gives his timely warning. These, and all the wild freshness, the sense of illimitable horizon and escape, are only a hundred miles from the most modern and sophisticated city in the world. After living in England, lovely as is the English countryside, and romantic as the French and Italian and Spanish landscapes, there is a sense of being closed in, of being "cabined, cribbed, confined," a longing of the eyes for vista, and a yearning of the very lungs for space. Whitman was right: "Here a great personal deed has room," "I inhale deep draughts of space—" Perhaps only on the sea and in America can these deep longings of the primitive within us find their satisfaction.

Living in the Catskills, and having lived in Connecticut, on the shores of Long Island Sound, I have naturally become well acquainted with that famous character, and thorn in the side of the American politician, the Yankee farmer. The Yankee farmer is probably the quintessence of old-fashioned, dyed-in-the-wool, Americanism. Personally, I like him all the better for that. Many an afternoon I have sat with him, smoking an old corncob, imbibing the hospitality of his hard cider, by virtue of which prohibition is for him an alien issue, and rejoicing in his dry wisdom.

I remember, in particular, one old Connecticut farmer from whom I had rented his old homestead for the summer, he himself preferring to live in a new stone house of his own building. He was a little, old, witty man, all shrewd wrinkles, and hard as nails, the kind of old farmer one can imagine still sitting on his fence and defending his boundaries against land-surveyors with a shot-gun. I paid his rent by the month, and, whether or not he was suspicious of me as an Englishman, he called for the second month's rent on the due date no later than seven o'clock of a May morning. It seemed an early call, but he sat outside in his old buggy, nonchalantly, as though seven o'clock in the morning was the usual hour for collecting rents. My wife and I, being early risers, went to the door to meet him. Close against the clap-boards of the old house was a huge white lilac bush in all its spring glory, and my wife, interested in the old character, and, doubtless, wishing to say something pleasant, said:

"That's a wonderful lilac, W.—"

The rent had not yet passed into his hands, so possibly he was still doubtful of us, and suspected in the remark the preliminary suavity of a tenant about to plead for a slight delay. However it was, he looked long and carefully at the lilac bush with his quizzical old eyes, seemed to study it, in fact, though he had been born in the house, and had, of course, known the lilac for years. At last, he spoke.

"Well, m'am," he said, "I can't say I see anything the matter with it."

So much for the beauties of nature in the eyes of a Yankee farmer—particularly when the rent is due. Talking about lilacs is not paying the rent! Yet it would be a mistake to assume that, somewhere deep down, he did not appreciate that lilac bush, too. Only what was the use of talking about so self-evident a thing!

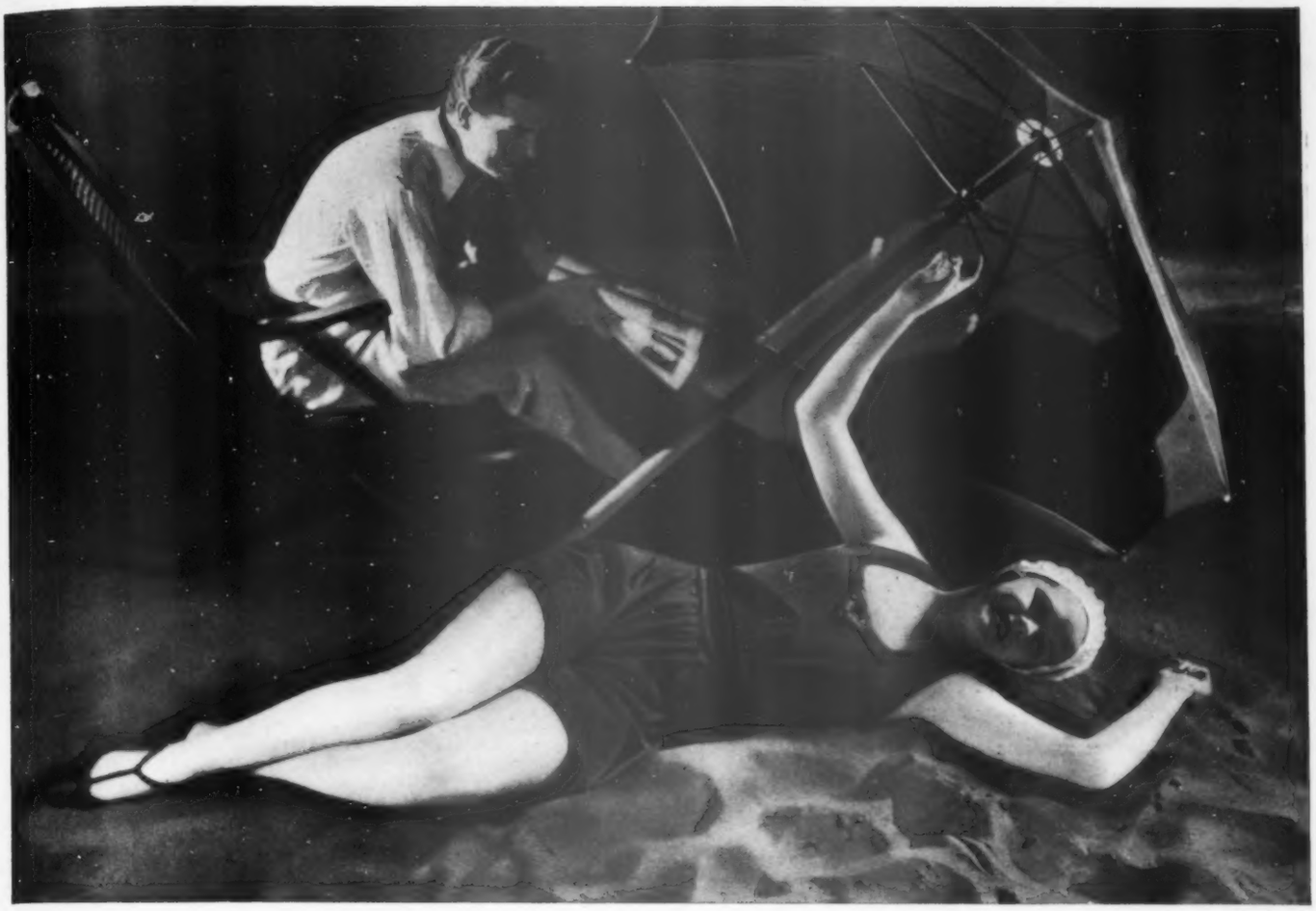
ANOTHER old farmer, on the Long Island shore, of a more sensitive type I recall. He was half farmer and half fisherman, as they often are in those parts, and I came upon him one morning at dawn, as I drifted in a little sloop with a scarcely perceptible breeze. The sun was not yet risen and the stars were not all gone. He came rowing close by me with his long sweeps, on his morning inspection of his lobster pots. He was a little wiry man too, filled with wrinkles, but his eyes were of the lightest, gentlest blue. And, as he passed by me, he called out:

"Ah! my boy, this is the time to catch stars!"

I have been acquainted with many professional poets, but it occurred to me that I had never heard any one of them say so fine a thing; and I felt, too, that that old farmer, with his dawn-blue eyes, had brought me very near to the fount of New England mysticism.

I SUPPOSE that when I say that I like America for her manners, I may be suspected of flattery. But only, I believe, by those who have not lived in America, or those who have only one conception of manners, as ornate and ceremonious. American manners are certainly not that. They do not aim at polish, but they achieve what seems to me the essence of good manners—sincerity, kindliness, the wish, on needed occasions, to do a service. In this respect, I have found Americans,

(Concluded on page 148)



disfiguring hair growths not only removed,—destroyed!

The undergrowth must also be removed in order to prevent a bristly regrowth

THERE'S no concealing them these days—the unsightly hairs that are so disfiguring. There's but one thing to do—destroy the growth *entirely.*

No longer need you fuss about superfluous hair every week. It was proved a great many years ago that ZIP *permanently destroys* hair growths. Since then hundreds of thousands of women have been using it with amazing success. It is a favorite with stage and screen stars as well as Beauty Specialists for face, arms, legs, body and underarms.

Harmless—Painless

ZIP is not to be confused with depilatories which merely remove surface hair temporarily, by chemical action. ZIP gets at the cause—the roots—and in this way destroys the growth. It is also entirely different from ordinary "wax" treatments made to imitate the genuine Epilator ZIP. After years of research this safe and *painless* product was created. *Remember, there is no other Epilator.*

ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin; no prickly stubble later on; no dark shadow under the skin.

A Permanent Method

It is a harmless, fragrant compound, free from sulphides, and pleasant to use. Moreover, there are no disagreeable fumes, no discoloring of porcelain and tile. ZIP acts immediately and brings lasting results. You will be delighted and you risk nothing, for ZIP is sold on a money-back guarantee basis.

562 FIFTH AVENUE *Madame Berthé* Specialist (Ent. on 46 St.) NEW YORK

Simply ask for ZIP at your favorite Drug Store or Toilet Goods counter

ZIP

Madame Berthé, Specialist 62
562 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
By mail, in plain envelope, tell me about ZIP and how to be entirely free of hair. Also send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" without charge.

Name.....
Address.....
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MID-TOWN OFFICES

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 44th Street
Madison Avenue at 60th Street

Complete Safe Deposit and Silver Storage Facilities Available

WHY I LOVE AMERICA

(Concluded from page 146)

particularly Americans of what we call "the working classes"—though it must not be forgotten that all classes in America are technically, at least, "working"—among the best-mannered people in the world. Of course, the stranger, in judging them, must remember that America is a democratic country, genuinely, not merely politically. "Liberty" may be somewhat curtailed, "equality" as academic as it is in every other country in the world, but in America "fraternity" at least is a vital fact, to be found everywhere in attractive and often quaint manifestations. The quite usual way of addressing a stranger as "Brother" is an evidence of this, and the sound of it has always had a charming friendliness to my ear.

The first time I heard it was from the lips of a policeman, a huge traffic cop on Fifth Avenue. I had asked him the way to a certain street, one of those few streets in New York that have names instead of numbers.

He layed his hand on my shoulder in a comradely way, and said "Brother . . ." and then briefly and clearly gave me my directions.

I shall never forget that "Brother," and often as I have heard it since, it has never failed to touch my heart anew; and, though it may sound simple-minded of me, I cannot but feel that its use on the lips of Americans is a genuine, instinctive recognition of the much be-mocked old dream of "The Brotherhood of Man."

OF course, there are, doubtless numerous pompous, self-important people, who would resent a policeman's fraternal hand on their shoulder as an unwarrantable liberty, and prefer to be addressed as "My Lord." *Such* will, of course, never understand, and will certainly never love America, and are hereby cautioned against going there.

Perhaps after its humour, America's most original contribution to the modern world is its architecture. Recently it has become the fashion to rave about it, but when the late John Lane, the publisher, and I first walked up Broadway, some few years ago, and were awe-struck by its stupendous altitudes of soaring stone, we were regarded as eccentric for even saying a good word for it, and perhaps one can understand its stern beauty seeming rather horrifying and even ugly to those accustomed to the old brown-stone fronts of the old-fashioned New York residences, or the ancestral charm of lovely old Trinity Church, in the churchyard of which Alexander Hamilton lies buried, under a little pyramid perhaps not inappropriately facing the top of Wall Street. Nowadays, however, the apparition of New York rising from the sea, with its colossal perpendicular towers, like a stronghold of Titans, is one of the show-spectacles of the world; and it certainly seems to me that the modern conception of beauty being born mainly of strength has no more victorious embodiment. No modern painter or sculptor has achieved any work comparable in power and fearful loveliness with this masterpiece of American architects, who, out of the necessities of New York's situation on its narrow peninsula wrested this artistic sincerity. Herein is also a most significant and impressive illustration of the American spirit, which out of sheer practicability has created beauty, almost without thinking of it, as a by-product, so to say, of its fierce vital process.

To say that another beautiful reason for loving America is the American girl is to give, as an old friend of mine would say, "a glimpse into the obvious." Imperious daughter of an imperial nation, she is in need of no further incense, and has surely had all the adulation that is good for her. Her style, her *chic*, her clothes, her self-reliance and so on—are not whole libraries filled to overflowing with these thrilling matters? I may mention one quality, however, for which I personally value her most—her camaraderie. Like her mother, she is the best of comrades. As a first-rate "pal," give me the American girl.

In conclusion, those will love America most whose eyes and hearts are with the Future, for the song of the winds about her terrible towers is the song of the Future, the song of a New World, of the spirit building to a stern new music. As I walk the streets of New York, the impression that mainly arrests me is one entirely unillustratible by particulars, an impression of moral seriousness and youthful energy combined. This young city seems to exhale a vernal breath. Young blood seems to palpitate through the streets. Indefinably, at every corner, through all its avenues, there comes sweeping about one a certain sense that this is a young nation sternly in earnest. The American eagle is indeed very strong and very young. If I were a popular preacher, I would courageously cross my metaphor and declare it the worthy offspring of the British Lion.

DEFEAT

MY METALED body stood so still,
Watching the broken arrows fall.
The corselet and greaves were chill
And the plumes tall.

The shirt my breasts were sheltered in
Was woven of a puma's hair;
I feared the shaking javelin
No more than air.

You let no shield nor helmet hide
Your face from me. Now on the ground
My steel is shattered from my side,
My plumes are down.

Luella Stone

THREE SHOES that Step to the Fore at Smart Resorts

ALONG with the sportswear vogue for hosiery with a crêpey finish, comes this important golf shoe of crêpe linen with brown kid. The heel is built up leather, and has a rubber lift. Of course there is a rubber sole. From Sommers.

"BLACK and white" says Paris. Therefore this white buck oxford with its black patent interlacings. A Cuban heel makes this shoe the perfect one for spectator sports. From Sommers.

THIS linen shoe, with its gay floral embroidery, strikes the right footnote for accompaniment with a flowered chiffon frock. Trimming and strap are of dull and pearl-lustre kid. For the garden party. From Sommers.

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THIS PACKAGE CONTAINS 3 FULL SIZE NAPKINS AND 2 SAFETY PINS
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COMPRESSED
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Mfd by THE VENUS CORPORATION, New York, U.S.A.

DON'T we travel luxuriantly these days? Whether by motor or plane, by ship or train, one is luxuriantly comfortable.

And the final touch is Venus Traveling Package, no larger than the palm of one's hand, containing three Venus Compressed Sanitary Napkins, each one of which unfolds to become full-sized and downy-soft.

Simply ask for Venus Traveling Package at the smartest stores and shops. Your first trip of completely luxurious comfort will make Venus a permanent part of your traveling case.

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New

The Ves-T-Lace Maidenette
BRASSIERE
REG · U · S · PAT. OFFICE
Made by the Makers of Maiden Form

The V-Neck fashion gives inspiration to this newest and most unusual of Maiden Form brassieres—the VES-T-LACE Maidenette—designed with a luxurious lace overlay to serve not only as a brassiere but as a vestee as well. At leading shops everywhere.

Also ask to see the Maiden Form girdles and garter belts.

Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc.
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"There's a Maiden Form for every type of figure"

For the June bride, three satin slippers from Delman. Left, satin with side rosette of tulle and orange-blossoms. Centre, moire with tulle and orange-blossoms. Right, satin with rose-point lace and orange-blossoms.

OFFERED BY NEW YORK SHOPS

Below, Henri Bendel shows a Chanel flowered chiffon with petals, appliquéd by hand, finishing the sleeves, neck, and three skirt tiers. White, black, ashes-of-roses. Rose crêpe de Chine slippers by Delman.

Photographs by Fab

Knitted silk sports suit by Henri Bendel. The one-piece frock of blue and gold has a striped blouse. Blue coat. With it are worn light weight golf oxfords combining linen and kid, from Delman.

For golf and all outdoor sports wear this Delman shoe in a popular combination, white buckskin and brown calf.

Medical authorities agree: "A doctor always uses a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

"Clean pores make a young face"

skin specialist tells women

Perhaps you've watched a doctor cleanse the skin with a liquid. Perhaps you've thought this was just antiseptic. Yet the method every doctor uses to cleanse is the one dermatologists recommend to keep the skin young. Ordinary cleansing that removes surface dirt, but pushes embedded dirt even deeper into the pores, (as shown in cross-section of skin), coarsens the texture and increases any tendencies toward wrinkles or oiliness. Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia not only instantly cleanses pore-deep, but also contains many pure, sweet oils that are most softening for the skin— oil of sweet orange, oil of lavender, oil of rosemary. Pores cleansed to their depths every day with liquid Ambrosia soon become fine: the skin-texture firm, smooth, young! And now that summer's here, don't forget this: Ambrosia relieves sunburn and protects the skin from exposure, feels cool as rain on hot days. Send for free pocket flacon that can be carried in your purse, used on the train, in your car . . . a one-minute facial wherever you happen to be. No grease to get in your hair; nothing to wipe away. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 6-B, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City. In Canada, Dept. 6-B, 69 York St., Toronto.

4 ounces $1.00 ▼ 8 ounces $1.75 ▼ 16 ounces $3.00

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

A cloud of moths

. . . and a closet full of ruined clothes

EXPENSIVE FURS, woolen blankets, draperies and wearing apparel are nothing but so much food to the hungry moth larvæ. A cloud of moths when the closet door is opened and clothes full of holes—that is the penalty for moth protection that does not protect. And there's not the slightest excuse for a single moth hole now that EXPELLO is available.

EXPELLO is sure death to moths and their larvæ. It is a wonderful new moth exterminator in crystal form. EXPELLO emits a powerful heavier-than-air vapor that penetrates downward into every pleat, every fold, every wrinkle and thread—and reaches spots that no other exterminator can touch. It has been thoroughly tested in the laboratory and in the home and is fully guaranteed. Harmless to humans and animals. Will not stain or harm the most delicate fabric. Leaves no odor.

A $1 closet can of EXPELLO will keep your clothes fresh and sweet and moth-proof. Also sold in handy, snow-white, gauze bags for chests, trunks, etc., at $1 a can. If not at your dealer's we will supply you direct. Please use the coupon. THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find $_____ (Cash_____ Money Order_____ Check_____) for which please send me EXPELLO as follows:

_____cans No. 1, $1 size (for Closets)._____ No. 2, $1 size (Handy Bags)._____ No. 3, 50c size (Handy Bags).

Mail to_____

Street or R. F. D._____

City or Town_____ State_____

My dealer's name is_____

His address is_____

DEVILCATS

(*Continued from page 81*)

trembling hand to his toupee, which was decidedly askew. He had forgotten all about a cocktail for me. I covered up. I said I had already told him I didn't want one.

Merely by the sinister power of a frown, David let me know plainly that it was impudent of me to give orders in his house. And when I had dutifully swallowed the cocktail which Grady brought me, he slouched into the dining-room and we sat down to a luke-warm luncheon.

CHILDREN of the rich, who are so largely brought up by servants, learn to speak with precisely the intonation and the vocabulary of servants. And their wit, for the same good reason, is the wit of the servants' hall. When David remarked quite truthfully, that the cutlets were so tough as to be fit only for hogs, Diana said that was why they were fit for him.

I tried my best.

But the only subject that interested my hosts was horse; and not horse pure and simple, but the appalling diseases of the horses in the Tower stable.

The discussion of these matters made me so nearly sick, over the dessert—a deflated soufflé—that I scarcely heard David's only question to me.

"Want a horse this afternoon?" he asked.

"No, thanks," I said—and saw that I had now sunk to the lowest of all levels in his esteem. I covered up again. I said that I couldn't think of riding horses whose feet were just about dropping off with epizootic, or some other distressing complaint.

"We've got plenty of sound horses," David said. "What do you want to come to Aiken for, if you don't want to ride? Drag tomorrow."

"Today has dragged a great deal," I said.

"Don't you know what a drag is?" Diana looked at me so contemptuously that I blushed. "A drag is a hunt—a hunt over a good stiff course, and everybody here goes to it, and you can go with us."

David gave me one sharp glance, sideways from under his sulky eyelids.

"Guess you're scared," he said.

"God bless you, yes," I agreed heartily. "The very sight of a foxhound makes me tremble."

"If you took some regular exercise," Diana helpfully remarked, "you wouldn't have such a great big enormous—"

She paused, searching for a delicate, servants' hall word.

"Abdomen," she said triumphantly, making it rhyme with foemen.

"Like a tub of slush," said David, shoving back his chair.

I was annoyed, and all the more so because I had just concluded an eighteen-day diet which made me so sylphlike that my clothes hung in bags all around me. To change the subject, I broke out without notice into the nightjar's courting cry.

"If you are going to be sick at your abdomen," said Diana, "please go to the bathroom right away."

"It's thinking about the drag that makes him sick," David muttered.

Diana seemed maliciously pleased.

"Let's bring in Lucrece from the stable and make him tremble," she said.

"Who is Lucrece?" I asked.

I learned that Lucrece was an elderly lady foxhound kept as a pet by the seventh, or it may have been the seventeenth groom.

"We'll bring her right in," Diana went on. "You said that the very sight of a foxhound made you tremble."

I broke down then, and began to explain things in a low but deadly voice. I explained that I was not afraid of dogs, and that I hadn't come to Aiken to hunt. I explained that it was extremely bad manners, even for children, to twit a guest about cowardice. I explained that for two cents I would borrow a horse and ride in the drag.

David hauled two copper coins out of his pocket.

"Here's two cents," he said, "and I'll lend you a horse myself."

Both children went back to their schools after lunch—David for bicycle polo, which is a training course for the real thing, and Diana for tennis. She had a minute or two with me first.

"Lunch was pretty rotten," said the candid child. "I'm not feeling any too good. We've had big doings around here. It gives me a pain in the neck."

"Diana," I said, "if you will just translate all that into less common English, I'll be even sorrier for you than I am. I'm staying here only because I want to help you if I can."

She smiled at me, and looked less weedy and malicious.

"I guess you mean well," she said, "but how *you* could be any help is more than I can see."

"Just you wait, and I'll do a lot for you," I promised, little knowing that I was fated to make the promise good.

"If you are scared of riding, as David says," continued Diana, "maybe you can fix the phonograph. Grady can't do a thing with it."

She pointed to one of those enormous orthopedic phonographs, or whatever they call them. I bitterly resented her giving me a job of work to do. But I called Grady, and he produced a paper-knife and some hairpins from Eleanor's room, and the machine started running as soon as I removed some gobs of David's chewing-gum from its insides.

Meanwhile, Grady called several people I knew on the telephone, and they were all out except Jane McKim. She told me that the Towers had undoubtedly split up for good.

"Eleanor was all shot to pieces when she left," said Jane. "She'll probably come back to see about the children before long. Miss Framboise can take care of them, more or less."

"Who's Miss Framboise?"

"Governess. French, and rather old. Haven't you seen her?"

I denied the existence of a governess so positively that Jane came right over, went upstairs, and found Miss Framboise cowering in her bedroom.

"Little David promised to shoot her if she came downstairs," said Jane. "Do you want to come and stay with me? You think it's your duty to stay here? All right, stay and be governess yourself."

"Jane," I asked, "does Eleanor feel any affection for this monstrous, this outrageous boy?"

"She's mad about him," said Jane. "So is Steve. If anything happened to darling David, you'd see his parents dashing home like lightning. That's the way they are."

"Where," I asked, "does he keep the gun he uses to shoot governesses? You have given me an idea."

BECAUSE this brilliant idea was impractical I spent the evening being even more cheerful than I had been at lunch. Diana was on my side now. My mechanical triumph charmed her, and the phonograph bleated and blared all through dinner. Miss Framboise appeared for a few minutes, complained of a bad migraine, and hid in her room. David was, if possible, more poisonous than before.

"If you aren't going to drag tomorrow, give me back my two cents," he said.

"But I am going to drag," said I.

"That's wonderful," said Diana. "We can go with you, instead of with the children from our schools. When Steve's at home, we always go with him."

"Do you call your father Steve?" I asked her.

"He hasn't any other name, has he?" asked Diana innocently.

Somehow, this little conversation about Steve removed my last bit of hesitation about the drag. It was only a ride arranged for small children; no doubt there were plenty of gates, through which an unpractised rider could pass. Probably the worst of the jumps were only logs lying on the ground. I would look foolish enough, but never mind that. David was not going to call my bluff.

(*Continued on page 154*)

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Arms, Legs, Bust or Entire Body and relieve Varicose Veins with

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FLESH COLORED

RUBBER GARMENTS

MY GARMENTS have been worn for over twenty-five years and helped thousands of people all over the world. They are the *original* rubber reducing garments, made of the finest flesh-colored Para rubber, removing superfluous flesh from any part of the body.

Have Shapely Limbs . . $6.75
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Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once.

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Flesh colored rubber. Laced back, clasp front. Made to your measure $12.00
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Heavy weight flesh colored rubber, for reducing bust, waist, hips and thigh . . . Made to measure.
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SLIM ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 *per pair*

DR. WALTER'S special extra strong Ankle Bands of live flesh colored Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. They fit like a glove and can be worn under hose. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day, deriving the extra benefit of the support. Relieve rheumatism and varicose veins.

Send ankle and calf measure

Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

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To Remove Arm or Leg Hair Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth!

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet
Cream Hair Remover

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair slowed amazingly

THE SAVOY-PLAZA

Majestic and Impressive with the 840 acres of Central Park at its doors... a setting one hardly hopes for in the towering city of stone and steel. To the travelled person, it is vividly evident that here is one of the world's distinguished hotels with the Most Beautiful Outlook in New York.

Henry A. Rost, *President*
Same Administration as The Plaza

Illustrated Brochure on Request

Fifth Avenue, New York
58th to 59th Streets

THE FIFTH AVENUE SHOP OF INDIANAPOLIS
Summer Fashions
The smartness of the new collection emanates from Paris
Gowns · Tailored Costumes
Coats · Hats
Imported Accessories
STYLISTS TO ASSIST MADAME

The GRIFFIN SHOP
THIRTY-MONUMENT CIRCLE · INDIANAPOLIS

DEVILCATS

(*Continued from page 152*)

When Grady pulled up my window-shades in the morning, I saw a pair of very clean whipcord breeches on a chair, and a pair of resplendent boots, and those red-handled hooks you use to pull them on.

"Master David's orders," said the old man. "He said you would be riding to hounds today."

"I suppose I'm a fool, Grady."

"No doubt you're often in the saddle, sir?"

"Once every forty years," I said.

Instantly Grady took up the riding things, and started to walk out of the room.

"You may leave them," I said. "David told me I was afraid to ride. In a way of speaking, I consider that he called my bluff."

The old butler hesitated.

"It's no place for a man who doesn't ride all the time," he said, with what for him was remarkable clarity and distinctness. "The fences are high and solid, and the pace is a scandal. 'Tis a steeple-chase, not a hunt."

"But the little girls go."

"They have been taught to go," said Grady, addressing a very beautiful shirt he held in his arms.

"You were born in Ireland—in a hunting country," I said. "Do you tell me that I can't negotiate this course, along with a lot of children from school? Don't answer. I may break my neck, but I won't take another word from young David."

"That's how I feel about it myself," fluted Grady, into the shirt.

A change came over him. He looked at the effeminate breakfast-tray he had brought me; a soft-boiled egg, two soft rolls, and coffee. He took it away, and came back presently with some slices of cold meat, and the tallest brandy and soda I had seen for years. He clucked and trilled over me as I pulled on the breeches and boots, telling me an interminable story about some bold young farmer, a cousin of his, who had swallowed the best of a bottle of whisky and then won the Irish Grand National at Punchestown.

At least, I think the bold young cousin won. There were so many details that I couldn't be sure, and I was only half listening, anyway.

I was stamping around, jamming my feet deeply into the boots, and my hands into a pair of superb riding gloves. I was telling myself that horses gratify a curious atavistic passion for getting oneself into danger. I was telling myself that anyone can ride who takes the trouble to remember that men have been on horses for a million years.

I felt uplifted for a moment; it must have been the brandy. I could not choke down a mouthful of the meat.

Then I stamped out on the porch, and David greeted me with a flicker of his eyebrow and the curt statement that we ought to start at once. He was impressed, however. He told me that Steve's clothes fitted pretty well, and that the only hunter up to my weight was old Launcelot, a horse about as exciting as a rocking-chair. "He ticks all his fences," said David, "but he never comes down."

My moment of dressing-room exaltation had long since passed. I managed to grunt suitably, and to look at three grooms who were holding horses in the driveway—small, nervous thoroughbreds for David and Diana, and a large, placid beige-coloured animal for me.

I MOUNTED with such determination that I went all the way over this large horse's back, and hurt my hand and knee quite painfully on the sharp gravel of the driveway. David's horse, at the moment, was misbehaving so conveniently that the dear boy did not observe this mishap. I soon climbed into the saddle, aided by a shove from the groom. The stirrups seemed short; I'm sure that when I jumped my grandmother's horse over the heaped-up hydrangea-beds at home, in my boyhood, I used no stirrups at all.

David was trotting along in advance of Diana and myself. Old Launcelot lived up to the statement that he was a rocking-chair. He moved sedately through the gate, and down the road. I felt surprisingly at ease.

"Isn't this fun?" said Diana. "Come on, let's gallop."

I turned my head to say "No," and this movement, slight as it was, caused me to fall half-way off the horse. I embraced him like a medieval figure of Virtue wrestling with Sin, and after we had moved a long way in that undignified position, I managed to get upright again.

The roads were full of people trotting to the meet. I saw Jane McKim, and contrived to bow to her without moving more than my eyelids, and she giggled violently and called "Vive la Framboise!" I saw one little boy so magnificently sleek and glossy in new riding-clothes that he looked like nothing human, but Diana told me he was only the Junior Whip. I saw a little girl who just matched him. There was a long procession of schoolgirls, led by the woman who runs the biggest stable in Aiken; and there was a double file of microscopic boys, marshalled with suitable eloquence by a retired sergeant of marines—of cavalry, I should say.

It was cool and beautiful in the Hitchcock woods, and hundreds of people not insane enough to be on horses were coming up in buggies. There were some amusing old barouches carrying sportive old ladies who had doubtless hunted with Queen Victoria, if not Queen Elizabeth. I was almost enjoying the scene until we passed a large, high fence made of enormous timbers, and Diana said casually that it was one of the jumps.

Now I am afraid I must deceive you a little.

If this were the ordinary hunting story, I am sure I would have kept myself in the saddle by sheer will-power, the dauntless blood of the Sprowls. And I would have led the whole hunt, and come in at the death, or what passes for the death in drag hunts, and been blooded, and given the brush. And that night, at the hunt dinner, men would have lifted their glasses to me and said: "Here's to good old Sprowl, who rides the straightest line in all Leicestershire, God bless him."

Nothing like that happened. I had time to remember the comfortless words of some old thruster, who said: "Any fence can be jumped—with a fall!" Then we started, with a tremendous surge: I could see dozens of riders flowing over the high fence just ahead of me, children and older people too, like a great wave flowing over a reef.

Old Launcelot snorted with excitement, thundered up to the fence, and rose over it like a rocking-chair in a typhoon. I sailed off his back into the arms of a news photographer, who broke my fall a good deal. Instead of being killed, I suffered nothing but a dislocated shoulder, and two or three fractured ribs.

THE photographer pressed his button just before I landed, and secured a picture which has gone the rounds of all the Sunday papers. Then he took me home in his car. Casualties are so common in the hunting-field that nobody paid any attention to me on the way. David and Diana completed the course with Launcelot, and they all came home to find me waiting in bed for a doctor, with Grady holding his faithful brandy bottle to my lips.

Diana peeped through the door at me, and seemed to agree with Miss Framboise's statement that I was mortally hurt.

"It may be," said the devilcat, calmly, "for the best."

People never realize that an invalid always hears the faintest word spoken anywhere in the house. While a very much bored doctor was giving me a whiff of ether, before putting my arm back in its socket, I could hear Diana dictating a telegram in the modern style:

(*Concluded on page 156*)

Showing how much its Mohawk Chenille carpeting contributes to the beautiful and homelike apartment of Miss Gertrude B. Lane—230 East 50th St., New York—editor of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

CHENILLE IN THE TOWN APARTMENT

To the urban apartment—as well as to the pretentious country home—Mohawk Chenille brings luxury and distinction.

THE charm of Mohawk Chenille is by no means restricted in its application to the floors of public buildings or to homes of great extent and luxury. As can easily be seen from these camera studies, Chenille is a fabric ideally suited to the tasteful yet modest town apartment. There is a feeling of quiet repose and "homey" comfort in its deep pile that blends with a relaxed mood just as perfectly as its color schemes harmonize with the decoration and appointments.

The unique "flexibility" of Mohawk Chenille, of course, is another factor which is compelling its use in hundreds of smaller apartments. For Mohawk weaves its Chenilles in every standard width up to 30 feet and in any required shape, however irregular. This means that seams can be entirely avoided and the room thus made to appear larger than it is, the expanse of carpet beauty being uninterrupted throughout its length and breadth. Furthermore, your choice of color and design is practically unlimited, for Mohawk's skilled colorists can match your rug to any desired shade, and any symbol, crest or decorative theme can be taken as the design motif.

The Mohawk Carpet Mills manufactures Chenille carpets—and rugs—in a great variety of grades and pile depths. There are, too, experts on its staff ready to advise and assist your decorator or furniture dealer in measuring, ordering and laying Chenille. Where special patterns are desired, these experts can also arrange to submit individual designs, through the dealer of your choice. An investigation of Chenille will reveal to you its remarkable possibilities for the expression of personality in your home.

Another restful area—Mohawk Chenille-covered —in Miss Lane's apartment.

ANNOUNCING

An Utterly New Beauty Technique by BONCILLA

THE makers of the famous Clasmic Pack featured by Andrelys of Paris and the most noted beauty salons throughout the world now announce a new line of beauty preparations which embody the very latest and most scientific principles for the care and beauty of the skin.

Clasmic Pack, delightfully refined, remains as ever pre-eminent for freshening the tone and color of the skin, for eliminating acne, enlarged pores, fatigue lines and blemishes. Each of the companion articles is equally unique in formula and purpose.

The new Foundation Creme, which is iridescent, revolutionizes make-up by its utterly astonishing effect of smoothing and enlivening the skin, at the same time acting as a base that holds powder hours longer. The Face Powder is air-floated through sheer silk, eliminating impurities which have been present in even the most expensive powders heretofore. The Cold Creme, the Cleansing Creme, Cremetone (the liquid cleanser), the Astringent, the Rouge and the Lip Rouge, all exemplify the finest product of the cosmetic makers' art.

These fine new products are contained in handsome jade cases that lend distinction to the most modernly appointed dressing table. The items may be purchased individually at $1 to $3.50, or as a complete ensemble. The statuette, pictured above, will be found at the better department stores and toiletry counters. It is the guild mark for the new Boncilla Mark-2 line which should be asked for by that name.

BONCILLA

DEVILCATS

(*Concluded from page 154*)

DEAREST MOTHER WILL YOU KINDLY COME HOME AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE BECAUSE DAVID HAS BEEN MORTALLY HURT IN THE DRAG YOUR LOVING
DIANA
PS HE IS NOT DEAD YET

Then she dictated the same message over again, addressing it to her father in New York. I heard David say: "You aren't such a fool as I thought!" Then I let myself sink through sweetish, buzzing clouds of ether into that curious black country from which it is so painful to return. What fully roused me, late that afternoon, was the roar of an airplane motor overhead.

It came down, Grady informed me, in a pasture that had been sacred to horses since the memory of man. Eleanor *had* come at her earliest convenience, and yet she was not ten seconds ahead of Steve. He dropped down in another plane, almost on top of her, and I looked up in time to see them jammed together in my door.

They took a long, speechless look at the shapeless, white, bandaged cocoon in my bed, and I saw the strangest look come over their faces as they realized that the mortally hurt David was only David Sprowl.

Then they went out and said things to each other in the hall. Then they went upstairs and put their bags away, and dressed for dinner.

It was a reconciliation. They discussed me in a most unflattering way, all the time. They said: "Thank God it was only that old fat fool."

Why don't people realize that an invalid hears every word?

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for June 1930

SUNDAY, JUNE 1—Wedding of Miss Nina V. Short, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Short of Hillsboro, Ind., to Dr. Raymond S. Crispell.

MONDAY, JUNE 2—Wedding of Miss Genevieve Ruth Wheeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wheeler of East Orange, N. J., to Arthur E. Sherwin, in the Church of the Incarnation, East Orange.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3—Wedding of Miss Katharine Conville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Conville of 70 East Ninety-sixth Street, New York City, to Robert Emmett Fitz Gibbon.

Horse Show, West Point, N. Y. To continue through June 4.

Wedding of Miss Gray Grebenstein, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Edward Everett Grebenstein of Englewood, N. J., to Malcolm Mackay, Jr.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4—Wedding of Miss Betsy Cushing, daughter of Dr. Harvey Cushing of Brookline, Mass., to James Roosevelt, son of Governor and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in Brookline.

Wedding of Miss Eleanor Wendell Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Phillips Barker of 440 Park Avenue and Yonkers, N. Y., to Charles Sheldon at Sherry's, New York.

Wedding of Miss Mary Mattimore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mattimore of Brooklyn, N. Y., to David Wood.

Wedding of Miss Marie B. Bauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bauer of East Orange, N. J., to G. Donald Shannon, in the Arlington Avenue Presbyterian Church, East Orange.

Wedding of Miss Irma L. Crowther, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Guy Crowther of Guilford, Baltimore, Md., to Granville Hamilton Swope.

Wedding of Miss Melba T. Dingle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dingle of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. Robert N. Downs, Jr., in the Church of the Epiphany, Germantown. Reception to follow at the Pelham Club.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5—Wedding of Miss Kate Morgan Brookfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brookfield of 159 East Seventy-third Street, New York City, to Watson Wyckoff, in St. James Church, New York.

Wedding of Miss Kathryn M. Kohlmann, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry John Kohlmann of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mervin Gerard Pallister, in Grace Church, Brooklyn. Reception to follow at the Hotel Ambassador, New York City.

Wedding of Miss Gertrude Powell, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Thomas H. Powell of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to Walter Strehbehn, at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Wedding of Miss Dorothy Roosen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dudley Roosen of 1120 Fifth Avenue, New York, to Albert Richard Diebold, at the home of the bride's parents. Reception to follow at Sherry's.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6—Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. To continue through June 7.

Wedding of Miss Helen Steers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton I. Steers of Gedney Farms, N. Y., to George Van Trump Burgess, at the home of the bride's parents.

Wedding of Miss Florence Alida Freas, daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. William Freas of Rosedale, L. I., to Carl H. Pfluecke.

Wedding of Miss Edith Akeroyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Akeroyd of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., to John Nelson Purviance, in the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Germantown. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

Lawn tea by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blake at "The Lilacs," Dedham, Mass., for their débutante daughter, Miss Harriette Blake.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7—Wedding of Miss Caroline Roebling, daughter of Mrs. Arthur O'Brien of Washington, D. C., to Alexander B. Hagner in St. John's Church, Washington. A reception will follow at Estabrook, the home of the bride's mother.

Dog Show under the auspices of the North Westchester Kennel Club. Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Bull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bull of Brooklyn, to Edward M. Twitmyer.

Wedding of Miss Louise Wallingford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Wallingford of Bar Beach, Port Washington, L. I., to William B. Fearon, Jr., at the home of the bride's parents.

Wedding of Miss Jean R. McLanahan, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Austin McLanahan of Baltimore, Md., to Francis C. Taliaferro, at the home of the bride's parents.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Huntington Valley Kennel Club, Jenkintown, Pa.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Ladies' Kennel Association of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

Polo matches, Meadow Brook, L. I. To continue through July 14.

Wedding of Miss Virginia Curtin to Powell Cabot, Episcopal Church, Nahant, Mass.

(*Continued on page 158*)

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

(*Continued from page 156*)

Wedding of Miss Mollie Adams to Elmer Roy Joslyn at Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Rose Bryant, to Edward Hamlin, Jr., in the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass.

Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Augustin H. Parker at "Noanet Farm," Charles River Village, Mass., for their débutante daughter, Miss Alison L. Haughton.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8—Lawn tea by Mr. and Mrs. John Wells Farley of Needham, Mass., for their débutante daughter, Miss Louise Farley.

MONDAY, JUNE 9—Wedding of Miss Anne Hacker, daughter of Mrs. Everett H. Brown of Germantown, Philadelphia, to William Neely Alcorn, Jr., in St. Luke's Church, Germantown. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's mother.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10—Wedding of Miss Lelia A P. Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hill Morgan of 125 East Seventy-second Street, New York, to Edward R. Wardwell in St. James' Church, New York.

Wedding of Miss Margaret Henry, daughter of Mrs. De Witt P. Henry of Wayne, Pa., to Gail Borden, in Wayne.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Monroe Leovy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adair Leovy of Pittsburgh, Pa., to Roberdeau Green Annan, in Calvary Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh.

Horse Show at the South Shore Country Club, Chicago, Ill. To continue through June 14.

Boat-racing under the auspices of the New York Yacht Club, Glen Cove, L. I. To continue through June 12.

Wedding of Miss Margaret Wentworth to John Kimball Whiting, Jr., in the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11—Wedding of Miss Alice Grimes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grimes of Sterling, Ill., to Charles G. Griffin, at Sterling.

Horse-racing, Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. To continue through July 4.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12—Wedding of Miss Florence Davenport Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grantland Rice of 1158 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and Easthampton, L. I., to Sydney A. Smith, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

Wedding of Miss Margaret Farrand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Farrand of South Orange, N. J., to Willard Thorp, in the Church of the Holy Innocents, West Orange.

Horse Show at Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, Rye, N. Y., under the direction of the Westchester Horse-show Association. To continue through June 14.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Sloan Pratt, daughter of Mrs. Katharine Sloan Pratt of Brooklyn, N. Y., to John H. Livingston at the home of the bride's uncle, Clifford A. Sloan, at Locust Valley, L. I.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Kittridge Hamilton, daughter of William H. Hamilton of 70 East Seventy-seventh street, New York, to Winsor Shippee at the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Tea by Mrs. Ralph B. Williams at Cohasset, Mass., in honour of her débutante daughter, Miss Frances J. Williams.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13—Church Cup Tennis Matches, at the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, Pa. To continue through June 14.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14—Wedding of Miss Helen Robinson, daughter of the former Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Theodore Douglas Robinson of New York and Washington, to John Arthur Hinckley.

Wedding of Miss Elinor Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Thompson of Brookwood Farm, Greenville, Del., to Chase Donaldson in the Old Swedes Church, Greenville.

Wedding of Miss Susan Toy Morse, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Inglis Morse of Cambridge, Mass., to Frederick Whiley Hilles in Christ Church, Cambridge.

Wedding of Miss Muriel Fritz, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Emdon Fritz of Manchester, N. H., to James Russell Hawks.

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth O'Malley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Malley of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Robert MacFarland in the New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. Reception to follow at the Hotel Bossert.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Greenwich Kennel Club, Greenwich, Conn.

Wedding of Miss Grace Gladwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Warren Gladwin of Bronxville, N. Y., to William George Hynson, Jr., in Christ Church, Bronxville.

Wedding of Miss Zita M. Langhorne of Cambridge, Mass., to Lieut. Edward William Clexton, U. S. N., in Baltimore, Md.

Wedding of Miss Sara Wistar Waterman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wistar Waterman of Penllyn, Pa., to James D. Winsor, 3d, in St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

Hunt races, the Country Club, Brookline, Mass., to be run again on June 17.

Wedding of Miss Evelyn I. Perkins to Amyas Ames, in Hartford, Conn.

Tea by Mrs. R. H. Atkins at Belmont, Mass., in honour of her débutante, daughter, Miss Mary Atkins.

(*Concluded on page 159*)

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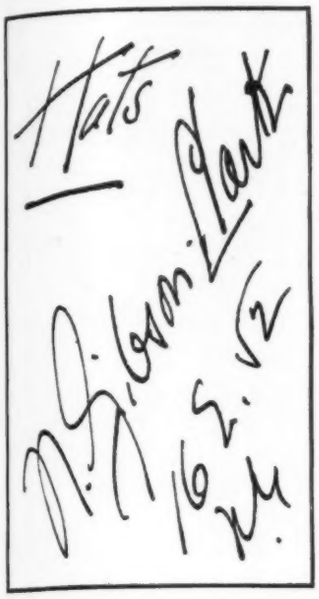
SOCIAL CALENDAR

(*Concluded from page 158*)

SUNDAY, JUNE 15—First day of Harvard commencement exercises, Cambridge, Mass.
MONDAY, JUNE 16—Class day exercises, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Luncheon by Mrs. Arthur H. Morse at Pigeon Hill, Weston, Mass., in honour of her débutante daughter, Miss Susan H. Morse.
TUESDAY, JUNE 17—Commencement exercises, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Dog Show under auspices of Ladies' Dog Club, Brookline, Mass.
Class day at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
THURSDAY, JUNE 19—Horse Show at Huntington, L. I., under the direction of the Huntington Bay Club. To continue through June 21.
Wedding of Miss Nancy Hough, daughter of Mrs. Charles Merrill Hough of 152 East Thirty-fifth Street, New York, to Baldwin Smith, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church.
Hunt race meet on the estate of John R. Macomber, Farmingham Centre, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Eleanor Drinkwater to Edward G. Pinkerton, at Cohasset, Mass.
FRIDAY, JUNE 20—Wedding of Miss Marion Jean Watkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Watkins of Short Hills, N. J., to Dr. Frederick Harvey Lum, 3d, in the Church of the Holy Communion, South Orange. Reception to follow at the Short Hills Club.
Wedding of Miss Sallie W. Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Rogers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to John H. Dunlop.
Rowing Regatta, Yale versus Harvard, Thames River, New London, Conn.
Wedding of Miss Frances Stuart Miller, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank King Miller of Paolik, Pa., to John Holmes Davie.
SATURDAY, JUNE 21—Wedding of Miss Louise Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. W. Russell of Brookline, Mass., to Whiting Willauer, in Brookline.
Wedding of Miss Eleanor M. Thomson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Coleman Thomson of Brooklyn, N. Y., to John T. McDonald in the Church of the Holy Innocents, Brooklyn. Reception to follow at the Leverich Towers.
Wedding of Miss Ruth Child, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest T. Child, of West Orange, N. J., to Harold G. Test in the First Unitarian Church of Orange.
Wedding of Miss Mildred Huntoon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Huntoon of East Orange, N. J., to Herbert Randolph Coursen, in Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange.
Wedding of Miss Betty Pain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Pain of Hubbard Woods, Ill., to Quentin J. Hallburg, in Christ Church, Winnetka, Ill.
Dog Show under the auspices of the Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, N. Y.
MONDAY, JUNE 23—Intercollegiate rowing regatta, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Wedding of Miss Margaret L. Hedden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer Hedden of East Orange, N. J., to Richard Jerome Congleton, in the Munn Avenue Presbyterian Church, East Orange. Reception to follow at the Maplewood Country Club.
TUESDAY, JUNE 24—Wedding of Miss Anne Tilney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Sheldon Tilney of Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J., to Dean Sage, Jr., in the garden of the Tilney estate.
FRIDAY, JUNE 27—Horse Show at Babylon, L. I. To continue through June 28.
State Open Golf Championship tournament, Green Meadow Country Club, Rye, N. Y. To continue through June 28.
SATURDAY, JUNE 28—Wedding of Miss Pauline Dixon Dodge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall J. Dodge of 955 Lexington Avenue, New York, and Southampton, L. I., to Frederick R. Pratt.
Dog Show under the auspices of the Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N. J.
Wedding of Miss Helen Streeter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Clark Streeter of Boston, Mass., to John Bertram Whitelaw, at Boston.
MONDAY, JUNE 30—Wedding of Miss Kalo Scofield, daughter of Mrs. Walter S. Scofield of Hempstead, L. I., to Hugh Chester Montgomery, in the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, L. I.
Wedding of Miss Catherine Robb, daughter of Mrs. Russell Robb of Concord, Mass., to Peter Whyte.



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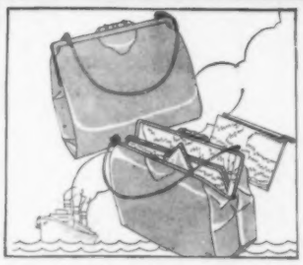

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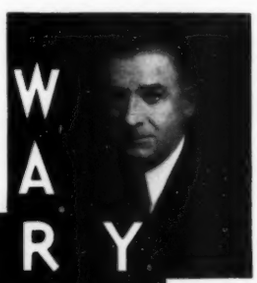

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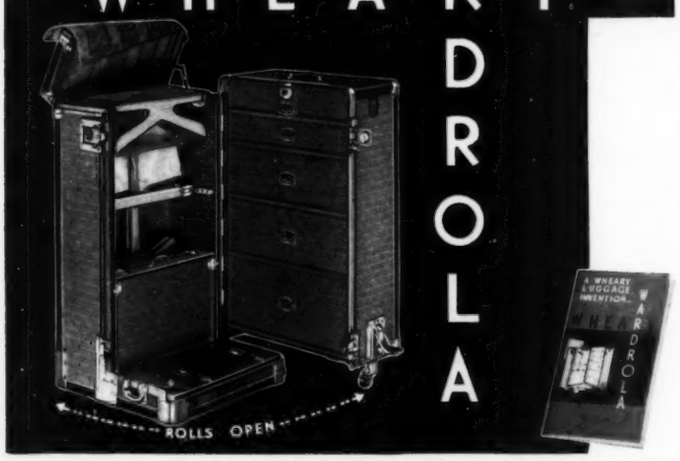

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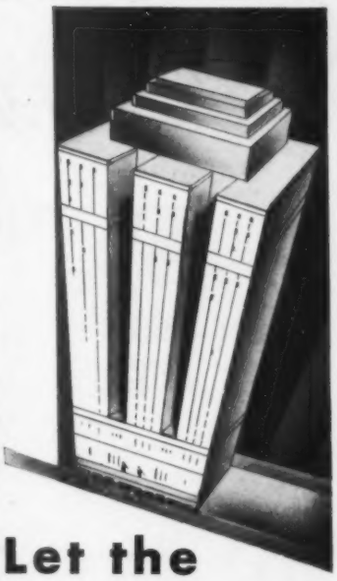

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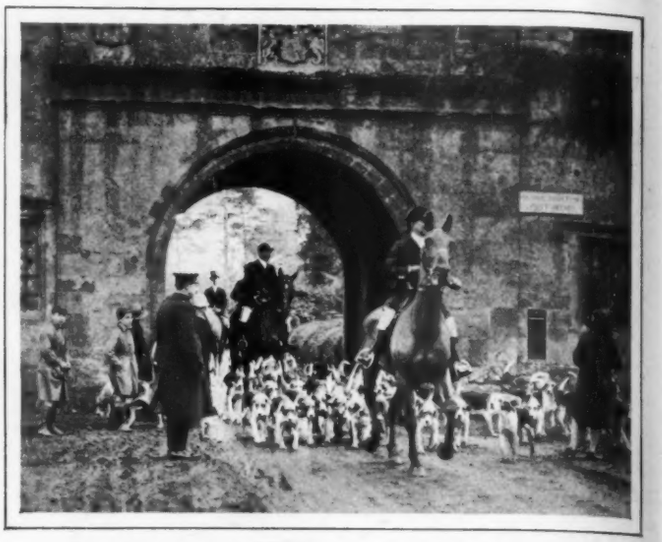

The Bicester Meet passing the Wormleighton Post Office.

THE BRITISH SPORTING WEEK-END

(*Continued from page 103*)

Wales), St. George's Hill, Worplesdon, Beaconsfield, Sandy Lodge, Ashdown Forest, and Moor Park, as well as other courses within easy motoring distance.

Foremost among Scotch courses is North Berwick, forty minutes from Edinburgh, famous because it has ten first-class golf-courses within a radius of ten miles. Anybody who is anybody turns up at North Berwick some time during the summer and early fall. Poverty-stricken titled folk started the vogue because North Berwick was cheap, but the mob followed with the result that cheapness fled. However, North Berwickian air, though expensive now, is still said to be the driest in the Kingdom, which means a lot in this amazingly air-conscious country where natives continually brag that Margate ozone, for instance, flows in a direct and uninterrupted line from the North Pole!

Among Americans who have played at North Berwick may be mentioned former Ambassador Joseph Choate, Thomas Lamont, Otto Kahn, former Ambassador Houghton and Bobby Jones.

Titled English regulars include Lady Astor, Lady Oxford (the famous Margot Asquith, who is said to play an excellent game,) the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Roseberry and Lord Charles Hope.

Golf has been played on the Old Course at North Berwick since the time of James I. The advantage of the course is that it is not long but yet is tricky enough to be amusing, with fast greens, difficult approach shots and natural hazards. The soil is sandy and you can play in the rain or immediately after.

MOST Scotch courses are run by clubs, members of which play without charge as a reward for maintaining the links and collecting the fees. The fee for the public on the Old Course is four shillings a day, eighteen shillings a week or forty shillings a month. Places must be booked on the links the day before. Members and the public take fair turns.

North Berwick has a professional, supposed to be one of the best golf teachers for children in Great Britain; also Ben Sayers, who makes and sells clubs in a little house on the links, and has taught Lady Oxford, Princess Bibesco and Princess Aspasia of Greece.

The only industry in the clean little village is renting houses. One hundred pounds a month will obtain a house facing the golf-course, with three public rooms, twelve bedrooms, servants' quarters, bed linen, table linen, cutlery and a tennis court. Small villas facing the sea rent for fifty pounds.

The fashionable hotel at North Berwick is the Marine which faces both links and sea. This is one of those ostentatiously simple hostels with no conveniences to speak of but plenty of comfort. There is no bar, the rooms do not have running water, and the private baths, instead of connecting with the suites, are in a wing to themselves. But children can learn the Highland fling, and there is a croquet lawn and a woman's three-piece orchestra. In summer, the cost of meals and a suite for three persons, with sitting-room, two bedrooms and bath, is seven guineas.

The noted course of St. Andrew's, situated on a bay between the Firth of Forth and The Firth of Tay, has been played upon by almost every famous golfer in the world and several royal golfers. In 1922, the Prince of Wales played himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and next year the Duke of York will duplicate the performance.

The Royal and Ancient Club which runs the Old Course (there are three other courses, one for working people) is the world autocrat of golf, but its democratic spirit is shown by the fact that in the lounge the portrait of Andra Kirkaldy, St. Andrew's famous pro, hangs near that of the Earl of Hague.

The Old Course is open to the public for two shillings and sixpence a round. During August and September, members are allowed the course to themselves for an hour and twenty minutes in the morning and for the same time in the afternoon. The tourist season is on in July and August and the British golfers come, as a rule, in September.

A putting course was laid out for women at St. Andrew's in 1867 and there is now feminine St. Rule's—a cozy little club-house with windows that face the first tee and the last green of the Old Course. A letter from a qualified American golf-club will earn any lady a welcome.

THE special human inducements to visit St. Andrew's are Forgan, who has a shop near the first hole, and Kirkaldy, the pro. Forgan has sold clubs to champions for sixty years and once held a royal warrant to make clubs for King Edward, but the king was not a keen golfer, so that the warrant meant more honour than business.

Forgan likes to tell of the time Kirkaldy brought the present Prince of Wales to his shop. The pro had promised that the Prince would buy a new set of clubs, and, in an attempt to persuade him, began pulling the prince's sticks out of his bag one at a time, saying of each: "Your Highness canna play more with that club; 'tis nae gude."

(*Continued on page 164*)

THE BRITANNIA, ICE BOUND - 1844

What SAMUEL CUNARD did for Boston Boston never Forgot

IT was the 30th day of January in the year 1844. The people awoke to a strange and awesome sight. There lay before them the entire Boston Harbour "from the Ferryway to the Narrows," a solid sea of ice. And wedged tight in the ice, helpless and unable to turn a paddle, was "Boston's most beloved ship"—the Britannia—with her sailing date only 3 days away; Europe awaiting her mails; and 65 persons booked for the passage.

The Britannia—the Palatial Passenger Packet of Mr. Samuel Cunard—the same Samuel Cunard who with his great fleet of ships—so says the Memorial History of Boston—had doubled Boston's foreign business and brought to Boston new workers and great prosperity.

A great wave of sympathy and friendliness sweeps the people—Mr. Martin Brimmer, Boston's Mayor calls the Selectmen and the Merchants to a hurried council at "the Exchange" — money must be raised to cut the Britannia out of the ice. There must be no expense to Mr. Cunard—and on the committee were appointed "such sterling citizens as Ozias Goodwin, Caleb Curtis, Ammi Lombard and Samuel Quincy." $3,000 was raised in a twinkling. And at dawn on February 1st, 1,500 men were hard at work with horses and ploughs, picks and axes and apparatus of every sort. Thousands turned out on the ice on skates to watch and to cheer, and there were horse-sledges and boats on runners and tents for refreshments. THE THIRD DAY SAW THE MIRACLE PERFORMED. A grateful citizenry had cut a great canal in the ice, 10 miles long and 200 feet wide and the BRITANNIA WAS FREE.

All this was a "Labour of Love" for Boston thought of that unforgettable day in July 1840, when the Britannia, the First Cunarder, had appeared in its Harbour—when Ezra Gannett in his sermon in the Federal Street Meeting House had said of her coming: "I confess that no event which has occurred since the commencement of the present century seems to me to have involved more important consequences to this city."

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A copy of the sermon of Ezra Gannett, upon "The Coming of the Britannia" in facsimile form, as originally printed in 1840, will be sent on request. Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

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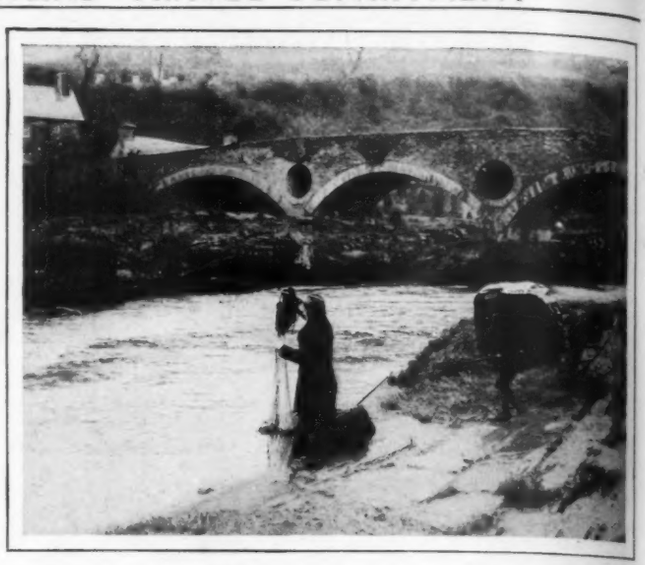

A survival of Ancient Britain—coracle men of the River Tiefy. The fishermen are landing after the salmon netting. The old bridge in the background is worthy of note.

THE BRITISH SPORTING WEEK-END

(*Continued from page 162*)

The Prince waited until all the sticks were out of the bag. Then he began jabbing them back again, saying as he pushed each one in: "No, I won't throw that club away—I like it!"

Forgan lost the business but, with true golfing spirit, boasts of the Prince who remained loyal to his old clubs.

Kirkaldy has known four generations of the royal family. Queen Victoria "pinned the Victoria medal on my left side and kissed me on the right cheek" after he had served her in Egypt. He was gun-loader for King Edward on many shooting parties and recalls that if the gallant King was surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls when the birds came towards him, he was as likely as not to push his gun away and say, "Let them go, Andra, we can shoot them tomorrow." Then he would go on talking to the girls.

The two chief hotels in St. Andrew's are the Grand, which overlooks the golf-course and is only a few steps from the Royal and Ancient Club House, and Rusack's Marine Hotel around the corner. The Prince of Wales stopped at the Grand, but Rusack's balances by offering hot and cold running water in every room and priceless antiques as furnishings. The rate there is twenty-five shillings a day including four meals, and if you will write Captain Rusack he will arrange for a golf partner to be waiting for you when you step off the train.

Both Scotch and English complain bitterly that Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire is too comfortable. They seem to feel that a stop-over in a Scotch hotel ought to be an endurance test. Warm, convenient places like Gleneagles, with hot and cold water gushing from basins in every room and plenty of baths, apparently threaten the national fibre. The traveller in Scotland who mentions Gleneagles is certain to be led aside and tempted with a tale of the cunning Scotch Inn that Lady So-and-So patronizes, which takes only six guests and where old-fashioned hip-baths are rolled into the room each morning.

ALL the same, Gleneagles is filled every season, for in addition to the baths, there are the allurements of Sunday golf and a cozy bar. Not all the guests are American, either—some of the men wear the kilts of the clansmen on gala nights, and many of the country gentry come regularly for week-ends.

Gleneagles was made from a moor and the turf was transplanted from Gretna Green and laid out by a golf landscape gardener. The courses have great beauty and variety, for clusters of pines, little lakes, and fairish hills break the monotony.

Golf is not the only sport here. The head porter can put together a party and the proper equipment to shoot anything that moves—in season, of course. Salmon-fishing on Loch Tay and the River Tay and trout-fishing can also be arranged through the tackle house of P. D. Mallock of Perth.

The charge for trout-fishing is twenty-five shillings a day for each boat and the fee covers the services of one boatman. The season opens April second, and closes at the end of September. On the small lakes near Loch Lomond, men often get up a crowd to take a houseboat at five or six pounds a week and then rent a little outboard motor-boat and cruise about in search of fish.

The really keen golfer is the chief patron of Cruden Bay in Aberdeenshire which consists of hotel and golf-course. The hotel stands perched high in the air at the head of a long flight of steps and the golf-course which rolls in grassy humps and bumps along the beautiful bay is considered one of the best in the Kingdom. The regulars at the hotel are chiefly titled people who know one another. One couple has had the same suite every August for twenty-seven years. Bowls and pitchers are used throughout and plush and cut glass prevail except for one modern touch—a large victrola in a corner of the lounge. But this instrument is locked on Sunday, so that the visitor who doesn't know Cruden Bay won't be tempted to dance.

IN ORDER that regulars who come for golf may get their undisturbed sleep between rounds, no orchestra or other disturbing influence is allowed in the hotel. During the season, the day's businesslike routine is something like this: breakfast, everybody on the links for a round of golf, luncheon, nap, more golf, dinner, and bridge, followed by bed.

Surprisingly enough, considering its conservatism, Cruden Bay has Sunday golf. To salve the tender consciences of those who play that day they are allowed to pay caddies three shillings a round instead of the week-day shilling and sixpence.

Turnberry Hotel stands on a high hill above the sea on the Firth of Clyde. The golf-course runs along the sea and in one corner near the lighthouse are the ruins

(*Continued on page 166*)

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Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver or local tourist agents.

A view of the guns and followers at the Labrador Retriever Club's eleventh field trials—Gamekeeper and Junior stakes—held at Idsworth Horndean Hants.

THE BRITISH SPORTING WEEK-END

(*Continued from page 164*)

of an old castle—this hint merely in case there are school children and golf widows in the party!

Like North Berwick, Turnberry is the centre of a rich golfing country. You could play from course to course along the sea almost all the way from Glasgow to Ayr and thence to Turnberry.

On the hotel grounds is the headquarters for the Turnberry Golf Club which is a very old, very exclusive club, indeed, and officially used only by members, though, when one registers at the hotel, one becomes a member for the stay.

Turnberry was the first course in Scotland to have Sunday golf, a fine evil practice which it keeps up. In season, a professional dancer and his wife act as hosts at the hotel and guarantee that, not longer than two hours after arrival, the guests will meet other guests.

The Turnberry course is supposed to be at its best in May and June because that is the season of the young grass. It's a good place to spend the beginning of a European trip, and is rather nice at the end, too. You needn't be a keen golfer to enjoy it, either.

In England and Scotland, to call a golfer "keen" is to award him the ultimate in commendation. This does not necessarily mean that he must be a good golfer, only enthusiastic and tireless. Incidentally, many older sportsmen feel that the American influence is ruining sport among the young in Britain, causing them to perfect themselves in one game instead of pursuing several indifferently well as in the old days. The entire English point of any game is to enjoy it and to play it faithfully and in a sportsmanlike manner.

Shooting requires a special brand of sportsmanship. Before he took us on a shoot, an English friend explained what every Englishman knows—that it is considered unsporting to shoot a sitting pheasant or any bird when running unless he has been incapacitated from flying by a previous shot. Also that foxes are hunted, not shot, killed usually by the head huntsmen after they have whipped off the hounds.

We had always imagined that hunting, the sport of kings, was hereditary—that you could pursue it only if you came of a long line of huntsmen. But we find that anybody with a horse to ride can hunt with the most famous packs in England. According to tradition, Leicestershire is the finest hunting country. The Pytchley Hunt in Leicestershire and the Quorn Hounds which hunt on land adjoining the Pytchley Hunt are supposed to be most fashionable hunts. The Prince of Wales used to hunt with the Quorn Hounds.

The International Sportsmen's Club or your tourist agency can find a hunt for you. Besides, the week's hunts are announced on the sports pages of the London daily papers. Most packs hunt about three times a week during the season. The hounds are kept up by subscription—those who belong to the hunt contributing.

Our first huntsman talked about hunting as a man talks about his first love, his voice thrilling with emotion.

"Hunting—it's my life," he said, and when he had taken us to see and hear the pack and people had begun to gather in the courtyard on their horses and everybody was starting off across the field. We began to feel as if we had partaken of some new kind of drink and wanted to shout and blow horns and jump fences and the rest of it.

It's the most contagious excitement you can imagine because everybody loves it so. Indeed, after you have talked to the huntsmen and a few grooms and some of the "field," you begin to think that nothing in the world is important except fox hunting!

The huntsman told us that fox hunting was one of the finest things in the world for England because every profession was benefited. Then he began to name them over: tailors, bootmakers, harnessmakers. Blacksmiths would have to go out of business if it weren't for the hunt.

Recollecting some of our ancient views on the subject, we casually asked about the fox. He told us at once with much indignation that nobody wants to kill a fox on a hunt and that only about two out of ten foxes are killed during a season.

"A fox is not a wee timid beast," he explained, "but a very game animal. His death is instantaneous and he always gets the last bite. We only kill him in the end because he must be kept down (off the hounds). What you join a hunt for is a good gallop and the sport of it."

WE HAD a good deal to learn. To begin with, you must call the pack hounds, not dogs. A shilling fine is exacted if you call them dogs. Also, there is a fine if you call the hound's tail anything but a "stern." However, you can make up your fine by blowing a blast on the hunting-horn. One bob is the reward for any huntsman who can blow it. We were amazed to see that the horn is quite small—looks like the kind little Willie gets for Christmas but is of copper and silver. And just try to blow it!

(*Concluded on page 168*)

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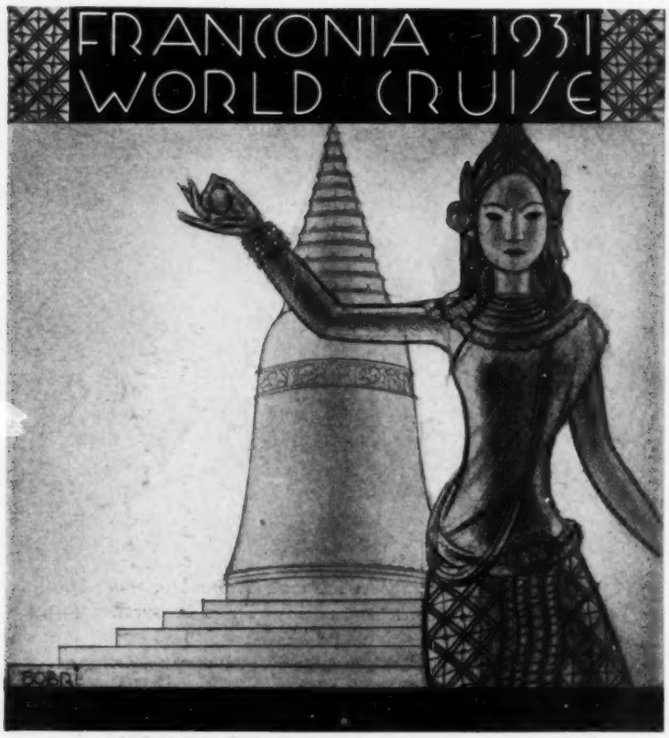

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"The Twelfth" in the Highlands. The photograph above, which was taken at Crianlarich in the Western Highlands, shows a party of sportsmen going to the shoot.

THE BRITISH SPORTING WEEK-END

(*Continued from page 166*)

Puppies of a pack are distributed among the hunting farmers of the district to raise, and to "take a puppy to walk" is a great honour. The farmer or his wife receives the puppy at about the age of eight weeks and keeps him until he is nine months old. He must be raised rigorously—never sleep in the house, never be petted when he whines, be "walked" regularly.

We heard of one girl who had a terrible experience. A hound puppy strayed into her yard one day and she, who knew nothing of hounds, let it sleep at the foot of her bed but it began to cry in the night and she let it sleep *on* her bed.

The story got around the county and she was considered to have perpetrated such a breach of form that people would scarcely speak to her for weeks. Later she married into a hunting family, but her "past" was not discovered until after the nuptials, or Heaven knows what might not have happened.

When the puppies are about nine months old, there is a puppy show with judges called in from different packs to give prizes to the farmer who has walked the best pup.

Various country inns located near famous packs advertise themselves as prepared to take care of persons who wish to hunt for a few days only. The Haycock, a charming place with old-world gardens, about eighty-three and a half miles from London on the Great North Road, provides horses and arranges for guests to hunt with the Fitzwilliam, Woodland, Pytchley or Cottesmore Hounds.

But if you are anxious to have a real go at shooting or hunting in Great Britain, we suggest that you arrange to prolong your week-end and consult the American Express in London, or if you prefer to make arrangements in New York before you sail, any of the better tourist agencies or larger steamship lines will give information about renting shooting-boxes.

A maharajah not long ago paid four hundred pounds from July 21 to November 7 for a place with shooting rights in Hertfordshire. A small shooting-box of twelve hundred acres in Suffolk rents from June through October for a thousand pounds. It includes a hall, dining-room, smoking-room, gun-room, drawing-room, nine bedrooms, three baths, eight servants' rooms, a four-car garage and a twelve-dog kennel; also central heating.

Some of the smartest house-parties have for their chief end and aim grouse shooting. The usual procedure in shooting grouse is to motor to the moor where ponies are waiting to carry everybody to the butts—little parapets or shelters with three sides made of wood and covered with turf. The shot hides behind this camouflage with a companion and a gun loader. The beaters—men who are supposed to round up the birds—move across the moor about fifty feet apart. The birds rise and the beaters drive them ahead. When they are high in the air, the gun loader hands over the gun.

Grouse shooting is a tremendous gamble and the person who meditates renting a shooting-box must be prepared for the fact that after he has signed the lease, great storms may drown the young grouse before the shooting opens.

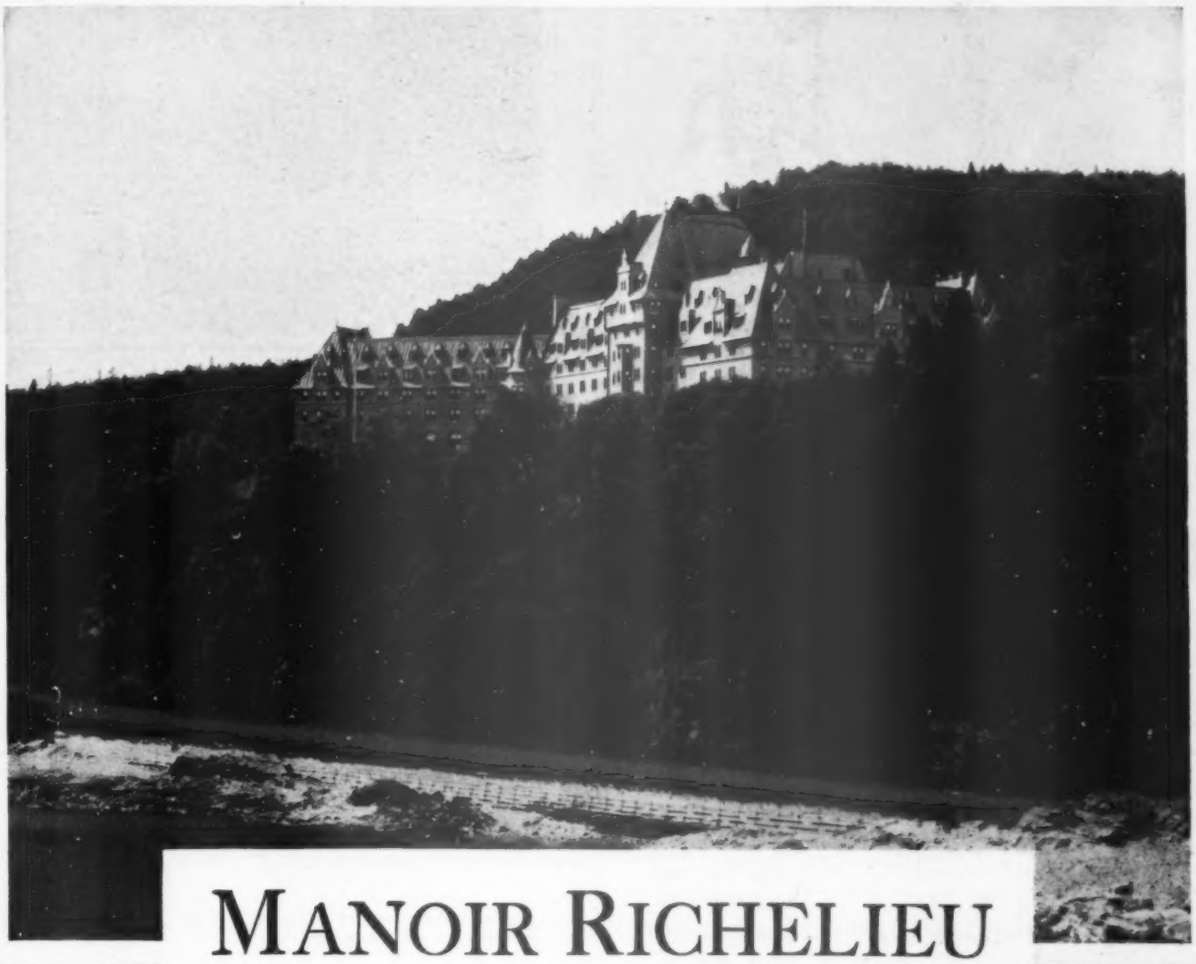
THE proper clothes for the occasion are rough, neutral or dark tweeds, the Scotch running to russet browns which match their hair and moustaches. The whole countryside laughed for months at some Americans who went rabbit-shooting last year in white flannel knickers.

House-parties held in southern England for pheasant shooting go in for games as well. One woman who is particularly unnerved even by charades and loses her head completely when it's a game where you have to sing, told us about being invited for a week-end by a hostess who after her guests arrived, went up to town to buy games. The games were delivered in bales and trucks before she came back and our game-shy friend suffered such mental anguish at their number and complex appearance that she quickly had herself sent an urgent telegram to rush to the sick-bed of a friend.

Really complete shooting-boxes rent a ghost with the furniture, extra, of course, for the better class of apparition. Other prerequisites are the fruits of garden and orchard. But the caretaker of a castle of a hundred rooms and eighteen thousand acres renting to Americans complains bitterly that the tenants eat up in one month all the fruit and vegetables for the year! Americans usually lease castles of this kind for August and part of September. Until recently, this particular castle had its own piper (in private life the village barber) who piped to wake everybody up at eight each morning and could be taken with the house.

Fishing rights go with some shooting-boxes. In Scotland fishing invariably means salmon-fishing. A salmon is a fish; anything else in the piscatorial or near-piscatorial line is known by its Christian

(*Continued on page 170*)



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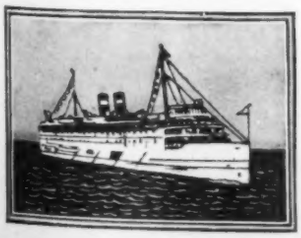

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The sixteenth hole on the Pitlochry links, said to be one of the prettiest holes in Scotland, looking south towards Perth, showing the valley of the River Tummel.

THE BRITISH SPORTING WEEK-END

(Concluded from page 168)

name as: trout, whale, cod, and so on.

Fishing—meaning for salmon—is a rich man's sport nowadays, because there are only a few rivers left where salmon can be caught. In particular there are the Tay and the Dee.

All the good salmon rivers in Scotland seem to run through somebody's estate and though the public is quite welcome to sit on the bank, or promenade beside it, the only way to fish there is to lease a stretch or a beat from milord who owns the preserves. Angling rights furnish the chief revenue from many large estates.

A FEW years ago, the average angler paid about twenty pounds for a stretch along the Dee sufficient for one rod for a month and that was considered an enormous sum. Now he pays 100 or 150 pounds for one rod for a month, and an excellent stretch along the Dee was last year leased for 1400 pounds for the season. Next year it will fetch 2000 pounds.

Usually a stretch or a beat means only one side of a river bank, but sometimes when a lease expires a landowner will buy up the rights to both sides of a river so that his anglers won't be bothered by competition.

James Harper, who owns a fishing-tackle shop in Aberdeen, says that American fishermen should plan far enough ahead so that they will be able to get something worth paying for. Fishermen who lease fishless stretches regret the time and money wasted less than the ridicule heaped upon them by merciless fellow-anglers.

Harper recalls that the late Lord Northcliffe once took a superb beat at the wrong season of the year. When he discovered his misfortune, the publisher said he didn't mind being done, but certainly hated becoming the laughing-stock of the countryside. Anglers are sensitive souls.

Good beats along a salmon river are always secured far in advance and leased for a month. The same people lease a stretch year after year and these old customers naturally get the first refusal.

Fishing-tackle dealers and hotel porters in a salmon-fishing centre often know of a rod who is temporarily ill and will sublet his rights if somebody wants only a week or so of the sport. Sometimes, too, a party will take a beat for two or three rods for a month so that perhaps eight different men may each have a fortnight. On a golfing trip along the East Coast for instance, it is easy to stop off at Aberdeen or along the Tay for the fishing.

For the longer expeditions, it is important not only to have a good stretch but to have it at the right time of the year. The salmon-fishing season technically begins February eleventh and continues until October thirty-first, but for sporting purposes it really finishes in July or at the latest the first half of August. Since the fish are born in the sea and gradually move up the river the lower reaches are best in February. The middle reaches of the Dee near Aboyne teem with fish in April, May and June. Glentaner waters are fine fishy waters, too, in these favourable months.

A fisherman strange to a section should supply himself with a local ghillie or game-keeper who knows the best pools. It is the ghillie's job to carry the paraphernalia and the fish (if any), in addition to acting as guide. He charges from two pounds, ten shillings to three pounds a week.

It is best to buy tackle in the locality of the stream so that it will be exactly right. Some misguided souls arrive with expensive big tackle when what they need is small cheap bait, and vise versa. Brogues, the heavier the better, and with plenty of hobnails to prevent slipping on the rocks, and waterproof wading breeches, are what the well-dressed salmon fisherman or woman wears.

Women may become expert at this sport. The biggest salmon ever caught in northeast Scotland was landed by a woman—the wife of a Captain Morrison. The prize weighed fifty-one pounds.

Sportmanship demands that fishermen catch no more fish than they and their friends can eat. A certain nobleman became quite *déclassé* because he sold salmon to the fish-market.

Huntley Arms at Aboyne and the Torna-coille Hotel at Bouchory are inns where the walls are hung with stuffed fish and where one may put up while fishing, but often an angler will form an attachment for a hotel and travel fifteen miles a day each way to stay there at night. At the Palace Hotel in Aberdeen, for instance, fishermen start out at eight every morning in motors and return at dinner time. Several anglers may go out together but they never fish together. Only at meal-time do they meet to compare fish and fish stories.

We have not yet learned how far a keen British sportsman may go in the matter of fish stories. But judging some of the stories, the limits are liberal!

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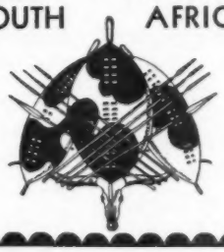

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TEA-TIME ROUND THE WORLD

AFTERNOON tea with me is a sacred rite. In many countries, the long formal table d'hôte dinners are evils to be conscientiously avoided. But at the hour of the "five o'clock," the food is never paramount. One thinks, rather, of the sunset flaming in the sky; confidences are forthcoming, leisure permits of relaxation and observation. And years afterward, recollections of yellow faces, of curious scents, of vistas of palms, and crowds of fezzes are evoked by the fragrant aroma of the steaming cup.

Of course, anyone who has travelled at all recalls an afternoon on the dusty crowded veranda of Shepheard's where a stir is occasioned only by the ceremonious passing of King Fuad, or by a scuffle of thieving beggars beaten off by the dapper Egyptian policeman, armed with his swagger stick. Some of us have sat among many fezzes on the wonderful terrace back of the Winter Palace at Luxor where the colours of the tropical garden rival those of a sunset over the Nile. Everyone knows Bertolini's, or the Bois de Boulogne in the caressing breezes of a fading twilight. But it is quite a thrill to take your "gouter," as we did, at the Volcano House at Hilo, where at four thousand feet elevation flowers grow profusely in the steaming cracks on the edge of the huge Kilauea crater; or at the delightful French hotel at Repulse Bay, a few miles from Hongkong, where big purple mountains loom up from the sea and great Chinese junks sail between you and the violet sunset.

Tea-time in China has many phases and is a sort of continual performance. We went one cold December day to the Great Wall of China at Ching Lun Chao—Green Dragon Bridge—where the Nankow pass leads out to Mongolia. Furclad shepherds were driving flocks of white sheep with black heads and heavily laden donkeys through the defiles of the mountain. The scene was one of indescribable antiquity. The wind cut our faces and never was tea more welcome than on our return trip to Peiping (Peking). We drank cup after cup and topped off with luscious orange persimmons which we bought in a net at a wayside station at a cost of fifteen cents for thirty!

The next evening in Bazaar Street in China City we went shopping in a large silk store with our guide. Although the hour was nine or later, trays of tiny cups, each holding about a thimbleful, were passed around to customers and employees alike and business ceased. We sat on lovely black lacquer stools with cushions of Chinese red damask and sipped our tea with due ceremony.

The next afternoon we jounced our martyred bones over sixteen miles of terrible road out of Peiping to that phantasy of gleaming yellow roofs on the shores of a lake—the Summer Palace of the Old Buddha. Here, more than anywhere, can one visualize the China of years ago and while we had tea on the famous Marble Boat, it needed little imagination to transform our prosaic fellow travellers into ponderous mandarins and pretty painted Manchu ladies in gleaming brocades of half a century ago.

The true host always gets a warm satisfaction from the parties he gives, and probably the most delightful tea-party at which I ever assisted was one in the Southern Seas. After sailing for days among coral reefs fringed with curious lines of palms, we entered the dangerous harbour of Port Moresby in the island of Papua and dropped anchor. The morning was spent in watching a native dance done by the Fuzzy-Wuzzies with quills through their noses and feathers on their heads. In the afternoon, we, on our cruise ship, were hosts to the sixty or so white people on the island and to a couple of dozen of the very best behaved young natives. These last came on board wearing only dark blue skirts, many beads, and a coat of oil which made the firm breasts of the girls and the wonderful muscles of the boys gleam like beautiful bronze. Two bands played and the visitors were shown all over the ship, but their greatest joy was riding up and down in the elevators. We soon found, however, that at 106° in the shade, the ice-cream was much more popular than the proffered tea and bread and butter, and sixty quarts were quickly consumed before our English friends and their dusky protégés departed.

Only in one country of the world is tea to be dreaded and feared. That is in India. Chota hazri, or early morning tea, has been called the curse of India. At hotels and on railway sleeping-cars, one is rudely awakened almost at dawn by having a tray of strong hot tea and hard butterless toast thrust under one's nose. The "boys" who take charge of tea on the trains never have watches but are told to serve it at a certain station. One morning our "No. 1 boy" mistook the station and after being roused, and obediently drinking our tea, we looked at our watches and found it was 2:15 a.m.!

Mt. Lavinia, just outside of Colombo, has often been called the most beautiful spot in the world. The delightful hotel is on a point whence one looks down at the dazzling white beach with many dark rocks among the foamy breakers. Primitive out-rigger canoes, with henna-coloured sails full set, are guided straight through the waves and up onto the beach by the dusky natives. What better place than here, where huge glistening cocoanut palms leaning ever towards the sea temper the tropic sun, can we invite you to linger with us and sip in recollection a cup of the nectar which has made the beautiful island of Ceylon famous?

—FLORA A. ROGERS

TREES IN ITALY

IN Rome, the cypresses are tall.
And dull. They do not care at all
For spring's green fire, or stripping fall.
They do not fall.

In Lombardy, the poplars grow
Like young green pillars, row on row,
As if they had been planted so
Or carved so.

Both are as lean and stiffly high,
No matter what is passing by,
As if they grew especially
To bear the sky.

Clement Wood